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THE

WORKS

OF

ANDREW MARVELL, Esq.

POETICAL, CONTROVERSIAL, AND POLITICAL,

CONTAINING

Many ORIGINAL LETTERS, POEMS, and TRACTS, never before printed,

WITH A NEW LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

By Capt. EDWARD THOMPSON.

97128

By theſe three Virtues be the Frame ſuſtain'd,
Of Britiſh Freedom: Independent Life;
Integrity in Office; and o'er all
Supreme, a Paſſion for the Common-Weal.
Hail! Independence, hail! Heav'n's next beſt Gift,
To that of Life and an immortal Soul!
The Life of Life! that to the Banquet high
And ſober Meal gives Taſte; to the bow'd Roof
Fair-dream'd Repoſe, and to the Cottage Charms.

THOMSON'S LIBERTY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

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MDCC LXXVI.

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TO THE ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN,

SIR CHARLES HOTHAM THOMPSON,

BARONET AND KNIGHT OF THE BATH,

THE WORKS OF HIS COMPATRIOT,

THE WITTY AND INTREPID ANDREW MARVELL,

ARE DEDICATED TO HIM

BY AN ADMIRER OF HIS AMIABLE VIRTUES,

EDWARD THOMPSON.

MR. SMIRKE:

OR, THE

DIVINE IN MODE.

BEING

Certain Annotations upon the Animadverſions on the NAKED TRUTH.

TOGETHER WITH

A ſhort Hiſtorical Eſſay, concerning GENERAL COUNCILS, CREEDS, and IMPOSITIONS, in Matters of RELIGION.

Nuda, ſed magna eſt veritas, & prævalebit.

By ANDREAS RIVETUS, junior.

Anagr.

RES NUDA VERITAS.

Printed *Anno Domini* MDCLXXVI.

VOL. III.

To the captious READER.

ALL that I have to require of thee is, That whereſoever my ſtile or principles ſtrike out, and keep not within the ſame bounds, that the moſt judicious author of *The Naked Truth* hath all along obſerved, he may not therefore be traduced. He could beſt have writ a defence proportionable to his own ſubject; had he eſteemed it neceſſary, or that it was decent for him to have entered the pit with ſo ſcurrilous an animadverter. But I thought it a piece of due civility from one of the laitie, to intereſſe myſelf for one of the clergy, who had ſo highly obliged the people of England. And I will anſwer for mine own faults, I aſk thee no pardon. Nor therefore is either the author, or any other particular perſon, or any party, to be accuſed, or miſ-repreſented upon my private account. For the reſt, neither let any particular man, or order, inlarge my meaning againſt themſelves, further than in conſcience they find they are guilty. Nor let the body of chaplains

think themſelves affronted. None more eſteems them, nor loves their converſation better than I do. They are the ſucceeding hope of our church, the youth of our clergy; and the clergy are the reſerve of our Chriſtianity. Some of them, whom I know, have indeed, and do continue daily to put very ſingular obligations upon me; but I write to a nobler end, than to revenge my petty concernments.

Adieu.

MR.

MR. SMIRKE:

OR, THE

DIVINE IN MODE.

IT hath been the good-nature (and politicians will have it the wiſdom) of moſt governours to entertain the people with publick recreations; and therefore to incourage ſuch as could beſt contribute to their divertiſement. And hence doubtleſs it is, that our eccleſiaſtical governours alſo (who as they yield to none for prudence, ſo in good-humour they exceed all others,) have not diſdained of late years to afford the laity no inconſiderable paſtime. Yea, ſo great hath been their condeſcenſion that, rather than faile, they have carried on the merriment by men of their own faculty, who might otherwiſe, by the gravity of their calling, have claimed an exemption from ſuch offices. They have ordained, from time to time, ſeveral of the moſt ingenious and pregnant of their clergy to ſupply the preſs continually with new books of ridiculous and facetious argument. Wherein divers of them have ſucceeded even to admiration: inſomuch that by the reading thereof, the ancient ſobriety and ſeriouſneſs

neſs of the Engliſh nation hath been in ſome good meaſure diſcuſſed and worn out of faſhion. Yet, though the clergy have hereby manifeſted that nothing comes amiſs to them, and particularly, that when they give their minds to it, no ſort of men are more proper or capable to make ſport for ſpectators; it hath ſo happened by the rewards and promotions beſtowed upon thoſe who have laboured in this province, that many others, in hopes of the like preferment, although otherwiſe by their parts, their complexion and education, unfitted for this jocular divinity, have, in order to it, wholly neglected the more weighty cares of their function. And from hence it proceeds, that, to the no ſmall ſcandal and diſreputation of our church, a great *arcanum* of their ſtate hath been diſcovered and divulged: that, albeit wit be not inconſiſtent and incompatible with a clergyman, yet neither is it inſeparable from them. So that it is of concernment to my lords the biſhops henceforward to repreſs thoſe of them who have no wit from writing, and to take care that even thoſe that have, do huſband it better, as not knowing to what exigency they may be reduced: but however that they the biſhops be not too forward in licenſing and prefixing their venerable names to ſuch pamphlets. For admitting, though I am not too poſitive in it, that our epiſcopacy is of apoſtolical right, yet we do not find that among all thoſe gifts then given to men, that which we call wit is enumerated: nor yet among thoſe

qualifications requiſite to a biſhop. And therefore ſhoul they, out of complacency for an author, or delight i the argument, or facility of their judgments, approve of dull book, their own underſtandings will be anſwerable and irreverent people, that cannot diſtinguiſh, will be ready to think that ſuch of them differ from men of wit, not only in degree, but in order. For all are not of my mind, who could never ſee any one elevated to that dignity, but I preſently conceived a greater opinion of his wit than ever I had formerly. But ſome do not ſtick to affirm that even they, the biſhops, come by theirs not by inſpiration, not by teaching, but even as the poor laity do ſometimes light upon it, by a good mother. Which has occaſioned the homely Scotch proverb that, "an ounce of mother wit is "worth a pound of clergy." And as they come by it as do other men, ſo they poſſeſſe it on the ſame condition: that they cannot tranſmit it by breathing, touching, or any natural *effluvium*, to other perſons: not ſo much as to their moſt domeſtick chaplain, or to the cloſeſt reſidentiary. That the king himſelf, who is no leſs the ſpring of that, than he is the fountain of honour, yet has never uſed the dubbing or creating of witts as a flower of his prerogative: much leſs can the eccleſiaſtical power conferre it with the ſame eaſe as they do the holy orders. That whatſoever they can do of that kind is, at uttermoſt, to impower men by their authority and commiſſion, no otherwiſe than in the licenſing

licenſing of midwives or phyſitians. But that as to their collating of any internal talent or ability, they could never pretend to it; their grants and their prohibitions are alike invalide, and they can neither capacitate one man to be witty, nor hinder another from being ſo, further than as the preſs is at their devotion. Which if it be the caſe, they cannot be too circumſpect in their management, and ſhould be very exquiſite, ſeeing this way of writing is found ſo neceſſary, in making choice of fit inſtruments. The churches credit is more intereſſed in an eccleſiaſtical droll, than in a lay chancellor. It is no ſmall truſt that is repoſed in him to whom the biſhop ſhall commit *omne & omnimodum ſuum ingenium, tam temporale quam ſpirituale*: and, however it goes with excommunication, they ſhould take good heed to what manner of perſon they delegate the keys of laughter. It is not every man that is qualified to ſuſtain the dignity of the churches jeſter: and, ſhould they take as exact a ſcrutiny of them as of the Nonconformiſts thorow their dioceſſes, the number would appear inconſiderable upon this Eaſter viſitation. Before men be admitted to ſo important an employment, it were fit they underwent a ſevere examination; and that it might appear, firſt, whether they have any ſenſe; for without that how can any man pretend, and yet they do, to be ingenious? Then, whether they have any modeſty: for without that they can only be ſcurrilous and impudent. Next, whether any truth; for

for true jeſts are thoſe that do the greateſt execution. And laſtly, it were not amiſs that they gave ſome account too of their Chriſtianity: for the world has always hitherto been ſo uncivil as to expect ſomething of that from the clergy; in the deſign and ſtile even of their lighteſt and moſt uncanonical writings. And though I am no rigid impoſer of a diſcipline of mine own deviſing, yet had any thing of this nature entered into the minds of other men, it is not impoſſible that a late pamphlet, publiſhed by authority, and proclaimed by the Gazette, "Animadverſions upon a "late pamphlet, entituled, The Naked Truth; or, The "True State of the Primitive Church," might have been ſpared.

That book ſo called, The Naked Truth, is a treatiſe, that, were it not for this its oppoſer, needs no commendation; being writ with that evidence and demonſtration of ſpirit, that all ſober men cannot but give their aſſent and conſent to it unaſked. It is a book of that kind, that no Chriſtian ſcarce can peruſe it without wiſhing himſelf had been the author, and almoſt imagining that he is ſo: the conceptions therein being of ſo eternal an idea, that every man finds it to be but the copy of an original in his own mind, and though he never read it till now, wonders it could be ſo long before he remembered it. Neither, although there be a time when as they ſay all truths are not to be ſpoken, could

there ever have come forth any thing more ſeaſonable; when the ſickly nation had been ſo long indiſpoſed and knew not the remedy, but (having taken ſo many things that rather did it harm than good) only longed for ſome moderation, and as ſoon as it had taſted this, ſeemed to itſelf, ſenſibly to recover: when their repreſentatives in parliament had been of late ſo frequent in conſultations of this nature, and they, the phyſitians of the nation, were ready to have received any wholſome advice for the cure of our malady. It appears moreover plainly that the author is judicious, learned, conſcientious, a ſincere Proteſtant, and a true ſon, if not a father, of the Church of England. For the reſt, the book cannot be free from the imperfections incident to all humane indeavours, but thoſe ſo ſmall, and guarded every where with ſo much modeſty, that it ſeems there was none left for the Animadverter, who might otherwiſe have bluſhed to reproach him. But ſome there were that thought Holy Church was concerned in it, and that no true-born ſon of our mother of England but ought to have it in deteſtation. Not only the churches but the coffee-houſes rung againſt it. They itinerated like exciſe-ſpyes from one houſe to another, and ſome of the morning and even'ng chaplains burnt their lips with perpetual diſcourſing it out of reputation, and loading the author, whoever he were, with all contempt, malice and obloquy. Nor could this ſuffice them, but a laſting pillar of infamy muſt be

erected to eternize his crime and his puniſhment. There muſt be an anſwer to him, in print, and that not according to the ordinary rules of civility, or in the ſober way of arguing controverſie, but with the utmoſt extremity of jeere, diſdain, and indignation: and happy the man whoſe lot it ſhould be to be deputed to that performance. It was Shrove-Tueſday with them, and, not having yet forgot their boyes-play, they had ſet up this cock, and would have been content ſome of them to have ventured their coffee-farthings, yea their Eaſter-pence by advance, to have a fling at him. But there was this cloſe youth who treads alwayes upon the heels of Eccleſiaſtical Preferment, but hath come nearer the heels of the Naked Truth than were for his ſervice, that rather by favour than any tolerable ſufficiency carried away this employment, as he hath done many others from them. So that being the man pitched upon, he took up an unfortunate reſolution that he would be witty; unfortunate, I ſay, and no leſs criminal: for I dare aver that never any perſon was more manifeſtly guilty of the ſin againſt nature. But however to write a book of that virulence, and at ſuch a ſeaſon, was very improper: even in the holy time of Lent, when, whether upon the ſacred account, it behoved him rather to have ſubjugated and mortified the ſwelling of his paſſions; or whether upon the political reaſon, he might well have forborn his young wit, as but newly pigged or calved, in order to the growth of the yearly ſummer proviſions.

ſions. Yet to work he fell, not omitting firſt to ſum himſelf up in the whole wardrobe of his function; as well becauſe his wit conſiſting wholly in his dreſſe, he would (and it was his concernment to) have it all about him: as to the end that being huffed up in all his eccleſiaſtical fluſter, he might appear more formidable, and in the pride of his heart and habit out-boniface an Humble Moderator. So that there was more to do in equipping of Mr. Smirke than there is about Doriman, and the Divine in Mode might have vyed with Sir Fopling Flutter. The veſtry and the tiring roome were both exhauſted, and it is hard to ſay whether there went more attendants toward the compoſing of himſelf, or of his pamphlet. Being thus dreſt up, at laſt forth he comes in print. No poet either the firſt or the third day could be more concerned, and his little party, like men hired for the purpoſe, had poſted themſelves at every corner to feigne a more numerous applauſe: but clapped out of time, and diſturbed the whole company.

Annotations

Annotations upon his Animadverſions on the Title, Dedication, &c.

AT firſt bolt in his Animadverſions on the Title, the Dedication and the Epiſtle to the Reader; he denounces ſentence before inquiry, but againſt the book itſelf, forgetting already his ſubject, ſo early his brain circulates; and ſaith that, "having peruſed the book thorowly, he is abundantly "ſatisfied not only from his ſtile, which is ſomething en-"thuſiaſtick" (his ſpeech bewrays him) "but from his mat-"ter and principles, if he ſtick to any, that the author is a "borderer upon Fanaticiſme and does not know it." Even as the Animadverter is upon wit and reaſon, for I have heard that borderers for the moſt part are at the greateſt diſtance, and the moſt irreconcilable. What the ſtile is of a title, and what the principles of a dedication and epiſtle to the reader, for theſe, if any, the Animadverter ought here to have ſtuck to, it is indeed a weighty diſquiſition, fit for a man of his talent. But I have read them over, and ſo have others of better judgement, and find every ſentence therein poiſed with ſo much reverence, humility and judicious piety, that from an humane pen (allowing the reader any tolerable ſhare too of humanity) I know not what more could have been expected. And as to the matter, it ſeems to be but a paraphraſe upon the *principles* of the ſong of the angels: *Glory to God on high, on earth peace, good will*

will toward men. If to ſpeak at that rate, and upon ſuch a ſubject, with ſo good an intention, be to have an enthuſiaſtick *ſtile* or *fanatical principles*, it is the firſt crime of which I ſhould be glad to be guilty. What in the mean time ſhall we ſay to theſe men, who, out of a perverſe jealouſy they have of the Nonconformiſts, run, which few wiſe men do, into the contrary extreme, affixing ſuch odious names to every word or thing that is ſober and ſerious, that with their good will they would render it impracticable for men even to diſcourſe pertinently concerning religion or Chriſtianity? Put it upon this ſhort iſſue: if the ſtile of the epiſtle before The Naked Truth be enthuſiaſtick and fanatical, the ſtile of the Animadverter is preſumed, and ſo allowed of, as ſpiritual, divine, and canonical.

The firſt evidence that he produces, after ſo haſty a ſentence againſt the author, is out of the book too, not out of the title, dedication, or epiſtle; that he has ſaid p. 17. "In the primitive times, when the whole world of Jews and "Gentiles were enemies to the church and not one of your "ceremonies to preſerve it, the ſimple Naked Truth with-"out any ſurplice to cover it, without any Eccleſiaſtical "Policy to maintaine it, overcame all, and ſo it would do "now, did we truſt to it, and the defender of it." And upon this he runs diviſion. The defender in heaven, God; the defender of the faith, his Majeſty; and the many defenders

ders (among whom I ſuppoſe he reckons himſelf of the principal) who may be truſty. This is all fooling, whereas the author does manifeſtly intend it of God Almighty, and could not otherwiſe. For though his Majeſty may well be truſted for his reign with the defence of the Naked Truth, yet moſt of us know that in the primitive times, his Majeſty was too young for that imployment, and that it was God alone who could then protect it, when the defenders of the faith were all heathens, and moſt of them perſecutors of Chriſtianity. He then deſcants no leſs upon Naked Truth; "The Naked Truth of our cauſe," or "the Naked Truth of the pamphlet," or, "he knows not what Naked "Truth." But he ſaith "it ſhould have been truth fle'd;" (ſo he had the butchery of it) which is like Pilate and no worſe man, who, when our Saviour told him, John xviii. 37. *he came into the world that he might bear witneſs to the truth*, aſked him, *what is truth?* and then, though he confeſſed *he found no evil in this man*, delivered him over, againſt his conſcience, to be ſtripped, ſcourged, flayed, and afterwards crucified. Such like alſo is his talking, that "this "is ſtripping the church to the ſkinne, nay ſkinne and all," and "ſkinne for ſkinne:" ſo wretchedly does he hunt over hedge and ditch for an univerſity quibble. The caſual progreſs and leaping conſequences of any mans memory are more rational than this method of his underſtanding, and the Nonconformiſts Concordance is a diſcourſe of more cohe-

rence

rence than ſuch animadverſions. I have heard a mad-man having got a word by the end ramble after the ſame manner. In this only he is true to himſelf, and candid to the author, having avowed that "he had ſcanned the book "thorow," this hacking and vain repetition being juſt like it; when we were at our

Montibus, inquit, erunt; & erant ſub montibus illis:
Riſit Atlantiades; &, me mihi, perfide, prodis?
Me mihi prodis? ait.

For as I remember this ſcanning was a liberal art that we learned at grammar ſchool; and to ſcann verſes as he does the authors proſe, before we did, or were obliged to underſtand them. But his tugging all this while at "ſkin," and "ſkin for ſkin," and "all that he has he will give for his life," meerly to hale in an ill favoured jeer at the author, and truly with ſome profaneneſs, for propoſing the Naked Truth as neceſſary for the "ſelf preſervation of our church," and an "expedient againſt popery;" is (whatſoever the Animadverters judgement be) a retchleſneſs and mockery ill becoming his character. And it ſavors of the liquoriſhneſs of a trencher-chaplain, little concerned in the *curâ animarum*, ſo he may but *curare cuticulam.*

But as to his faſtidious reproach of the authors "ſeeking of God, his faſts and his prayers," the Animadverter is more excuſable

excuſable, having doubtleſs writ his pamphlet without practiſing any of theſe fanatical ſuperſtitions, as neither was it requiſite; but if he had, it was ſuch an anſwer to his prayers as never before came from heaven. The Animadverter is proof againſt all ſuch exorciſmes; and although our Saviour preſcribed theſe remedies againſt the moſt obſtinate devils, this man it ſeems is poſſeſſed with a ſuperiour ſpirit, which is not to be caſt out, no not by prayer and faſting, but ſets them at defiance.

Nor had the Animadverter, when he conſidered himſelf, leſs reaſon to blame the author for deliberating ſo long before he publiſhed his book, and for doing it then with ſo much modeſty. Theſe are crimes of which the Animadverter will never be ſuſpected or accuſed by any man, at leaſt they will do him very much wrong, but however it will be impoſſible ever to convict him of them. But to word it too ſo ſuperciliouſly! "This has been the travel of "his mind, ſince he had theſe thoughts, which he has been "humbly conceiving theſe two years; time enough for an "elephant to bring forth in." Why there is, 'tis true, a winged ſort of elephant, hath a peculiar trunk too like the other, is not ſo docile and good-natured; but impudent, flying in every mans face, and ſanguinary, thirſting alwayes after blood; and, as if it were ſome conſiderable wild beaſt, makes a terrible buzze; but in concluſion 'tis a pitiful,

giddy, blind, troubleſome inſect, ingendered in a nights time in every marſh, can but run a pore thorow and give a ſkinne wound, and the leaſt touch of a mans finger will cruſh it. In the Naked Truth it is but a gnat: and ſuch is the Animadverter compared with the author.

But in this next paragraph the Animadverter ſeems to have outſhot himſelf, that not content with having paſſed his own eccleſiaſtical cenſure upon the author, he forges too in his mind a ſentence of the Lords and Commons aſſembled in parliament: who, he believes and 'tis probable, would have doomed the book to be burnt by the hangman. In this he hath meddled beyond his laſt: but it is ſome mens property: yet neither is it ſo likely they would have done it, at the ſame time when they were about paſſing an act for the eaſing all Proteſtant Diſſenters from penalties. Had he vouched for the Convocation, his belief, or his probability might have been of more value.

But what has he to do (yet they have a ſingular itch to it) with parliament buſineſs: or how can ſo thin a ſcull comprehend or divine the reſults of the wiſdom of the nation? Unleſs he can, as in the epilogue,

"Legion his name, a people in a man,"
And, inſtead of Sir Fopling Flutter, he, Mr. Smirke,
"Be knight oth'ſhire and repreſent them all."

Who

Who knows indeed but he may, by ſome new and extraordinary writ, have been ſummoned, upon the emergency of this book, to repreſent in his peculiar perſon the whole repreſentative? Yet by his leave, though he be ſo, he ought not to undertake before he be aſſembled. I know indeed he may have had ſome late precedents for it, and for ſome years continuance, from men too of his own profeſſion. And if therefore he ſhould undertake, and to give a good tax for it, yet what ſecurity can he have himſelf, but that there may riſe ſuch a conteſt between the Lords and Commons within him, that, before they can agree about this judicial proceeding againſt the book, it may be thought fit to prorogue him?

The crimes indeed are hainous, and if the man and book be guilty, may, when time comes, furniſh ſpecial matter for an impeachment, that "he has made a breach upon their "glorious act of uniformity, violated their act, their "moſt neceſſary act" (the Animadverter hath reaſon by this time to ſay ſo) "againſt printing without a licenſe:" and I ſuppoſe he reſerves another for aggravation in due time; the act againſt ſeditious conventicles. For theſe three are all of a piece, and yet are the ſeveral pieces of the Animadverters armour: and are indeed no leſs, nor no more than neceſſary. For conſidering how empty of late the church magazines have been of that ſpiritual armour, which the

Apoſtle found ſufficient againſt the aſſaults of whatſoever enemy, even of Satan; what could men in all humane reaſon do leſs, than to furniſh ſuch of the clergy as wanted, with theſe weapons of another warfare? But, although theſe acts were the true effects of the prudence and piety of that ſeaſon, yet it is poſſible (but who can provide for all caſes?) that, if there have not already, there may ariſe thereby in a ſhort time ſome notable inconvenience. For ſuppoſe that truth ſhould one day or other come to be truth and every man a lyer, (I mean of the humour of this *parliamentum indoctum*, this ſingle repreſentativer, this Animadverter) you ſee there is no more to be ſaid, as the caſe ſtands at preſent, but executioner do your office. Nor therefore can it ever enter into my mind, as to that act particularly of printing, that the lawgivers could thereby intend to allow any man a promiſcuous licenciouſneſs, and monopoly of printing pernicious diſcourſes tending to ſow and increaſe diſſention thorow the land (of which there is but too large a crop already;) as neither of prohibiting books dictated by Chriſtian meekneſs and charity for the promoting of truth and peace among us, and reconciling our differences; no nor even of ſuch as are writ to take out the blots of printing inke, and wipe off the aſperſions which divers of the licenſed clergy caſt upon mens private reputations; and yet this is the uſe to which the law is ſometimes applyed. And this Animadverter, who could never

never have any rational confidence or pretence to the preſs or print, but by an unlucky Engliſh ſaying men have, or by the text letters of his *imprimatur*, arraignes this worthy author for printing without allowance, as if it were a ſin againſt the eleventh commandment. Though a Samaritan perhaps may not practiſe phyſick without a licence, yet muſt a prieſt and a Levite alwayes paſs by on the other ſide, and if one of them, in an age, pour oyle and wine into the wounds of our church (inſtead of tearing them wider) muſt he be cited for it into the ſpiritual court and incurre all penalties? This high charge made me the more curious to inquire particularly how that book, *The Naked Truth* was publiſhed, which the Animadverter himſelf pretends to have got a ſight of with ſome difficulty. And I am credibly informed that the author cauſed four hundred of them and no more to be printed againſt the laſt ſeſſion but one of parliament. For nothing is more uſual than to print and preſent to them propoſals of revenue, matters of trade, or any thing of publick convenience; and ſometimes caſes and petitions; and this, which the Animadverter calls the authors dedication, is his *humble petition to the Lords and Commons aſſembled in parliament*: and underſtanding the parliament inclined to a temper in religion, he prepared theſe for the ſpeakers of both Houſes, and as many of the members as thoſe could furniſh; but that, the parliament riſing juſt as the book was delivering out and before it could be preſented,

preſented, the author gave ſpeedy order to ſuppreſs it till another ſeſſion. Some covetous printer in the mean time getting a copy, ſurreptitiouſly reprinted it, and ſo it flew abroad without the authors knowledge, and againſt his direction. So that it was not his, but the printers fault to have put ſo great an obligation upon the publick. Yet becauſe the author has in his own copyes, out of his unſpeakable tenderneſs and modeſty, begged pardon of the Lords and Commons, in his petition, for tranſgreſſing their act againſt printing without a licence, this *indoctum parliamentum*, miſtaking the petition as addreſſed to himſelf, will not grant it but inſults over the author and upbraids him the rather as a deſperate offender, "that ſins on" he ſaith, goes on ſtill in his wickedneſs, and hath done it "againſt his own con-"ſcience." Now truly if this were a ſin, it was a ſin of the firſt impreſſion; and the author appears ſo conſtant to the Church of England, and to its Liturgy in particular, that, having confeſſed four hundred times with an *humble, lowly, penitent, and obedient heart*, I doubt not but in aſſiſting at divine ſervice he hath frequently ſince that received abſolution. It is ſomething ſtrange that to publiſh a good book is a ſin, and an ill one a vertue; and that while one comes out with authority, the other may not have a diſpenſation. So that we ſeem to have got an expurgatory preſs, though not an index, and the moſt religious truth muſt be expunged and ſuppreſſed in order to the falſe and

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ſecular intereſt of ſome of the clergy. So much wiſer are they grown by proceſs of time than the obſolete Apoſtle that ſaid *we can do nothing againſt the truth.* But this hath been of late years the practice of theſe ſingle repreſenters of the Church of England, to render thoſe peccadilloes againſt God as few and inconſiderable as may be, but to make the ſins againſt themſelves as many as poſſible, and theſe to be all hainous and unpardonable. In ſo much that if we of the laity would but ſtudy our ſelf-preſervation, and learn of them to be as true to our ſeparate intereſt as theſe men are to theirs, we ought not to wiſh them any new power for the future, but after very mature deliberation. Foraſmuch as every ſuch act does but ſerve, as ſome of them uſe it, to make the good people of England walk in peril of their ſouls, to multiply ſin and abomination thorow the land, and by ingaging mens minds under ſpiritual bondage, to lead them canonically on into temporal ſlavery. Whereas the laity are commonly more temperate and merciful (I might ſay more diſcreet) in the exerciſing of any authority they are intruſted with, and what power they have, they will not wear it thread-bare: ſo that if I were to commit a fault for my life, (as ſuppoſe by printing this without a licenſe) I would chuſe to ſin againſt good Mr. Oldenburg.

But this Animadverter is the genuine example of eccleſiaſtical clemency, who proceeding on, cannot bear that the

author ſhould uſe the title of an *Humble Moderator*.(he thinks him ſure guilty herein *læſæ majeſtatis eccleſiaſticæ*, and that both theſe qualities are incompatible with one of their coat, and below the dignity of any man of the faculty) much leſs will he indure him when he comes, in the following diſcourſe, to juſtify his claime to that title, by *letting his moderation*, according to the Apoſtles precept, *be known to all men, for the Lord is at hand.* But he ſaith that the author "aſſumes, impoſes, and turnes all upſide down," and witneſſes an "immoderate zeal for one" (that is, the Nonconformiſts) "party:" than which the Animadverter could never have invented a more notorious, ſtudied, and deliberate falſhood, to prepoſſeſſe and miſlead the gentle reader. Wherein does he *aſſume?* He ſpeaks like a man, a creature to which modeſty and reaſon are peculiar: not like an animal which hath nothing humane in it, but a malicious grinne, that may provoke indeed, but cannot imitate ſo much as laughter. Wherein does he impoſe? In nothing but by declaring his opinion againſt all unreaſonable impoſition. And though it appears natural to him to ſpeak with gravity, yet he uſurps not any authority, further than as any man who ſpeaks a truth which he thorowly underſtands, cannot with all his modeſty and humility hinder others from paying a due reverence to his perſon and acquieſcing in his doctrine. But wherein does he turn all upſide down? This hath been a common topick of eccleſiaſtical

ſiaſtical accuſation. Our Saviour was accuſed that he would deſtroy the Temple. The firſt martyr Stephen was ſtoned as a complice. And St. Paul (as ill luck would have it) was made odious upon the ſame crimination of the Animadverters, Acts xvii. 5, 6. For, *certain lewd fellows, of the baſer ſort, ſet all the city in an uproar, crying thoſe that have turned the world* upſide down *are come hither alſo.* And yet, notwithſtanding all theſe calumnies, the *naked truth* Chriſtianity, hath made a ſhift, God be thanked, to continue till this day: and there will never want thoſe that bear teſtimony to it, even to the primitive Chriſtianity, maugre all the arts that the men of religion can contrive to miſrepreſent and diſcountenance it. But as for the *turning all upſide down*, the Animadverter is ſomewhat innocent, if by the defect of his organs, as it fares with thoſe whoſe brain turnes round, (ſo we vulgarly expreſſe it) he have imagined that the world is tumbling headlong with him. But as to the prejudice, which he therefore reſerved as the moſt effectual and taking to undoe the author by, that he is "immoderately zealous for the Nonconformiſts;" it is the effect of as ſtrong a phancy, or as malicious an intention as the former; it being ſcarce poſſible to open the book in any place without chancing upon ſome paſſage where he makes a firm profeſſion, or gives a clear proof of his real ſubmiſſion and addiction to the Church of England: all his fault for ought I ſee being,

that he is more truly and cordially concerned for our church than ſome mens ignorance is capable of, or their corrupt intereſt can comply with. But therefore, whoever were the adviſer, it is not well done to uſe him in this dirty manner; there is no prudence in it, nor whereas the author, in excuſe that he ſets not his name, ſaith it is, "becauſe he is a "man of great paſſions, and not able to bear a reproach" (the Animadverter had done fairer to cite the whole), "or "commendations:" my ſmall ability puts me out of danger of the laſt, but in great fear of the former. Therefore to reſolve thus (whereas they might have undone him you ſee by commendation) the rather to reproach him, now they have learnt his feebleneſs, Holy Church, I can tell you, hath ſuffered upon that account ſo often that it were time for her to be wiſer. For by exaſperating men of parts, who out of an ingenious love of truth have temperately writ againſt ſome abuſes, ſhe hath added provocation to mens wit to look ſtill further; inſomuch that at laſt it hath ſometimes produced (than which nothing can be more dangerous to the church) a reformation. Therefore, though Chriſt hath commanded his followers (ſo it be not I ſuppoſe out of his way) that if any man preſs them to go one mile, they ſhould go two; yet it is not wiſdom in the church to pretend to, or however to exerciſe, that power of *Angariating* men further than their occaſions or underſtandings will permit. If a man cannot go their length it is better to have

have his company in quiet as far as his road lyes. For my part I take the Church of England to be very happy in having a perſon of his learning and piety ſo far to comply with her; and, if my advice might be taken, ſhe ſhould not loſe one inch more of him by handling him irreverently. For if once ſhe ſhould totally loſe him, God knows what an inſtrument he might prove, and how much good he might do in the nation, more than he ever yet thought of. What a ſhame it is to hear the Animadverter abuſe him (who, by the very character of his ſtile, appears no vulgar perſon, and by how much he hath more of truth, hath more of God's image, and ſhould therefore have imprinted that awe upon him that man hath over moſt brutes:) he, to trifle with ſo worthy a perſon at that rate, that one would not uſe the meaneſt varlet, the dulleſt ſchool-boy, the rankeſt idiot, no, nor the veryeſt Animadverter! However, he ſaith, "the "author hath done himſelf, and him the Animadverter, a "great favour, by concealing his name, in making it impoſ- "ſible for him to reflect upon his perſon" (otherwiſe it ſeems he ſhould have had it home) "which he knows no more than "the man in the moon." But therefore I am the rather jealous he did know him: for the Animadverter having a team of *Gnaza's* alwayes at his devotion, and being able if any one tired by the way, to relieve it and draw in perſon, never think that he would want intelligence in that region. Come, 'twas all but an affected ignorance in the Animad-

verter, and he had both inquired and heard as much as any of us, who was the probable author: and all the guard that he lyes upon is, becauſe the author had not given him legal notice that he writ it. And this was even as the Animadverter would have wiſhed it. For if a reverend perſon had openly avowed it, he could not have been ſawcy with ſo good a grace: but under the pretence of "not knowing," Sir, that it was you; but only, Sir, "as you were the "patron of ſo vile a cauſe," many a dry bob, cloſe gird, and privy nip has he given him. Yet he ſaith, the "author "would have done well, and a piece of juſtice, to have "named himſelf, ſo to have cleared others: for it hath "been confidently layed to the charge of more than one "reverend perſon" (how ſlily!) "who (I have great reaſon "to believe, and am ſeveral ways aſſured) had no hand "in it." Truly, the Animadverter too would have done a piece of juſtice to have named himſelf; for there has been more than one witty perſon traduced for his pamphlet, and I believe, by this time he would take it for a great favour if any man would be ſuch a fool as own it for him. For he very ſecurely reproaches the author, and yet I have been ſeeking all over for the Animadverters name, and cannot find it; notwithſtanding that he writes forſooth in defence of the church of England; and *againſt ſo vile a cauſe*, as he ſtiles it, and under the publick patronage. Which is moſt diſingenuouſly done; as on other accounts, ſo in re-

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ſpect of my Lord Biſhop of London, whom he has left in the lurch, to juſtify another mans follyes with his authority. But however that venerable perſon, who has for learning, candor, and piety, as he does for dignity alſo, outſtripped his age and his fellows, have been been drawn in to licenſe what certainly he cannot approve of, it was but his firſt-fruits, and a piece of early liberality, as is uſual, upon his new promotion; and I am given to underſtand, that for the Animadverters ſake, it is like to be the laſt that he will allow of that nature. But this is not only a trick of the Animadverters, but ordinary with many others of them; who, while we write at our own peril, and perhaps ſet our names to it, (for I am not yet reſolved whether I can bear reproach or commendation) they that raile for the Church of England, and under the publick licenſe and protection, yet leave men as it were a hot cockles, to gueſſe blind-fold who it is that hit them. But it is poſſible that ſome of theſe too may lie down in their turnes. What ſhould be the reaſon of it? Sure theirs is not "ſo vile a cauſe" too that they dare not abide by it. Or are they the writers conſcious to themſelves that they are ſuch things *as ought not once to be named among Chriſtians?* Or is it their own ſorry performance that makes them aſhamed to avow their own books? Or is there ſome ſecret force upon them that obliges them to ſay things againſt their conſcience? Or would they reſerve a latitude to themſelves to turn Nonconformiſts again upon occaſion?

occaſion? Or do they in pure honeſty abſtaine from putting a ſingle name to a book, which hath been the workmanſhip of the whole dioceſs?

But though he know not his name, "ſeeing he has vent-"ed his own amuſements to the churches great and real "prejudice," he ſaith, (and "that is this caſe) he muſt not "think to ſcape for the godlineſs of his ſtile:" Impious and moſt unmerciful! Poor David was often in *this caſe.* Pſal. xxii. *They gaped upon him with their mouth. He truſted,* ſaid they, *in the Lord that he would deliver him, let him deliver him, ſeeing he delighted in him.* And Pſal. lxxi. 11. *Perſecute and take him, there is none to deliver him.* And yet there are many places too in Scripture, where God ſpared men even for their outward formalities, and their hypocriſie ſerved to delay his judgements; and ſhould he not ſtill do ſo, the church might receive *greater prejudice.* But the church and God are two things, and are not, it ſeems, oblidged to the ſame meaſures: inſomuch that even the ſincerity of one perſon, which might perhaps attone for a whole order, and render them acceptable both to God and man, yet cannot hope for his own pardon.

"Neither muſt he think to ſcape for a man of good "intentions: yet ſure he is, elſe would not give the devil "ſo much more than his due, ſaying, he would never con-"demne any good action, though done by the devil, as if,"

ſaith the Animadverter, "he ſuppoſed the devil might do ſome ſuch." Here he thinks he has a ſhrewd hit at him, and this, if a man had leiſure, might beget a metaphyſical controverſy: but I deſire him rather to comment on that text: *Doeſt thou believe? thou doeſt well; the devils alſo believe and tremble.* Whereas he goeth on to mock at the authors "good intentions," and tells him pleaſantly, that "hell itſelf is full of ſuch as were once full of good "intentions:" 'tis a concluding piece of wit, and therefore, as well as for the rarity, ſhould be civilly treated and incouraged; ſo that I ſhall uſe no further retortion there, than if this be the qualification of ſuch as go to hell, the Animadverter hath ſecured himſelf from coming there, and ſo many more as were his partners. And thus much I have ſaid upon his *Animadverſions on the Title*, &c. wherein, he having miſrepreſented the author, and prejudicated the reader againſt him by all diſingenuous methods, and opened the whole pedler's-pack of his malice, which he half-p—worths out in the following diſcourſe to his petty chapmen, I could not properly ſay leſs, though it exceeds perhaps the number of his pages. For it is ſcarce credible how voluminous and pithy he is in extravagance; and one of his ſides in *quarto*, for falſhood, inſolence, and abſurdity, contains a book in *folio*. Beſides, the reader may pleaſe to conſider how much labour it coſts to bray even a little thing in a mortar; and that calumny is like London dirt, with which

which though a man may be ſpattered in an inſtant, yet it requires much time, pains, and fullers earth to ſcoure it out again.

ANNOTATIONS *upon the* ANIMADVERSIONS *on the* Firſt Chapter, *concerning* ARTICLES OF FAITH.

THE Play begins. "I confeſs" (do ſo then, and make no more words) "when firſt I ſaw this jewel of a "pamphlet, and had run over two or three pages of this "chapter, I ſuſpected the author for ſome youngſter that "had been dabbling amongſt the Socinian writers, and was "ambitious of ſhewing us his talent in their way. I was "quickly delivered from this jealouſy, by his orthodox con-"tradictory expreſſions in other places." That word *jewel* is commonly uſed in a good ſenſe, and I know no reaſon why this book of the authors might not be properly enough called ſo, though the Animadverter hath debaſed the meaning of the word, to deprave and undervalue the worth of the treatiſe. For I perceive that, during his chaplainſhip, he hath learnt it in converſation with the ladies, who tranſlate it frequently, to call whore in a more civil and refined ſignification. But to ſay thus, that "he ſuſpected him at firſt "for a Socinian, yet was quickly cured of his jealouſy, be-"cauſe he found the author was honeſt and orthodox:" why ſhould he vent his own amuſements thus, to the great and real prejudice of any worthy perſon? It is indeed a piece of

of ſecond ingenuity for a man, that invents and ſuggeſts a calumny of which he is ſure to be convict in the inſtant, therefore with the ſame breath to diſclaim it: but it manifeſts in the mean time how well he was inclined, if he thought it would have paſſed upon the author; and that, could the Animadverter have ſecured his reputation, he would have adventured the falſhood. What would he not have given to have made the world believe that he was a Socinian? In this beginning you have a right pattern of the Animadverters whole ſtuffe, and may ſee what meaſure the author is to expect all thorow.

But "he finds," he ſaith, "that he is one of the men of "the ſecond rate, (as he takes leave to ſtile them) that ſcarce "ever ſee to the ſecond conſequence." At firſt I ſuſpected from this expreſſion, that the Animadverter had been ſome ſhip-chaplain, that had been dabbling in the ſea-controverſies, a tarpawlin of the faculty: but I was quickly delivered from this jealouſy by his magiſterial contradictions, that ſhew him to be a man of more conſequence, one of them whoſe eccleſiaſtical dignities yet cannot wean them from a certain hankering after the wit of the laity, and applying it as their own, upon (or 'tis no great matter though it be without) occaſion. Yet "therefore once for all, he pro-"teſts, *too*, that he does not charge him with any of his own moſt obvious conſequences as his opinions," (for who would

believe the one or other, that reads the author?) " for 'tis plaine that he does not" (nor any man that hath eyes) " diſcerne them." This is a candor pregnant with contempt. But in the mean time he thinks it ingenuous to load this *ſecond rate* frigat, (that was fitted out for the kings and the nations ſervice) ſo deep that ſhe can ſcarce ſwime, with a whole cargo of conſequences which are none of the authors, but will, upon ſearch, be all found the Animadverters proper goods and trade, his own inconſequences and inanimadverſions. So men with vicious eyes ſee ſpiders weave from the brim of their own beavers.

As for example, p. 1, he ſaith, that " this chapter does " admirably ſerve the turn of the rankeſt ſectarian. That " in his two or three firſt pages he appeared a Socinian." P. 12. That his " pique at the new word *homoouſios* carryes ſuch an ugly reflection upon the Nicene Creed, that he," the Animadverter, " ſcarſe dares underſtand him." P. 6. The author ſpeaking againſt introducing new Articles of Faith, the adverſary tells him, " he hopes he does not mean all our " Thirty-nine Articles;" and defends them as if they were attaqued. That " he does implicitly condemne the whole " Catholick church, both eaſt and weſt, for being ſo pre- " ſumptuous in her definitions." P. 9. That " upon " his principles the prime and moſt neceſſary Articles of " Faith will be in danger; the old dormant hereſies, Mo- " nothelites,

" nothelites, Neſtorians, &c. may ſafely revive again." P. 13. That his " are the very dreggs of Mr. Hobbs his divi- " nity, and worſe." P. 14. That " he would have ſome " men live like Pagans, and go to no church at all." P. 16. " So, for ought we know, this author is a Jeſuite, and writes " this pamphlet only to embroile us Proteſtants." P. 25. That " he is guilty of unthought of Popery." P. 33. That our author " like her (the fooliſh woman) in the Proverbs, " plucks down our church with his own hands," and that " ſhe had need therefore be upheld againſt ſuch as he is." Of theſe inferences, which, not being natural, muſt have required ſome labour, he is all along very liberal to the author; but the vile and inſolent language coſts him nothing, ſo that he lays that on prodigally and without all reaſon. Now, whether a man that holds a true opinion, or he that thus deduces ill conſequences from it, be the more blameworthy, will prove to be the caſe between the Animadverter and the author. And (to ſhew him now from whence he borrowed his wit of the ſecond rate, and at the ſecond hand)

——all the ſubject matter of debate,
Is only who's the Knave of the Firſt Rate.

But he ſaith, becauſe of theſe things, " the miſchief be- " ing done, to undoe the charme again, it is become a duty " to expoſe him." Alas! what are they going to do with

the poor man? What kind of death is this *expoſing?* But ſure, conſidering the executioner, it muſt be ſome learned ſort of cruelty. Is it the *tæda*, in which they candled a man over in wax, and he, inſtead of the wick, burnt out to his lives end like a taper, to give light to the company? Or is it the *ſcapha*, wherein a man being ſtripped naked and ſmeared with honey, was in the ſcorching ſun abandoned to be ſtung and nibbled by waſps, hornets, and all troubleſome inſects, till he expired? Or is it rather *ad beſtias*, turning him out unarmed to be baited, worryed, and devoured, by the wild beaſts in the theatre? For in the primitive times there were theſe and an hundred laudable ways more to *expoſe* Chriſtians; and the Animadverter ſeems to have ſtudied them. But the crime being of ſorcery, and that there is a charm which hath wrought great "miſchief, "and is not to be undone, but by *expoſing* the malefactor," (charme he never ſo wiſely) 'tis more probable that it may be the puniſhment uſual in ſuch caſes. And indeed the Animadverter hath many times in the day ſuch fits take him, wherein he is lifted up in the aire, that ſix men cannot hold him down; teares, raves, and foams at the mouth, caſts up all kind of traſh, ſometimes ſpeakes Greek and Latine, that no man but would ſwear he is bewitched: and this never happens but when the author appeares to him. And though in his Animadverſions on the Title, &c. he hath ſo often ſcratched and got blood of him (the infallible country cure)

yet he ſtill finds no eaſe by it, but is rather more tormented. So that in earneſt I begin to ſuſpect him for a witch, or however, having writ the *Naked Truth*, 'tis manifeſt he is a ſoothſayer, that's as bad. Many perſons beſides have for tryal run needles up to the eye in ſeveral remarkable places of his *Naked Truth*, that look like moles or warts upon his body; and yet he, though they prick never ſo much, feels nothing. Nay, ſome others of the clergy, whereof one was a biſhop, have tyed him hand and foot, and thrown him into the Thames betwixt Whitehall and Lambeth, for experiment; laying ſo much weight too on him as would ſink an ordinary man, and nevertheleſs he ſwims ſtill and keeps above water. So dangerous is it to have got an ill name once, either for ſpeaking truth or for incantation, that it comes to the ſame thing almoſt to be innocent or guilty: for if a man ſwim, he is guilty, and to be burnt; if he ſinke, he is drowned, and innocent. But therefore this *expoſing* muſt ſurely be to condemne the author, as he has done his book already, to the fire, (for no man ſtands fairer for't, as being the firſt heretick, and now witch by conſequence) and then the devil ſure can have no more power over the Animadverter. Yet when I conſidered better, that he does not accuſe him of any harme that he has ſuffered by him in perſon, but that it is the "church which may juſtly complain "of him," and having done her ſo much "miſchiefe, there-"fore it is become a duty to expoſe him;" I could not but imagine

imagine that it muſt be a ſeverer torment. For if our church be bewitched, and he has done it,

Huic mites nimium flammas, huic lenta putaſſem
Flumina, fumiferi potaſſet nubila peti.

Though I never heard before of a church that was bewitched, except that of the Galatians, Gal. iii. 1. whom St. Paul aſks, *O fooliſh Galatians, who hath* bewitched *you?* taking it for evident that they were ſo, *becauſe* (they are his very next words) *they did not obey the truth.* (And that was a *Naked Truth* with a witneſs, the Apoſtle teaching, *that Chriſt is become of none effect to them, that from their Chriſtian liberty returned to the Jewiſh ceremonies*, Gal. v. 4.) But therefore I looked over the Canons, the Rational, the Ceremonial, the Rubrick, imagining the *expoſing* mentioned, muſt be ſome new part of our eccleſiaſtical diſcipline, that I had not taken notice of before, and I ſhould find it in one or other of the offices. But I loſt my labour, and 'twas but juſt I ſhould, for being ſo ſimple, as not to underſtand at firſt that to *expoſe* a man, is to write animadverſions upon him. For that is a crueller torment than all the ten perſecutors (and which none but this clergyman could have) invented. To be ſet in the pillory firſt, and bedawbed with ſo many addle eggs of the Animadverters own cackle as he palts him with! How miſerable then is the man that muſt ſuffer afterwards, *ſub tam lento ingenio!* To be raked and harrowed thorow with

ſo

ſo ruſty a ſaw! So dull a torture, that it contains all other in it, and which even the Chriſtian reader is ſcarce able to indure with all his patience! Had he been a man of ſome acuteneſs, the pain would have been over in an inſtant: but this was the utmoſt inhumanity in whoever it was that adviſed (whereas ſeveral witty men were propoſed, that would have been glad of the imployment) to chuſe out on purpoſe the veryeſt (Animadverter) in all the faculty. This it is to which the author is condemned. And now that I know it, and that it is an office, a duty to which our church, it ſeems, has advanced the Animadverter; I wiſh him joy of his new preferment, and ſhall henceforward take notice of him as the church of England's *expoſer*, for I can never admit him by any analogy to be an expoſitor.

It is no leſs diſingenuouſly than conſtantly done of the *expoſer* in this ſame p. 1. to concern the author in the Nonconformiſts, that may have reflected any where, as if there were Socinian or Pelagian doctrines "allowed to be preached and "maintained in the city pulpits." For the author hath not in his whole book the leaſt ſyllable that can be wreſted to any ſuch purpoſe. Only it ſerves the adverſaries turn, as he thinks, to pre-ingage the whole clergy and church of England againſt him, if they were ſo ſimple, and by giving him an odious badge, and jumbling them altogether, to involve him in all the prejudices which are ſtudiouſly advanced againſt that party.

party. But neither have I any thing to urge of that nature, further than, becauſe he will out of ſeaſon mention theſe matters, to obſerve that our church ſeems too remiſs in the caſe of Socinus and Volkelius, who had many things to great value ſtolen from them by a late plagiary, but as yet have not obtained any juſtice or reſtitution.

But ſeeing the *expoſer* is thus given to transforme not only the author, but his words and his meaning; it is requiſite to ſtate this chapter in his own terms: as men ſet their arms on their plate, to prevent the nimbleneſs of ſuch as would alter the property. The ſum of what he humbly propoſes is: "That nothing hath cauſed more miſchief in the "church, than the eſtabliſhing new and many articles of "faith, and requiring men to aſſent to them with divine "faith. For the impoſing ſuch on Diſſenters, hath cauſed "furious wars and lamentable bloodſhed among Chriſtians. "That it is irrational to promote the truth of the Goſpel by "impoſition, which is contrary to the laws of the Goſpel, and "break an evident commandment to eſtabliſh a doubtful "truth. For if ſuch articles be not fully expreſſed in "Scripture words, it is doubtful to him upon whom it is "forced, though not to the impoſer. If it be fully ex-"preſſed in Scripture words, there needs no new articles: "but if not ſo, and that it be only deduced from Scripture "expreſſions, then men that are as able and knowing as "the

" the impoſer, may think it is not clearly deduced from " Scripture. But there is nothing more fully expreſt, or " that can be more clearly deduced from Scripture, nor " more ſuitable to natural reaſon, than that no man ſhould " be forced to believe. Becauſe no man can force himſelf to " believe, no not even to believe the Scriptures. But faith " is a work of peculiar grace and the gift of God. And " if a man believe what is clearly contained in Scripture, he " needs not believe any thing elſe with divine faith. To add " to, or diminiſh from the Scripture, is by it unlawful, " and lyable to the curſe in the Revelation. If the im- " poſer anſwer, he requires not to believe it as Scripture, " he doth, if he urge it to be believed with divine faith. " If he ſay he requires it not to be believed with divine faith, " he does, if he make it neceſſary to ſalvation. There is no " command nor countenance given in the Goſpel to uſe " force to cauſe men believe. We have no comprehenſive " knowledge of the matters declared in Scripture, that are " the prime and neceſſary articles of faith, therefore it is " not for any man to declare one tittle more to be believed " with divine faith, than God hath there declared. He " cannot find the leaſt hint in the word of God to uſe any " force to compel men to the churches eſtabliſhed doctrine " or diſcipline: and from reaſon there can be no motive to " be forced beyond their reaſon. To attempt any ſuch " force, though to the true beliefe, is to do evil that good " may come of it. But the paſtor ought firſt by plaine

" and ſound doctrine to ſtop the mouths of gainſayers. " When the miniſters have preached and prayed, they " have done all they can in order to mens believing, the " reſt muſt be left to the juſtice or mercy of God. But if " turbulent ſpirits broach new doctrines, contrary to Scrip- " ture, or not clearly contained in the Goſpel, and neither " by admonitions nor intreaties will be ſtopt, the paſtors " may proceed to the exerciſe of the keys. Which if it " were duely performed as in the primitive times, and not " by lay chancellors and their ſurrogates, would be of great " effect. The magiſtrate ought to ſilence and oppoſe ſuch " as preach what is contrary to or not clearly contained in " the Goſpel, and if they perſevere in their perverſeneſs, he " may uſe his power with Chriſtian moderation. For his " power reaches to puniſh evil doers, who publiſh or prac- " tiſe ſomething to ſubvert the fundamentals of religion, " or to diſturbe the peace of the ſtate, or to injure their " neighbours: but not to puniſh evil believers. But if the " magiſtrate ſhall conceive he hath power alſo to puniſh " evil believers, and on that pretence ſhall puniſh true be- " lievers, the ſubject is bound to ſubmit and bear it, to " the loſs of goods, liberty or life." The reader will excuſe this one long quotation, for it will much ſhorten all that followes.

But now for which of theſe is it that it is become a duty to *expoſe* him? What is there here that ſeems not, at firſt ſight, very

very Chriſtian, very rational? But however, it is all delivered in ſo grave and inoffenſive manner, that there was no temptation to alter the ſtile into ridicule, and ſatyre. But like ſome cattle, the Animadverter may browze upon the leaves, or peel the barke, but he has not teeth for the ſolid, nor can hurt the tree but by accident. Yet a man that ſees not into "the ſecond," but the thirteenth "conſequence," that is one "of the diſputers of this world," and "ought to be admitted to theſe doubtfull diſputations" (from which he ironically by St. Pauls rule forſooth excludes the author) what is there that ſuch a one, ſo ſubtile, ſo piercing, cannot diſtinguiſh upon and controvert? Truth itſelf ought to ſacrifice to him that he would be propitious: for if he appear on the other ſide, it will go againſt her unavoidably.

In his p. 27 he is raviſht in contemplation how *rarachoſe* it is, to "ſee or hear a material queſtion in theology defended in the univerſity-ſchools, where one ſtands a reſpondent, encloſed within the compaſs of his pen, as "Popilius, the Roman Embaſſador, made a circle with his "wand about Antiochus, and bid him give him a determinate anſwer before he went out of it;" a moſt apt and learned reſemblance, and which ſhews the gentlemans good reading! But it is, I confeſs, a noble ſpectacle, and worthy of that theater which the munificence of the preſent Arch-

biſhop of Canterbury hath dedicated in one (may it be too in the other) of our univerſities; where no apiſh *ſcaramuccio*, no ſcenical farces, no combat of wild beaſts among themſelves, or with men condemned, is preſented to the people; but the modeſt ſkirmiſh of reaſon, and which is uſually performed ſo well that it turns to their great honour, and of our whole nation; provided the chaire be well filled with an orthodox profeſſor, and who does not by *ſolœciſmes* in Latine, or miſtake of the argument, or queſtion, render the thing ridiculous to the byſtanders. That the pew be no leſs fitted with a reſpondent, able to ſuſtaine and anſwer in all points the expectation of ſo learned an auditory: that the opponent likewiſe exceed not the terms of civility, nor cavil where he ſhould argue; and that the queſtions debated be ſo diſcreetly choſen, as there may be no danger, by controverting the truth, to unſettle the minds of the youth ever after, and innure them to a diſputable notion about the moſt weighty points of our religion; by which ſort of ſubtilizing the church hath in former ages much ſuffered, nor hath ours in the latter wholly eſcaped. Now ſeeing the *Expoſer* ſeems to delight ſo much (as men uſe in what they excell) in this exerciſe, he and I, becauſe we cannot have the conveniency of the ſchools and pew, will play as well as we can in paper, at this new game of Antiochus and Popilius. I muſt for this time be the Roman ſenator, and he the Monarch of Aſia: for by the rules of the play, he

he always that hath writ the laſt book is to be Antiochus, untill the other has done replying. And I hope to gird him up ſo cloſe within his circle, that he ſhall appear very ſlender. For I am ſenſible, yet could not avoid it, how much of the readers and mine own time I have run out in examining his levity; but now I am glad to ſee my labour ſhorten: for, having thus plumed him of that puffe of feathers, with which he buoyed himſelf up in the aire, and flew over our heads, it will, almoſt by the firſt "conſequence," be manifeſt in his argument, how little a ſoul it is, and body, that henceforward I am to deal with.

The author having ſaid that, "That which we com-"monly call the Apoſtles Creed, is, and was ſo received "by the primitive church, as the ſum total of Chriſtian "faith, neceſſary to ſalvation. Why not now? Is the ſtate "of ſalvation altered? If it be compleat, what need "other articles?" The *Expoſer* p. 2. anſwers. "There "may have been needful heretofore, not only other arti-"cles, but other creeds for the further explication of theſe "articles in the Apoſtles Creed: and yet in thoſe new "creeds not one new article." 'Tis ſafely and cautiouſly ſaid, "there may," and not "there were" other articles and other creeds needful. But the whole clauſe beſides is ſo drawn up, as if he affected the academical glory of juſtify-ing a paradox: nor is it for the reputation of ſuch creeds, whatever

whatever they be, to be maintained by the like methods. But ſeeing he diſdains to explicate further, how there can be a new creed, and yet not one new article; I will preſume to underſtand him, and then ſay that in ſuch creeds, whatſoever article does either explaine the Apoſtles Creed contrary to, or beſide the Scripture, or does not containe the ſame expreſs ſcriptural authority (which only makes this that is called the Apoſtles Creed to be authentick) that is a new article to every man that cannot conceive the neceſſary deduction. But then he galls the author. The Apoſtles Creed is the ſum of the Chriſtian Faith. "True. Yet I "hope he will not think the Nicene, the Conſtantinopoli-"tan, and the Athanaſian Creed" ſuperfluous and unneceſſary. Firſt, it is not neceſſary to take all thoſe three in the lump, as the *Expoſer* puts it: for perhaps a man may think but one, or but two of them to have been ſuperfluous, and unneceſſary. Next it is an hard thing for the *Expoſer*, who ought rather to have proved that they were neceſſary, to ſhift it back thus upon the author. I have not ſpoke with him, nor know whether I ſhall as long as I live, (though I ſhould be glad of the opportunity) to know his mind. But ſuppoſe he ſhould think them, one, two, or three unneceſſary, who can help it? But ſo much I think, upon the ſtate or ſum of this controverſie in his own words, I may adventure for him; that as confeſſions of faith he does not diſapprove them, (taking it granted there is nothing

thing in any of them flatly againſt the word of God) but that if any thing be therein drawn up in ſuch or ſuch an exact forme of words, not expreſſed in Scripture, and required to be believed with divine faith, as neceſſary to a mans own ſalvation, and without believing which, he muſt declare too that no man elſe can be ſaved; that this is dangerous, and the impoſing of it is unwarrantable by reaſon or Scripture. He adds in this ſame paragraph, that "the au-"thors cenſure upon Conſtantine is ſo bold and upon ſome "godly Biſhops, (whom" he conceives more zealous than diſcreet, "and ſo do ſome godly Biſhops conceive of this "author) and his pique at the new word *Homoouſios* car-"ryes ſuch an ugly reflection upon the Creed, that he ſcarce "dare underſtand him." And I on the other ſide take his "fears" and his "hopes" to be alike inconſiderable. His words are p. 6. "I am confident had the moſt prudent "and pious Conſtantine, the firſt and beſt of Chriſtian em-"perours, purſued his own intention, to ſuppreſs all diſ-"putes, and all new queſtions about God the Son, both "*Homoouſian*, and *Homoiouſian*, and commanded all to "acquieſce in the very Scripture expreſſions, without any "addition, that the Arrian Hereſie had ſoon expired." I note that the *Expoſer* very diſingenuouſly, and to make it look more ugly, takes not the leaſt notice of his pique againſt *Homoiouſios* too and the Arrian Hereſie. But what is there here to fright the underſtanding Animadverter out

of his wits, or what to make "ſome Godly Biſhops" (who it ſeems muſt be numberleſs or nameleſs) "to conceive the "author more zealous than diſcreet?" But for this cenſure of the author, as well as for the godlineſs of the Biſhops, we muſt acquieſce it ſeems upon the credit, or gratitude of one nameleſs *Expoſer.*

He then blames the author p. 3. for ſaying p. 1. that "he would have men improve in faith, rather intenſive than "extenſive; to confirm it, rather than enlarge it." Still and alwayes, to make things a little more ugly and of leſs value, he clips the authors good-Engliſh. "You would "have men improve in faith, ſo would I, but rather in-"tenſive than extenſive. 'Tis good to know all Goſpel "truths, no doubt of that, the more the better ſtill; but "the queſtion is not what is good, but what is neceſſary." This is a pious and undoubted truth, and confirmed by the author out of ſeveral places of Scripture: may I add one, Marke ix. 17. where *one brought his ſon, being troubled with a dumb ſpirit, to our Saviour*: v. 23, *Jeſus ſaith to the father, if thou canſt believe, all things are poſſible to him that believeth. The father cryes out with tears, Lord I believe, ſtrengthen thou my unbeliefe.* And this confeſſion of the intenſive truth of his faith, with his relyance upon Chriſt for the ſtrengthening of it, was ſufficient to cooperate with our Saviour toward a miracle, and throwing that dumb and

deaf ſpirit out of a third perſon. Whoever indeed will deny this truth, muſt go againſt the whole current of the New Teſtament. But the *Expoſer* is deaf to that, 'tis all one to him. Yet he is not dumb: though as good he had, for all he has to ſay to it is, "and yet it is certaine that all formal "and mortal hereticks, that are not atheiſts, are juſtly con- "demned for want of due extention in their faith." What pertinence! But there goes more faith I ſee, to the ejecting of a talkative than of a dumb ſpirit. There is no need of further anſwer to ſo ſuccinct a bob, than that it had been well thoſe terms of *formal*, and *mortal*, and *hereticks*, and no leſs that of *condemned*, had in this place been thorowly explained. For we know that there was a time when the Proteſtants themſelves were the *formal*, and, to be ſure, the *mortal hereticks*, even here in England, and for that very crime too, "for want of due extention in their faith," they were *condemned*, whether juſtly or no, it is in the *Expoſers* power to determine. For ſome of our ruling clergy, who yet would be content to be accounted good Proteſtants, are ſo loath to part with any hank they have got, at what time ſoever, over the poor laity, or what other reaſon, that the writ *de hæretico comburendo*, though deſired to be aboliſhed, is ſtill kept in force to this day. So that it is of more concernment than one would at firſt think, how far mens *faith* (leſt afterwards for believing ſhort, their perſons and eſtates) *be extended*, or taken in execution.

He proceeds, page the 3d, and ſeveral that follow, to quarrel with the author for quoting to this purpoſe, Acts viii. and then ſaying, " I pray remember the treaſurer" (the *Expoſer* will do it, I warrant you, and the chancellor too, without more intreaty) " to Candace queen of Ethiopia, whom " Philip inſtructed within the faith. His time of cate- " chiſing was very ſhort, and ſoon proceeded to baptiſme. " But Philip firſt required a confeſſion of his faith, and the " eunuch made it, and I beſeech you obſerve it. *I believe* " *that Jeſus Chriſt is the Son of God, and ſtraightway he* " *was baptized:*" How, no more than " this? No more. " This little grain of faith, being found, believed with all " his heart, purchaſed the kingdom of heaven. 'Tis not " the quantity but the quality of our faith God requireth." Here the *Expoſer*, pretending now to be a learned expoſitor, hopes to win his ſpurs, and layes out all his ability to prove that Philip (in a very ſhort time for ſo much work as he finds him) had inſtructed the treaſurer thorow the whole Athanaſian Creed, concerning the " equality, inſeparability, co- " eternity of the three Perſons in the Trinity. For," ſaith the *Expoſer*, " the very forme of baptiſme, if thorowly ex- " plained, is a perfect creed by itſelf:" *in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt:* " for it ſeems the " name of the Son was by a divine criticiſme interpoſed be- " tween the other two Perſons, whoſe Godhead was confeſt " and acknowledged by the Jewiſh church, rather than that

" of

" of the *Word*, to denote the ſecond Perſon, &c." I ſhould be glad to know where the *Expoſer* learnt that the Jewiſh church acknowledged the Godhead of the Holy Ghoſt, as of a diſtinct Perſon; which if he cannot ſhow, he is very far out in the matter, as he is in that expreſſion of *divine criticiſme*. Therefore he may do well to conſider. But it is ſimply, to ſay no worſe, done of him, to call that forme of words, as it is ordered by our Saviour himſelf, a *divine criticiſme*, as if Chriſt had therein affected that critical glory, which the *Expoſer* himſelf in ſo ſubtile a remarke doubtleſs pretends to. But the *Expoſer* will not only have Philip to have inſtructed the treaſurer in this *criticiſme*, but to have read him ſo long a lecture upon baptiſme, as muſt for certaine have been out of the Aſſemblies, and not Noel's Catechiſme: " acquainting him, and inſtructing him abun-
" dantly in thoſe great points of faith, the dying, burying,
" and riſing again of Chriſt for our juſtification from our
" ſins, together with the thing ſignified, death unto ſin,
" mortification, the new birth unto righteouſneſs, then the
" myſtery of the firſt and ſecond covenant, original ſin,
" how thereby he was a ſon of wrath, had hereby forgive-
" neſs of ſins, adoption, being made a child of grace, co-
" heire with Chriſt, to live with him in the communion of
" ſaints, after the reſurrection, in life everlaſting." I am glad to ſee that, at leaſt when it ſerves to his purpoſe, this *Expoſer* will own all the doctrines, which another *Expoſer*

would have called "ſo many ſtages of regeneration," and have thought them too many to have drove over in one dayes journey, but would rather have turned out of the road, and lain ſhort all night ſomewhere by the way. Here is a whole Calviniſtical ſyſteme of divinity, that, if the treaſurer had been to be baptized in the Lake of Geneva, more could not have been expected. And he has in a trice made him ſo perfect in it, that, as ſoon as the chriſtening was over, he muſt have been fit to be received not only *ad communionem laicam*, but the *clericam* alſo, if it were then come into faſhion. Theſe *Expoſers* are notable men, they are as good as witches, they know all things, and what was done, and what was not done equally. In earneſt, he has made us as formal a ſtory of all Philip ſaid, and the treaſurer believed, as if he had ſat all the while in the coach-boot; and knows how long the diſcourſe laſted, as well as if he had ſet his watch when they began, and looked upon it juſt as the Spirit caught up Philip to Azotus. But ſuppoſe (for the *Expoſers* ſake) that the treaſurer were, in a coach diſcourſe; and, for all the rumbling, ſo diſtinctly and thorowly, in ſo ſhort a time too (if it had been, which is the uttermoſt, a dayes paſſage) catechumenized, it came to this ſhort point between them: the treaſurer deſires to be baptized; Philip replyes, *if thou believeſt with all thine heart thou mayeſt*; which can never ſignifie otherwiſe than with all the intention of our ſpirit, as when we are ſaid to love God with all our heart: the treaſurer replyes,

replyes, and that's all, *I believe that Jeſus Chriſt is the Son of God.* Now it is worth the readers obſervation, that out of a deſire of cavilling, and the luxury the *Expoſer* takes in it, he has quite forgot the matter he brought in controverſie. For the diſpute is concerning new creeds, impoſed beyond clear Scripture: the authors arguments and proofs tended wholly thither, and to that purpoſe he urged this paſſage of Philip, to prove that God conſiders both, but rather the quality than the quantity of our faith. The *Expoſer* amuſes himſelf and us, to tell what Philip preached to the treaſurer, but never minds that, let that have been as it will, and the eunuch have believed all that this man can imagine, yet all the Creed demanded, and all that he profeſſes, is no more than thoſe formal words, "believed with all his heart." *I believe that Jeſus Chriſt is the Son of God.* Wherein the author has clearly carryed, and the *Expoſer* thus far loſt the queſtion. And indeed, Antiochus, you are much to blame to have put the Romans to all this trouble to no purpoſe. But any thing to ſtuffe out the dimenſions of a book, that no man may imagine he could have ſaid ſo little, in ſo much (which is the new way of compendiouſneſs found out by the *Expoſer*) whereas he might have known, that, not God only, but even men alwayes do reſpect the quality of any thing, of a book, rather than the quantity. One remarke I muſt make more, before I take leave of this page; how, having thus liberally inſtructed both Philip and the treaſurer, he immediately chops in, p. 5. "Now

" Now this author may ſee what uſe and need
" There was of the Conſtantinopolitan Creed,

" that puts in one baptiſme for the remiſſion of ſins." I read it over and over, for there was ſomething in it very ſurpriſing, beſide the elegancy of the verſes. For the *now* in that place is a word of immediate inference, as if it appeared neceſſarily, from what laſt preceded, that he had notably foiled the author in ſome arguments or other, and therefore exulted over him. To any man of common ſenſe it can ſignifie neither more nor leſs than that, (whereas I upon proſpect of this ſpoke merrily of the Athanaſian Creed, Noel's, and the Aſſemblies Catechiſme, &c. wherein Philip inſtructed the treaſurer) the *Expoſer* means in good earneſt (if men mean what they ſay) that Philip having ſtudied the Conſtantinopolitan Creed himſelf very exactly, explained every article of it thorowly to the eunuch, and in eſpecial manner that of Baptiſme for the remiſſion of ſins: which happening to have been ſo many hundred years before that Council was in being, muſt needs be an extraordinary civility in Philip, and which he would ſcarce have done, but for the particular ſatisfaction of ſo great a perſonage, that had the whole manage of the revenue of the Queen of Ethiopia. I am ſure it is more than our church will vouchſafe in baptiſme, either of infants or thoſe of riper years, with their godfathers, but fobs them off with the plain Apoſtles Creed: and truly,

the

the eaſier the better, if "after that," and by "pouring "water upon them," theſe perſons be without any more adoe "(as the prieſt," according to our Rubrick, "ſhall then "ſay") regenerate.

To as little purpoſe doth he trouble in this ſame p. 5. another Scripture, the firſt of John iv. 2. *Every ſpirit that confeſſes that Jeſus Chriſt is come in the fleſh, is of God*: which the author urges in confirmation of what he ſaid before, concerning the intention of faith. But, ſaith the *Expoſer*, "will a Mahometan, or a Socinian confeſſion of faith "ſuffice?" This is I trow what they call reducing a man *ad abſurdum*, and I doubt he has hampered the author miſchievouſly. No, it will not ſuffice in the Mahometan or Socinian interpretation: but a confeſſion according to the true ſenſe of this, and the clear expreſs words of Scripture in other places, will do it; eſpecially if St. John, as moſt men are of opinion, writ his own Goſpel. Nay, though the *Expoſer* contends againſt this place, he admits another concerning Peter, that is not much more pregnant. "All the few primary fundamentals of Chriſtianity," ſaith he, "were virtually contained in St. Peters ſhort confeſſion "of faith, *Thou art Chriſt the Son of the living God*: For "which confeſſion he was bleſt, and upon which faith "Chriſt declared that he would build his church as upon "a rock." In concluſion I ſee Antiochus has *ex mero motu*

& certâ ſcientiâ, and prince-like generoſity, given us the queſtion: for I would not ſuſpect that he hath hunted it ſo long till he loſt it, or let it go of neceſſity, becauſe he could hold it no longer. For the extention as well as intention of Peters faith, was terminated in theſe few words. For it is no irreverence to take notice how plain the Apoſtles were under that diſpenſation. The ſame John the Apoſtle and Evangeliſt, c. xiv. v. 26. and in the following chapters, ſhowes how little it was, and in how narrow a compaſs, that they knew and believed, and yet that ſufficed. Inſomuch that where, c. xvi. v. 17. our Saviour promiſes the Holy Ghoſt, to inſtruct them further, he ſaith only, *It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come to you.* He ſaith not it is neceſſary. For that meaſure of true belief would have ſufficed for their own ſalvation, but there was a larger knowledge requiſite for the future work of their Apoſtleſhip. In how many of them, and St. Peter himſelf as much as any, were there ſuch *ignorances*, I humbly uſe the word, in matters of faith, that our Saviour could not but take notice of it and reprove them! As for Peter, when our Saviour was ſo near his death as to be already betrayed, yet he "upon whoſe "faith he built his church as on a rock," knew not the effect of his paſſion, but was ready with his ſword, againſt Chriſts command and example, to have interrupted the redemption of mankind. And this ſhort confeſſion, "in

" which all the fundamentalls were virtually contained" (as the *Expoſer* here teacheth us, and ſo hath reduced himſelf to that " little grain of faith," againſt which he contends with the author) was upon occaſion of our Saviours queſtion, when Peter doubtleſs did his beſt to anſwer his lord and maſter, and told him all he knew. For that ſimilitude, taken from ſo ſmall a grain by our Saviour, did equal the proportion of faith, then attainable and requiſite. And as in a ſeed the very plain and upright of the plant is indiſcernibly expreſſed, though it be not branched out to the eye, as when it germinates, ſpreads, bloſſomes, and bears fruit; ſo was the Chriſtian faith ſeminally ſtraitned in that virtual ſincerity, vital point, and central vigour of believing with all the heart that Jeſus Chriſt was come in the fleſh, and was the Son of the living God. And would men even now believe that one thing thorowly, they would be better Chriſtians, than under all their creeds they generally are both in doctrine and practice. But that gradual revelation, which after his death and reſurrection ſhined forth in the Holy Ghoſt, muſt now determine us again within the bounds of that ſaving ignorance by belief according to the Scriptures, untill the laſt and full manifeſtation. And the intention of this faith now alſo, as it hath been explained by the inſpiration of the Holy Spirit in the ſacred writers, is ſufficient for ſalvation, without the chicanery and conveyancing of humane

extentions. And the Controverter himſelf hath, if not by his own confeſſion, yet by his own argument all along hitherto proved it.

In p. 6. he ſaith that, where the author charges ſome with introducing many and new articles of faith, "he hopes he "does not mean all our Thirty-nine Articles." If he hopes ſo, why doth he raiſe the ſuſpicion, for which indeed there is no cauſe imaginable, but the *Expoſers* own diſingenuity; the author appearing thorow his whole book a true ſubſcriber to them, without that latitude of equivocation which ſome others uſe, or elſe they would not publiſh thoſe doctrines they do, and be capable nevertheleſs of eccleſiaſtical places? But here, as though any man had meddled with thoſe Articles, he explicates his learning out of Biſhop Laud and of the *communio laica*, which is but his harping upon one ſtring and his uſual *ſcanning* on his fingers. For the author having named "many and new articles of faith," the *Expoſer* revolves over in his mind "articles, articles "of—" and, the word not being very pregnant, he hits at laſt upon "the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of Eng-"land:" which yet the *Expoſer* ſaith himſelf, "are arti-"cles of peace and conſent, not of faith and communion." Why then does he bring them by head and ſhoulders, when the author he knows was only upon articles of faith? He might as well have ſaid "the lords" of the "articles.

"But

" But this," he ſaith, " is one, as he takes it, of our " churches greateſt eccleſiaſtical policyes, that ſhe admits " the many in thouſands and hundred thouſands, without " any ſubſcription, *ad communionem laicam.*" Truly ſhe is very civil, and we are an hundred thouſand times obliged to her. But I know not whether ſhe will take it well of him, that he, not being content with ſo good an office as that of her *Expoſer*, ſhould pretend to be her *Eccleſiaſtical Politician*, over another mans head that is fitter for both, and not expect the reverſion. And ſhe cannot but be offended that he ſhould thus call her fool by craft, aſſigning that for " her greateſt Eccleſiaſtical Policy," when to have done otherwiſe would have been the greateſt impertinence and folly. But who are theſe, " the many," whom ſhe ſo graciouſly receives *ad communionem laicam* without ſubſcription? Truly all of us whom ſhe truſts not " with teach- " ing others or with univerſity degrees." The whole body of the laity. (There again is another name for us, for we can ſcarſe ſpeak without affronting ourſelves with ſome contemptuous name or other, that they (forſooth the clergy) have affixed to us.)

Nos numerus ſumus, the many, *& fruges conſumere nati.*

Even his Majeſty too, God bleſs him, is one of the " many," and ſhe aſks no ſubſcription of him neither, although I believe he has " taken his degree in the univerſity." Well

we muſt be content to do as we may: we are "the many," and you are "the few," and make your beſt of it. But now, though I am none of you, yet I can tell you a greater *Eccleſiaſtical Policy*, than all this you have been talking of. It is a hard word, and though it be but one ſyllable, I cannot well remember it, but by good luck it was burnt by the hand of the hangman, about that time that the *Naked Truth* was printed. And had that *policy* ſucceeded, "the many" muſt have taken not only all the Thirty-nine Articles, but all the eccleſiaſtical errours and incroachments that eſcaped notice, all in the maſs at once, as if they had been articles of faith, infallible, unalterable; but the ſtate of the kingdom had been apparently changed in the very fundamentals. For "a few" of "the few," for above theſe forty years, have been carrying on a conſtant conſpiracy to turn all *upſide down* in the government of the nation: but God in his mercy hath alwayes hitherto, and will, I hope, for ever fruſtrate all ſuch counſels.

In his p. 7. it is that he ſaith, "the author in his p. 4. "implicitly condemns the whole Catholick Church, both "Eaſt and Weſt, for being ſo preſumptuous in her defini-"tions." However if he does it but implicitly, the *Expoſer* might have been ſo ingenuous or prudent as not to have explicated it further, but concealed it leſt it might do more harme, but at leaſt not to have heigh-

tened it ſo; "the whole Catholick Church," and not only ſo, but, "the whole Catholick Church, both "in the Eaſt and Weſt too" (why did he not add in the North and South too?) "for being ſo" preſumptuous, a term far beyond and contrary to the modeſty and deference of the authors expreſſion. But this is the art and duty of *expoſing*, here it is that he brandiſhes the whole dint of his diſputative faculty, and if it be not the moſt rational, I dare ſay (and yet I ſhould have ſome difficulty to perſwade men ſo) that it is the moſt fooliſh paſſage in the whole pamphlet. It is impoſſible to clear the diſpute but by tranſcribing their own words. In the mean time therefore I heartily recommend myſelf to the readers patience. The author, purſuing his point how unſafe and unreaſonable it is to impoſe new articles of faith drawn by humane inferences beyond the clear Scripture expreſſions, inſtanceth in ſeveral of the prime and moſt neceſſary principles of the Trinity, eſpecially that of the Holy Ghoſt. "Are they not things," ſaith he, "far above the higheſt reaſon and ſharpeſt under- "ſtanding that ever man had? Yet we believe them, be- "cauſe God, who cannot lye, hath declared them. Is it "not then a ſtrange thing for any man to take upon him "to declare one tittle more of them than God hath de- "clared? ſeeing we underſtand not what is declared, I mean "we have no comprehenſive knowledge of the matter de- "clared, but only a believing knowledge." To which the

Expoſer

Expoſer will have it that, if the author be here bound up to his own words, (and 'tis good reaſon he ſhould) he hath ſaid that "we underſtand not that the matter is declared;" and moreover he ſaith that "he is ſure he has done him no "wrong in fixing this meaning to the authors words. No, "it is no wrong," it ſeems then, to ſay that to underſtand *that*, and to comprehend *what* is the ſame thing. As for example, (if our ignorance may be allowed in things ſo infinitely above us, to allude to things as far below us) becauſe I underſtand *that* the *Expoſer* here ſpeaks nonſenſe; I muſt therefore be able to comprehend *what* is the meaning of his nonſenſe, and be capable to raiſe a rational deduction from it. I am ſure I do the *Expoſer* right in this inference, and ſhould be glad he only would therefore wear it for my ſake, for it will fit none but him 'twas made for. But let us come down to the particular. "The Scripture," ſaith the author, "plainly tells, that the Holy Ghoſt pro- "ceeds from the Father, and that he is ſent alſo by the Father, "that he is ſent alſo by the Son: but whether he proceeds "from the Son, or by the Son, the Scripture is ſilent. I "grant that by rational deduction, and humane way of "argument, 'tis probable that the Holy Ghoſt proceeds from "the Son, as from the Father. But we underſtand not what "the proceſſion or miſſion of the Holy Ghoſt is, and there- "fore we cannot prove they are both one. And therefore "to determine it or any ſuch divine and high myſteries by "humane

" humane deductions, in humane words, to be impoſed and " believed with divine faith, is dangerous:" and much more the author adds demonſtratively to the ſame purpoſe, but the *Expoſer* culls out, by the duty of his place, what may beſt ſerve for his, neither will that do the turn, unleſs he alſo pervert it. Here again is the *that* and the *what* the ſame thing. Is it the ſame thing to ſay or underſtand *that* the Holy Ghoſt is ſent by the Son (which is declared in Scripture) and to underſtand and comprehend *what* the nature of that miſſion is, or *what* the nature of proceſſion, that a man may ſafely ſay that he proceeds *from* or *by* the Son, as from the Father (which is not declared in Scripture but by humane deduction) and exact the divine belief thereof under eternal and temporal penalties? " Yet this is the *Ex-* " *poſers* logick." And away he goes with it, as if the world (as this inference is) were all his own, and knocks all on the head with a killing inſtance, which that I may ſtill open more viſibly to the readers, I muſt beg pardon that I am neceſſitated to repeat over again their own words ſometimes upon occaſion. The *Expoſer* ſaith, " But he means we have " no comprehenſive knowledge. His meaning is good and " true, but his inference is ſtark naught, if he means there- " fore we underſtand not at all that this or that is declared." But the author neither ſays nor means any ſuch thing, and the *Expoſer* does him, notwithſtanding his averment to the contrary, the moſt manifeſt wrong imaginable: for as much

as

as he would not only fix a falſe meaning upon the authors words, which I firſt mentioned in the beginning, but upon theſe other words alſo, which, contrary to their plaine ſignification, he produces for proof againſt him. They are, by the *Expoſers* own relation, " if then our reaſon under- " ſtand not what is declared" (which is the very equipollent of what the author had ſaid, that we have no comprehenſive knowledge of the matter declared) " how can we by reaſon " make any deduction by way of argument from that which " we underſtand not?" No more. From whence it is evident from that virtual repetition and natural reflection that every concluſion hath of, and upon its premiſſes, that the full ſenſe of the words muſt be—" from that which we under- " ſtand not, comprehenſive." And yet he ſaith that he does him no wrong, he is ſure he does not in affixing this meaning unto thoſe words. And proceeds, " Is it even ſo? " Then let us put the caſe with reverence, that Almighty " God, who aſſuming, I ſuppoſe, the ſhape of an angel, " treated with Abraham face to face, as a man doth with his " friend, ſhould for once have ſpoken in the ſame manner " to Arrius or Socinus, and made this one declaration, " that the Catholick Churches doctrine of the Trinity was " true, and his falſe: then I demand, would not this have " been demonſtration enough of the faith which we call " Catholick, either to Socinus or Arrius? And yet all theſe " contradictory arguments, which either of them had once

" fancied

" fancied ſo inſolvable, ſuppoſing them not anſwered in par-
" ticular, would remain againſt it, and ſtand as they did
" before any ſuch declaration; and yet all this without gi-
" ving him any comprehenſive knowledge." This inſtance is made in confutation of his own falſe ſuppoſition that the authors words, " if then our reaſon underſtand not with " comprehenſive knowledge what is declared, how can we " then make any deduction by way of arguments from that " which we underſtand not," did in their true meaning ſignifie, how can we by reaſon make any deduction by way of argument, from that which " we underſtand not to have been " declared," or, that I may put it the furtheſt I can imaginable to the *Expoſers* purpoſe or ſervice, " how can we by " reaſon underſtand that it is declared," which is to impoſe a moſt ridiculous and impoſſible ſenſe upon the authors plain words; for if we neither underſtand *that* nor *what*, there is an end of all underſtanding. Yet admitting here, ſayes the *Expoſer*, I have ſtated you a caſe which proves the contrary, for here Arrius or Socinus have " no comprehenſive know-
" ledge of what is declared," and " yet they underſtand that " it is declared :" and doubtleſs the author would ſay ſo too, without ever meaning the contrary: yea, and that this revelation would have been " demonſtration enough of that Faith, " which we call Catholick." But what would become of " their " former contradictory arguments," which the *Expoſer* ſaith, " would ſtand as they did before," and " remain againſt it ?"

I cannot vouch for the author, that he would be of the ſame opinion. For I cannot comprehend, though God had not anſwered thoſe arguments of theirs, in particular as the *Expoſer* puts it, that thoſe arguments would or could remaine againſt it, and ſtand as they did before any ſuch declaration to Arrius and Socinus, after they had received a ſufficient demonſtration from God's own mouth by New Revelation. They would indeed remain againſt it, and ſtand as they did before to Mr. Sherlocke. But when I have thus given the humorous *Expoſer* his own will and ſwing in every thing, yet this ſuperlunary inſtance does not ſerve in the leaſt to confirme his argument that he makes againſt the authors words, after his transforming them: for here Arrius and Socinus only bring their ſenſe of hearing, and having heard this from God, do not "by reaſon" make any "deduction "by way of argument," but by a believing knowledge do only aſſent to this ſecond further revelation: nor can they then from this ſecond revelation make any third ſtep of argument to extend it beyond its own tenour without incurring the authors juſt and wiſe argument again, that "ſeeing our reaſon underſtands not what is declared, I "mean we have no comprehenſive knowledge of this doc-"trine of Trinity," (which the *Expoſer* ſuppoſes to be declared) "how can we by reaſon make any deduction by way of argument from that which we underſtand not," to wit, "not comprehenſively?" as I have abundantly cleared. But this

this inſtance was at firſt extinguiſhed, when I ſhewed in the beginning that he did impertinently traduce the authors words, and forge his meaning.

In the mean time, though he ſaith, " put the caſe with " reverence," when the caſe ſo put cannot admit it, I cannot but at laſt reflect upon the *Expoſers* unpardonable indiſcretion, in this more than abſurd and monſtrous repreſentation of God Almighty aſſuming the ſhape of an angel, as he ſaith he treated with Abraham face to face, as a man doth with his friend, to diſcourſe with Arrius and Socinus. Theſe are ſmall eſcapes with which he aptly introduces ſuch an interview and conference, " that he treated our fourth Abraham " face " to face, as a man doth with his friend:" for it is true Abraham is ſtiled the friend of God, and that God ſpoke to him; but it is never ſaid in Scripture that God did *treat*, that is a word of court, not of Scripture: no, nor that " God ſpoke " to him face to face." But it is ſaid in Scripture only of Moſes, Exod. xxxiii. 11. *The Lord ſpoke to him face to face, as a man ſpeaketh unto his friend.* But that was a priviledge peculiar to Moſes. Numb. xii. 5. *And the Lord came down in a pillar of cloud, and ſtood in the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and called Aaron and Miriam, and they both came forth, and he ſaid, hear now my words: if there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myſelf known to him in a viſion, and will ſpeak unto him in a dream:*

my ſervant Moſes is not ſo, who is faithful in all my houſe; with him will I ſpeak mouth to mouth, even apparently and not in darke ſpeeches, and the ſimilitude of the Lord ſhall he behold, wherefore then were not you afraid to ſpeak againſt my ſervant Moſes? (the *Expoſer* is not afraid to do him manifeſt injury.) for Deut. xxxiv. 10. *And there aroſe not in Iſrael a prophet like unto Moſes, whom the Lord knew face to face*, &c. And much more might be ſaid of this matter, were the man capable of it: but I perceive he neither reads nor underſtands Scripture, and one *divine criticiſm* is ſtock enough it ſeems to ſet up an *Expoſer*. Neither is it ſo notorious an errour that he ſaith God aſſumed the ſhape of an angel to treat with him. I would be glad to know of the *Expoſer*, ſeeing he is ſo cherubick, what is the ſhape of an angel? Some humane criticks have told me that it was the ſimilitude of a calfe. But God's appearing in a ſhape to Abraham, when he treated with him face to face, was in the ſhape of a man. Gen. xviii. 1. *The Lord appeared to him in the plain of Mamre, as he ſate in the tent-door, and ſo three men ſtood by him*, &c. Theſe are eaſie ſlips, and he that ſtumbles and falls not, gains a ſtep. Yet for one, as he mocks the author, p. 2. "that appears as one dropped down from heaven, vouching "himſelf a ſon of the church of England, teaching as one "having authority like a father," to trip in this manner, is ſomething indecent. But to bring God in to ſo little a purpoſe, contrary to all rules, that I have ſeen one with a better grace

brought

brought down by a machine, to treat with Arrius and Socinus, no other company, thoſe who have contended againſt the Son of God and his Holy Spirit, whoſe opinions have been the peſt of the clergy for ſo many ages, to have them now at laſt brought in as privado's to the myſteries of Heaven, and the Trinity; what divine in his witts but would rather have loſt an argument! What will the gentleman I laſt named ſay, to ſee ſuch a reconciliation, to behold Arrius and Socinus in ſo cloſe "communion with "God," as to be admitted even to ſingle relevation? He cannot then avoid thinking, what he lately printed, and now with more reaſon, "That God is all love and patience "when he has taken his fill of revenge, as others uſe to "ſay the devil is good when he is pleaſed." What a ſhame is it to have men like the *Expoſer*, who are dedicated to the ſervice of the church, and who ought as in the place quoted by the author in the preſent argument, they of all other to hold faſt the form of ſound words, thus by their raſh levity adminiſter ſo much occaſion upon the moſt revered ſubject, that one can ſcarce anſwer them in their own dialect without ſeeming, though never ſo averſe, to border upon their profaneneſs. But theſe are the Divines in Mode, who, being by their dignities and preferments plumped up beyond humane proportion, do, whether for their pride or ignorance, neither underſtand themſelves nor others, (men of nonſenſe) much leſs do they underſtand to

ſpeak

ſpeak of God, whieh ought to be their ſtudy, with any tolerable decorum. Theſe are the great Animadverters of the times, the church-reſpondents in the pew, men that ſeem to be members only of Chelſy Colledge, nothing but broken windows, bare walls, and rotten timber. They with a few villainous words, and a ſeared reaſon, are the only anſwerers of good and ſerious books: but then they think a book to be ſure fully anſwered, when, as the *Expoſer* has by "an humane criticiſme," they have writ or ſcribbled the ſame number of pages. For the authors book of the *Naked Truth*, chancing to be of ſixty ſix pages, the *Expoſer* has not bated him an ace, but payed him exactly, though not in as good billet, yet in as many notches. This being done, then the *Expoſer* ubiquits himſelf, peeping at the key holes, or picking the locks of the bed-chambers of all the great miniſters, and though they be reading papers of ſtate, or at the ſtool, more ſeaſonably obtrudes his pamphlet. Next he ſends it by an expreſs to his friends at the univerſities, but eſpecially to his own colledge, and can ſcarce refrain from recommending it to the tutors to inſtruct their pupils, reading it to them in lieu of other lectures. But they are layed in for proviſion by the manciple and butler, and that quarter few eſcape without being ſconced for an Animadverſion. The country cathedralls learn it lateſt, and arrive by ſlower degrees to their underſtanding, by the carrier. It grows a buſineſs of chapter, and they admire

it in a body as a profound book of theology. Thoſe of them that can confide in one another, diſcourſe it over in private, and then it is odds, but, before the laity get notice of it, they firſt hear it preached over by him whoſe turn it is next Sunday in the minſter; the reſt conceal the fraud for the reputation of the dioceſs. After the book is grown common the plagiary wonders how, but that proportionable wits jump together, the *Expoſer* could hit ſo right upon his notions. But if the dean foreſee that it is a very vendible book, he you may imagine foreſtalls the market, and ſends up for a whole dicker of them to retaile at his beſt advantage. All this while the little emiſſaryes here in town are not idle, but hawke about from London to Weſtminſter with their britches ſtiffe with the copyes, and will ſell them to any one for commendation. Nor do they grudge this drudgery out of the hope and viſion that they themſelves alſo may, at ſome happy hour or other, be received into the band of anſwerers, and merit the ſame applauſe and advancement. But if they found it ſo hard a taſk as I do this, ſure they would be better adviſed. 'Tis a great paine to anſwer, even an Animadverter; they are much happyer of the two; 'tis better by far preaching, and a ſermon is ſoon curryed over. Yet ſometimes it happens the printing of a ſermon is toilſome afterwards and hazardous: for even one that was preached before his Majeſty, and by his ſpecial command to be printed, is it ſeems making over again, there

there having been ſure ſome error in the *fonte*, and has layed ſeveral months in diſobedience. But when it ſhall come out new vamped and refitted, it will be a queſtion worthy the ſchools, whether it be the ſame ſermon, and whether he has not prevaricated againſt his Majeſties ſpecial command, and "ſinned on," by printing without a licence. Yet I rather expect that after all, it will incur the ſame fate with that memorable ſermon preached before the Houſe of Commons, at their receiving the ſacrament upon the firſt opening of the parliament, which for ſome dangerous opinions there vented, was ſo far from ever coming forth, that one might ſooner have obtained his Majeſties ſpecial command againſt ever printing it. But to return to the *Expoſer*, who by this impertinence has forced an occaſion upon me to reflect on ſome *few* who are guilty of the ſame, and may thank him for the favour: May not, with more reaſon, p. 1. than he ſaith it of the author, "the church "juſtly complaine of him for thruſting out ſuch crude indi- "geſted matter, without communicating theſe conceptions "of his to ſome that would have ſhewed him the weak and "blind ſides of them?" I profeſs after thoſe paſſages of his that I have already taken notice of, and this egregious one the laſt, wherein by ſo few lines he hath ſo amply moleſted the judicious reader, I do not think I owe him the patience to conſider what remains with the ſame exactneſs, every thing that he adds henceforward growing methodically

ſlighter and worſe as it haſtens to, the center of levity, the concluſion of his pamphlet. Yet ſomething I will reply all along, with more juſtice than he practiſes toward the author; for whereas he picks out here and there what he thinks tendereſt in him to tire upon, and render it by his affected miſrepreſentation obnoxious, but ſhuts his eyes as not being able to indure the reſplendence of thoſe evident truths which he delivers with great demonſtration, I ſhall in the *Expoſer* only obſerve and deal with what ſeems the leaſt impertinent. Only I may not perhaps think him worth the tranſcribing ſo punctually as I have done hitherto, but for brevity more often refer to his own pages.

Therefore be pleaſed to look on his p. 7. where, relating to what the author had ſaid p. 4. of the proceſſion of the Holy Ghoſt, wherein the Greek creed and ours differ, he muffles it all up with ſaying that "yet this breaks not "communion between us, the difference ariſing only from "the inadequation of languages." Which is a mathematical and more civil way, either of owning his ignorance in ſo weighty a point, or confeſſing that he cannot anſwer what the author hath ſaid upon it. If by reaſon of the "inadequation of languages" a myſtery ſo inexplicable could not be expreſſed, why did either our church or theirs meddle in it beyond the Scripture? There is no "inade-"quation between the languages," in ſpeaking of it, *dia*

and *apo*, *a Patre Filioque*, and *a Patre per Filium*: "from "the Father and Son," or "from the Father by the Son: "proceeding" or "ſending:" but no language can reach the nature of profeſſion or miſſion, nor to repreſent to humane underſtanding how they can both be the ſame, or wherein they may differ. He does in this as the Arrian biſhops in their ſubſcription of the Nicene Creed to Jovianus Socr. l. iii. c. 21. which now they ſaid they could do with a good conſcience, underſtanding *neque vocabulum ſubſtantiæ apud ſanctos patres ad conſuetudinem Græci ſermonis capi.* 'Tis an happy thing I ſee to find our church in good humour, elſe ſhe might have made more adoe about an article of faith, as ſhe does about much leſſer matters. 'Tis not ſtrange that the *Expoſer* finds no greater difference or diſtinction between terms ſo diſtant, ſeeing in the laſt paragraph above, he was ſo dull that he underſtood not "what" is "what." But he moſt aptly concludes how Demoſthenes "once anſwered the orator Æſchines, who kept much "adoe about an improper word. The fortunes of "Greece do not depend upon it." So trivial a thing it ſeems does the *Expoſer* reckon it, to have improper words obtruded upon Chriſtians in a creed, without believing of which no man can be ſaved, and whereupon the Eaſtern and Weſtern churches divided with ſo much concernment. But how proper and ingenious a contrivance was it of the author (who is the very canon of concinnity) to bring in Demoſt-

Demoſthenes and Æſchines, as being doubtleſs both of the Greek church, to decide the matter in controverſy of the proceſſion or miſſion of the Holy Ghoſt between them and the Weſt. Antiochus, whenſoever you take the pew again, be ſure you forget not Demoſthenes and Æſchines: for it will be to you as good as current money, which anſwers all things. The *Expoſer*, though here ſo gentle, yet in the very page before this was as dogged, to as good men as the Greeks ſome of them, the Papiſts, Lutherans, and Calviniſts. "The author," he ſayes, "may make as bold with them as he pleaſes, for we "are none of theſe, I am not bound to make war in their "vindication." But if he ſhould once *Kyrie Elieſon*, what would become of us? Good Mother Church of England maintaine this humour thorow, carry it on, but above all things make much of this thy *Expoſer*; give him any thing, think nothing too good for him. Happy the Church that hath, and miſerable that wants ſuch a champion.

But I muſt find ſome more expeditious way of dealing with him, and walke faſter, for really I get cold. The force of all that he ſaith in the 8th and 9th pages, is to repreſent the author ridiculouſly and odiouſly, as if upon his wiſhing that Conſtantine had commanded both parties, *Homoouſian* and *Homoiouſian*, to acquieſce in the very Scripture expreſſions, without any addition, whereby he is confident the Arrian Hereſie had ſoon expired, he did by con-

ſequence cut Poe dike to let in a flood of all hereſies upon the fenns of Chriſtianity. But the words with which he cuts the author down, are: "Why, this was the deſigne "of the Arrians themſelves, that which they drove at court, "that ſilence might be impoſed on both parties." Well, and it was very honeſtly done of them and modeſtly, and like Chriſtians, if the controverſie aroſe, as men think, about the impoſing of a creed, or article concerning a queſtion ſo fine, in words ſo groſs, which yet a man muſt believe, that without believing it, *no man can be ſaved*; though no humane underſtanding can comprehend the ſubject of the queſtion, nor the Scripture expreſſions, as they conceived, did reach it. There is field enough for faith in the Scriptures, without laying out more to it; and to reſigne their reaſon to be ſilenced in a queſtion, ſtirred up by others, that peace might be eſtabliſhed in the church, was ingenuity in them: and the contrary proceeding of the church, was the occaſion of many other hereſies that elſe had never been heard of. But the *Expoſer* had ſaid ſomething, if he could have divined that they would have uſed this ſilencing the diſpute by Conſtantine as the Arminians (ſo they were at that time called) did the ſame in the reigne of his late Majeſty, who procuring a command from him to prohibite all writing or preaching about thoſe points, having thereby gagged their adverſaries, did let the preſs and the pulpit looſe more than ever to propagate their own doctrines. That

which the *Expoſer* drops in the ardour of this argument, p. 9. " How many terms in the Athanaſian Creed, which " to ſeek for in the Apoſtles Creed, or in the whole Bible, " were to as much purpoſe as it was for the old affected " Ciceronian in Eraſmus to labour and toile his brains to " turn that creed into Ciceronian Latine. Yet theſe are " the terms in which the Catholick Church thought ſhe " ſpoke ſafely in theſe divine matters;" is, *totidem verbis*, either to beg the queſtion or make a formal reſignation of it. And our Church (howſoever elſe he may have obliged her) has reaſon to reſent this indiſcretion. Why was ſhe herſelf ſo indiſcreet to admit ſuch a blab into her ſecrecies? How if no man elſe ought to have known it? It is an ill matter to put ſuch things in mens minds, who otherwiſe perhaps would never have thought of it. 'Tis enough to turn a mans ſtomach that is not in ſtrong health not only againſt the Athanaſian Creed, but againſt all others for its ſake. He ſaith p. 8. ſcoffingly that the author is one of thoſe whom St. Paul forbids " to be admitted to any doubt- " ful diſputations:" but let the *Expoſer* ſee whether it be not himſelf rather that is there ſpoken of. And withall that he may make ſome more proper uſe of the place, which he warily cites not, I recommend it to him in order to his future diſpute about ceremonies: 'Tis Rom. xiv. 7. where St. Paul calls him that contends for them the weak brother, *weak in the faith*; and ſuch therefore the Apoſtle excludes

excludes from doubtful diſputations, ſo that one gone ſo far in ceremony as the *Expoſer*, had no licenſe from him to print animadverſions.

As to what he patches in p. 10, upon the matter of ſchool-divinity, as if the author poured contempt upon the fathers; I referre it to the animadverſions on the chapter about preaching; and ſhould I forget, I deſire him to put me in mind of it. And p. 11 and 12, where the author having in his ſecond and third page ſaid, that "none can force an-"other to believe, no more than to read, where the candle "does not give clear light," and more very ſignificantly to that purpoſe; the *Expoſer* flying giddily about it, burns his wings with the very ſimilitude of a candle. Sure, if a man went out by night on tramelling, or bat-fowling, or proctoring, he might catch theſe *Expoſers* by dozens. But the force of his argument is, p. 13, whereas the author ſayes, you can force no mans ſight or his faith, he replyes, "If it be not in "any mans power to diſcerne fundamental truths, (of which "this chapter treats) when they are laid before his eyes, "when there is a ſufficient propoſal, then it is none of his "fault." Yet this is as weak as water: for, ſuppoſing a fundamental truth clearly demonſtrated from Scripture, though a man cannot force himſelf to believe it, yet there is enough to render a man inexcuſable to God. "God hath "not been wanting" (one of the *Expoſers* ſcraps) "in ne-

" ceſſaries:" but I hope he will not compel God too, but that he may diſpenſe his ſaving and efficacious influence (without which all that ſufficient propoſal he ſpeaks of will have been inſufficient) only to the minds of whom he pleaſes. The Animadverter, in defending that a man can force himſelf to believe, argues againſt experimental demonſtration (try it in any man, in every man) but raiſes only a maligne, ignorant, and cavilling diſpute, herein to reduce the author to " the " dreggs," forſooth, " of Mr. Hobbes his divinity, c. i. It " is not the man's fault," ſaith he, " if he cannot believe after " a ſufficient propoſal." He ſaith, " he is ſure," too, it is not then the man's fault, (ſo in the diſpute lately about *that* and *what*, he ſaid, " he was ſure he did the author no wrong.") But I deſire him firſt to read Romans iii. the 4th, 5th, and 6th verſes, with the context: but eſpecially Romans ix. from the 13th to the 22d verſe, where the Apoſtle introduces a man objecting in the ſame words to the ſame purpoſe, *thou wilt ſay unto me, why doth God yet find fault*, &c. And if the *Expoſer* will not take the Apoſtles anſwer, but " be ſure" of the contrary, then he too cannot, it ſeems, " force himſelf to believe," after what he ought to have allowed for a " ſufficient propoſal." But where the author ſuppoſes that any man does clearly or ſufficiently demonſtrate a fundamental truth from Scripture: yet unleſs a mans brains be clear, it is to him no demonſtration. You ſuppoſe that all of you do clearly demonſtrate, ſo that if they

don't

don't believe, you may juſtly open their eyes with a paire of pincers. Whereas there are ſome *few* among the *few*, ſuch *ſpermologers*, that unleſs a grain of faith fall down by the by from heaven, your ſeed is barren. I do not reckon much upon a church hiſtorical deviliſh beliefe. Unleſs a thing be in the expreſs words of Scripture, there are ſome of the laity to whom a counſel cannot demonſtrate clearly, a preacher cannot demonſtrate, ſneezing powder cannot demonſtrate, no earthly can do it. Chriſt uſed clay indeed, but it was his ſpittle that gave the healing quality, and cured the blind man. Alas! you are ſo wiſe in your own conceit, that you cannot conceive how ſimple ſome poor men are. He ſaith, "the reaſon which helps every man to ſee "theſe fundamental truths, at leaſt when they are ſhewed "and pointed out to him" (ſuch truths you muſt conceive as the Creed doctrines of the Trinity) "is a vulgar and popu-"lar thing" (what need then ſo many diſputes in the councils?) "and ſure the author, that he may not admit any "mans hypocriſie and wilfulneſs to be groſs and palpable, "imagines there are a world of idiots." So the *Expoſer* would now cokes the lay multitude, whom before he called "the hundred thouſands," and "the many," and for their ſimplicity "excuſable from ſubſcribing the Thirty-nine Ar-"cles," to be grown on the ſuddain ſo very wiſe men, that he may with juſtice therefore compel them by corporal puniſhments or penalties, to believe in ſpight of their teeth or

their

their underſtandings. Alas! if any men conſider thoſe fundamental truths, ſo ſubject, he ſaith, to vulgar and popular reaſon, it is one of the difficulteſt things in the world, and yet more to thoſe who are moſt removed from being idiots, to believe them; and ſome men by their clear demonſtrations, by their ſufficient propoſals, by their creeds, have rendered it ſtill more difficult. Why have I waſted all this on the *Expoſer*, who, (whether it be his fault or no) yet cannot force himſelf to believe even *the Naked Truth*, though ſo clearly demonſtrated from Scripture (and the *Expoſer* I ſuppoſe believes the Scripture) though ſo conſonant and obvious to the moſt vulgar and popular reaſon, but believes his own animadverſions, againſt the moſt vulgar and popular reaſon, to be a ſufficient propoſal to the contrary? In the 13th and 14th pages, ſpeaking of that place, Gal. v. 12, which the author underſtands of the magiſtrates power, but the *Expoſer* will have to be excommunication; I crave leave to diſſent from both of them, humbly conceiving that the word there of *cutting off* is rather meant in the uſual ſenſe of Scripture in a multitude of places, for Gods taking them off by his hand. But whatſoever it be, I deſire the *Expoſer* for his own ſake, to take good heed that, whether it be executing, or puniſhing, or baniſhing, or excommunicating, or taking them away by Gods hand of juſtice, the Apoſtle ſpeaks of ſuch as taught for circumciſion, and alluding to the word, wiſhes that they were rather *cut off*, who trouble the Galatians about

the retaining of that, and who would oblige them, contrary to " their Chriſtian liberty," to ſuch Jewiſh ceremonies.

For what he hales in of the great and notable effect, p. 14, of conferences, wiſhing that there were ſuch held publickly or privately, to ſatisfie the Nonconformiſts; truly, though they be no great men, yet perhaps it were fit they were firſt ſatisfied what kind of reception they ſhould meet with. But I doubt ſuch conferences in publick, are but the reſemblance and epitome of General Councils. For that of the Savoy, in which he inſtances, it might almoſt as well have been in Piemont. A man diſintereſſed either way might make a pleaſant ſtory of the anecdote of that meeting, and manifeſt how well his Majeſties gracious declaration, before his return, and his broad ſeal afterwards were purſued. But it is not my preſent buſineſs. But for ſhortneſs ſake, as to his deſire " that he that does not believe the notable effect of them, " would but read what my Lord Biſhop of Wincheſter " printed of that conference, where the adverſe party was " driven immediately to aſſert that whatſoever may be the " occaſion of ſin to any muſt be taken away:" I ſhall as civilly as I can, though I deferre much to his extraordinary veracity, tell the *Expoſer* I do not believe him.

I come now to what he, p. 14, 15, 16, 17, and in other places declares to be his judgement, as to compulſion in matter of faith and religion. The authors opinion appears in the

the beginning, where I ſtated his own words thorow this chapter. The *Expoſer* does beat the aire, p. 14, concerning the Donatiſts, a moſt ſeditious and turbulent ſect, "who," ſaith the author (as it is objected by thoſe that would have force uſed) "ſome of them came to St. Auguſtine, and gave thanks that the civil power was made "uſe of to reſtraine them, confeſſing that was the means "that brought them to conſider more calmly their own "former extravagant opinions, and ſo brought them home to "the true church." But he quarrels with the author for his four anſwers againſt the magiſtrates, uſing that as a precedent. The firſt, "our caſe is not in repreſſing ſeditious "practices, but inforcing a confeſſion of faith." I will return ſtraight to the *Expoſers* anſwer to this. The authors ſecond is, "unleſs it can be evidenced that their hearts were "changed as well as their profeſſion (a thing impoſſible to "prove) all this proves nothing." Neither does it. For the diſpute now betwixt the author and his adverſary is, whether it be poſſible to compel a man to believe. This inſtance proves only that thoſe Donatiſts were forced to come to church. Therefore there cannot be a more uncharitable and diſingenuous thing invented, than for the *Expoſer* to upbraid him with ſuch a retort, "for ought he knows "they were hypocrites:" (the author does ſay ſo) "ſo for "ought we too know this author is all this while a Jeſuite, "and writes this pamphlet only to embroile us Proteſtants."

But he muſt make ſome ſputter rather than be held to the terms of the queſtion: and truly I perceive Antiochus is very weary and ſhifts like a crane (not to inſtance in a worſe bird) firſt one foot and then another to reſt on, being tired to ſtand ſo long within ſo cloſe a circle. For thirdly the author anſwers, "Put the caſe their hearts were really "changed, as to matter of belief, 'tis evident their hearts "were very worldly ſtill, grovelling on earth not one ſtep "nearer heaven:" he will not be candid without compulſion, but leaves out what follows; "and ſure their heart "was evil, which was far more moved for the quiet enjoy-"ment of this worlds good, than for the bleſſed enjoyment "of Chriſt." In earneſt I begin to think an *Expoſer* is a rational creature. For had he not on purpoſe left theſe laſt words out, he could not have cryed, "A horrible "charitable ſaying! We may forgive the author any thing "after this;" which is all the anſwer he gives: ſo charitable is the *Expoſer* grown to the Donatiſts, for every man that will come to church is *ipſo facto*, with him, a true believer. But it did in truth appear to have been ſo, and there is not the leaſt uncharitableneſs in this that the author has ſaid; for by thoſe Donatiſts own confeſſion, it was not any love to that which they now owned for the truth to St. Auſtin, not any conviction of conſcience, not ſo much as even an inclination to obey the magiſtrate; but meer fine, force and fear of puniſhment that brought them

to church, and whatſoever good came on't was by accident. Whether might not a man adde that their giving thanks for that force, and ſo owning that principle of compulſion, was a further evidence that their heart was naught ſtill, even while they were with St. Auguſtine? I think a man might, until I be better informed. But the author having given a fourth anſwer, that "ſuppoſe they were now really brought "over to the truth" of the church, of beliefe, and religion by the magiſtrates ſeverity, (I expreſs it thus, that I may not with the *Expoſer* trifle about the Jews care) yet St. Paul hath ſaid, *God forbid we ſhould do evil that good may come of it.* This is anſwer enough for a man of underſtanding. For it is not lawful, ſuppoſe for St. Auſtin himſelf, to beguile any man even into Chriſtianity: unleſs as St. Paul perhaps, 2 Cor. xii. 16. "being crafty, caught the Corinthians "with guile," by preaching the "Goſpel without being "burthenſome to the people." No man ought to cheat another, though to the true beliefe. Not by interlining the Scripture. Not by falſe quotation of Scripture, or of a father. Not by forging a Heathen prophecy, or altering an author. Not by a falſe ſyllogiſme. Not by telling a lye for God. And if no *pettie fraud*, much leſs can a *pia vis* be allowed, to compel them to faith, compel them to a creed, ſeeing it *were to do evil that good may come of it*: much leſs to a creed not perfectly ſcriptural; and, inſtead of being inforced, indeed weakned by compulſion, ſeeing it is impoſ-

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ſible to compel a man to believe, and ſome divines teach us to believe (though I ſuſpend) that even God himſelf cannot, or doth not compel men to believing. But now it falls in naturally to me, to be as good as my word, to conſider what the *Expoſer* replyes to the authors firſt anſwer concerning the Donatiſts, that "our caſe is of inforcing a con- "feſſion of faith, not concerning ſeditious practices, of which "the Donatiſts were notoriouſly guilty, in which caſe he "had ſhown before, that the civil magiſtrate may proceed "to puniſhment." Wherein the author reaſons with his uſual juſtneſs, and I, though a very ſlender acceſſion, cannot but come into him. For St. Paul, in the 13th chapter of the Romans, laying out the boundaries of the duty of Chriſtian ſubjects, and the magiſtrates power, ſaith, *Rulers are not* (ought not to be) *a terrour to good works, but to evil*, and ſo forward: but to the Chriſtian people he ſaith, *they muſt be ſubject not only for wrath*, as thoſe Donatiſts were afterwards, *but for conſcience ſake.* And the ſubjection he defines is in doing good, walking uprightly, keeping the moral law, fearing, honouring, and paying tribute to the magiſtrate. But not one word ſaith the Apoſtle of forbearing to preach out of that obedience; ſaying in another place, *neceſſity is laid upon me, and woe is unto me if I preach not the Goſpel:* (and that ſuppoſes too meeting) and as little of compelling to hear. For in thoſe times and a great while after, there was no inforcing to Chriſtianity. It was very

long

long before that came in faſhion: and, writing on the ſuddain, I do not well remember whether it did ever before the dayes of Piçarro and Almagro, the apoſtles of the Indians; yet upon recollection it was ſooner. But what ſaith the *Expoſer* to this of the Donatiſts, whom the author allows to have been puniſhable only for ſeditious practices, having before declared, that "for ſuch as only refuſe to "conforme to the churches eſtabliſhed doctrine and diſci-"pline (pardon him if he ſay) really he cannot find any war-"rant, or ſo much as any hint from the Goſpel to uſe any "force to compel them: and from reaſon ſure there is no "motive to uſe force, becauſe, as he ſhewed before, force "can't make a man believe your doctrine, but only as an "hypocrite, profeſs what he believes not." I expect that the *Expoſer*, in this place above all other, which I gueſs was his greateſt motive to this imployment, ſhould ply and overlay him now with reaſon, but eſpecially with Scripture. Let us hear how he anſwers. "I ſay only this," p. 5, (for he ſpeaks now of our Nonconformiſts) "the very act againſt "them calls them *ſeditious conventicles*, and openly to break "ſo many known laws of the land, after ſo many reinforce-"ments, is not this to be turbulent?" This now you muſt underſtand to be reaſon, and not Scripture: that I ſuppoſe, as the ſtrongeſt, is reſerved for the rear. Truly (as far as a man can comprehend by comparing that with other acts of this parliament) they did only appoint that the penalty of

ſedition

ſedition ſhould lye againſt thoſe that frequent ſuch meetings: as in the act againſt Iriſh catel, if it be not in itſelf a nuiſance, no law-givers can make it ſo. Nor can any legiſlators make that to be *ſedition*, which is not *ſedition* in its own nature. So prohibitions of that kind operate no more as to the intrinſick quality, than a publick allowance of taking away any honeſt mens goods by violence, and giving it another name, would extinguiſh the robbery. It was the king and parliaments prudence to make ſuch laws, and as long as they ſhall continue of that mind, it is reaſon the Nonconformiſts ſhould lye under the penalty, which I humbly conceive is all that could be intended. But the *Expoſer* rivets this with reaſon again, not Goſpel. "And was it not "ever underſtood ſo in all religions, even in Heathen Rome? "The moſt learned P. Ærodius tells us" (does he ſo? what is it, I beſeech you?) "that the Roman ſenate" (the *Expoſer* quotes it at large, as a ſtory of great uſe, and not to be hudled over; I muſt be glad to contract it) "made an act "againſt the conventicles of certaine innovators in their "religion; if any particular perſon judged ſuch a ſacrifice "to be neceſſary, he muſt repair firſt to the prætor, he to "the ſenate, where the *quorum* muſt be an hundred, and "they muſt not neither give him leave, if at all, to "have above five perſons preſent at the meeting. The "ſelf ſame number, beſide the Diſſenters own family, is ſo "far forth indured by an act of this preſent parliament, that

"there

"there muſt be more than five to make it a conventicle." This is a very ſubtile remarke that he has made, as if it were one of thoſe witty accidents of fortune, or an extraordinary hand of Providence, that the Senate of Rome and the Parliament of England ſhould hit ſo pat upon an act of the ſame nature: and upon that number of five. However they are obliged to him, and he deſerves the publick thanks for furniſhing them, ſo long after, with a precedent. I confeſs I alwayes wondered they would allow them ſo many as five, for fear when, not two or three, but five of them were gathered together, *God ſhould hear their requeſt:* and it ſeemed therefore to me a formidable number. But where has the example been hid ſo long? I believe the *Expoſers* ſtudy has lain much this way. But this was ſo deep an *arcanum*, that it was fit for none but an archbiſhops cloſet. I wiſh he may have come honeſtly by it. But murder I ſee and theft will out, and ſo this comes to light by a blabbing Animadverter, that cannot keep counſel, but will violate the eccleſiaſtical ſecret rather than loſe the leachery of his tattle and the vain-glory of his pedantry. I could be glad to know what complexion this *Expoſer* is of. I am perſwaded, whatſoever he may be now, he was once extreme faire: for I remember ſince I was at ſchool, that the learned P. Ovidius told me, that the crow was once a white bird, and much in Apollo's favour till for telling of tales:

Sperantem non falſæ præmia linguæ,
Inter aves albas vetuit conſidere corvum.

And of another, the faireſt thing that ever eyes were laid on, but for carrying of ſtoryes, was turned into a jackdaw, and grew as black as a crow, filching, and Kaw me and I'll Kaw thee, ever after.

And that which ſure muſt make him more black, more a jack-daw, and like it, worthy to be expelled from the guard, and from the protection of Minerva, and who henceforward

——*ponatur poſt noctis avem,*

is, that he does with open mouth proclaim the naked deſign of all the *few* that are of his party. P, 12. "The Jews "in Rome are conſtrained once a week to hear a Chriſtian "ſermon." The ſame p. 12. "We that would oblidge him "to open his eyes whether he will or no." P. 14. "I can "only wiſh for the preſent, that by forcing them into our "churches, they may hear our defences." P. 17. "I ſpeak "nothing more againſt them than that they may be brought "to our churches, &c." All this as the laſt reſult and greateſt condeſcenſion of his eccleſiaſtical clemency. In concluſion he declares he would have them forced: and for what manner of force, violence, puniſhment or penalty he leaves it all open, go as high as men will. Theſe things ſtill are

not

not Scripture neither, but reaſon. His firſt was an heatheniſh reaſon in one ſenſe, and this a Jewiſh in another. For I confeſs it is a very pregnant and *adequate* example, and of great authority for us to imitate; that "the Jews "in Rome are conſtrained once a week to hear a Chriſtian "ſermon." What could there be more proportionable, than to reſemble the proceeding with Chriſtians among themſelves here in England, not differing in any point of faith, with the proceeding at Rome againſt the Jews? But that the *Expoſer* ſhould *implicitly* liken and compare our biſhops to the pope, may perhaps not be taken well by either party. So that I dare ſay, had he conſulted with his uſual prudence, he would not have diſoblidged both ſides at once. But for the precedent, I have nothing to oppoſe to this more than the firſt, it being "doubtleſs of notable "effect," as notable as that of the Piemont conference. Only out of the affection I have for him, I would wiſh him to correct here one ſlip, if I be rightly informed; for ſome that have been abroad ſay his intelligence from Rome has failed him, for that it is not once a week, but once a year that the Jews at Rome are oblidged, forced, to hear a Chriſtian ſermon. And therefore, when the *parliamentum indoctum* ſits again, I would adviſe him not to make his act more ſevere here upon this miſtake, than it is againſt thoſe Judaick Nonconformiſts at Rome.

But the next reaſon would be ſo extraordinary troubleſome to the *few*, that are of the *Expoſers* party, and to himſelf, that if he had thorowly conſidered it, I queſtion whether he would have been ſo charitable to the Fanaticks, that he would oblige them "to open their eyes whether "they will or no." For it would require two of the Church of England to every Nonconformiſt, unleſs 'twere here and there one that had loſt an eye in the ſervice. Leſs would not do the buſineſs decently, and thoſe two alſo muſt be well in order, to open the Nonconformiſts eyes both at once, leſt one eye ſhould be of one and the other eye of a contrary opinion. And then they ſhould, in humanity, give them ſome interval for winking. Elſe they had as good cut off their eye-lids, as the epiſcopal Carthaginians uſed the Preſbyterian Regulus, for keeping in the true ſenſe to his covenant. But on the other ſide, it would look too big for a company of beggarly Fanaticks, to be waited upon in as much majeſty as Obeſhankanogh the king of Virginia, that had two ſquires of the body in conſtant attendance, to lift up his eye-lids as oft as he conceived any man worthy to be looked upon. But let the *Expoſer* order it as he pleaſes, "I am not bound to" be any of his ſight ſupporters. Onely this, it would be very improper for him to chuſe any one that is blind to that employment. For his ſeveral times repeated wiſh, "that they might be forced "to come to church to give them a fair hearing, and to

" hear their diſcourſes:" truly I believe they know the lion by the claw; there is a great part of oratory conſiſts in the choice of the perſon that is to perſwade men. And a great ſkill of whatſoever orator is, to perſwade the auditory firſt that he himſelf is an honeſt and fair man. And then he is like to make the more impreſſion on them too, if he be ſo prudent as to chuſe an acceptable ſubject to ſpeak on, and manage it decently with fit arguments and good language. None but the very rabble love to hear any thing ſcurrilous or railing; eſpecially if they ſhould hear themſelves railed on by him, they would be ready to give him the due applauſe of Petronius his orator, with flinging the ſtones about his ears, and then leaving him to be his own auditory. Now, they had ſo ample experiment of the *Expoſer* as to all theſe points, in his defence againſt *The Naked Truth*, that I doubt his perſwaſion to this comming to hear him or others, will be of little force with them, and nothing would oblige theſe Donatiſts to it, but the utmoſt extremity; "nor then would they find themſelves " one ſtep nearer heaven." His book is as good to them as a ſermon, and no doubt he has preached as well as printed it, and took more pains in it than ordinary; did his beſt. Muſt they, will they think, be compelled to make up the pomp of his auditory? Muſt they, while the good Engliſh Popiſh fathers ſuffered thoſe of Chiapa to come to church with their *Chocalatte pots*, to comfort their

hearts,

hearts, be inforced to come to church by him, to have ſnuſh thruſt up their noſes, "to clear their brains for them?" 'Tis the onely way to continue and increaſe the ſchiſme. But in good ſober earneſt, 'tis happy that ſome or other of this *few* chances ever and anon to ſpeak their minds out, to ſhew us plainly what they would be at. Being conſcious of their own unworthineſs, and hating to be reformed, it appears that they would eſtabliſh the Chriſtian Religion by a Mahometan way, and gather ſo much force that it might be in their power, and we lie at their mercy, to change that religion into Heatheniſme, Judaiſme, Turciſme, any thing. I ſpeak with ſome emotion, but not without good reaſon, that I queſtion whether, which way ſoever the church revenues were applied, ſuch of them would not betake themſelves to that ſide as nimbly as the needle to the load ſtone. Have they not already, *ipſo facto*, renounced their Chriſtianity, by avowing this principle, ſo contrary to the Goſpel? Why do not they Peter Hermite it, and ſtir up our prince to an Holy War abroad, to propagate the Proteſtant religion, or at leaſt our diſcipline and ceremonies, and they take the front of the battel? No, 'tis much better lurking in a fat benefice here, and to domineer in their own pariſhes above their ſpiritual vaſſals, and raiſe a kind of civil war at home, but that none will oppoſe them. Why may they not, as well force men to church, cram the Holy Supper too down their throats (have they not done ſomething not much

unlike it) and drive them into the rivers by thouſands to be baptized or drowned? And yet this after the king and parliament by his, their, gracious indulgence have enacted a liberty for five beſide their own family to meet together in their religious worſhip: and could not therefore intend at the ſame time to force them to go to church with the utmoſt or any ſeverity. What can be the end of theſe things but to multiply force with force, as one abſurdity is the conſequence of another, till they may again have debaſed the reaſon and ſpirit of the nation, to make them fit for ignorance and bondage? Is it not reaſon, if they had care or reſpect to mens ſouls (which they onely exerciſe it ſeems the cure of, perhaps not that neither, but evacuate one reſidence by another) to allow that men ſhould addreſs themſelves to ſuch miniſter as they think beſt for their ſouls health? Men are all infirm and indiſpoſed in their ſpiritual condition. What ſick man, but, if a phyſician were inforced upon him, might in good prudence ſuſpect it were to kill him, or that, if the next heir and the doctor could agree, he would certainly do it? I ſhall conclude this reaſonable tranſport with remarking that, although the author did modeſtly challenge any man to ſhew him a warrant or colour or hint from Scripture, to uſe force to conſtrain men to the eſtabliſhed doctrine and worſhip, and offered to maintain that nothing is more clear to be deduced or is more fully expreſt in Scripture, nor

is more ſuitable to natural reaſon, than that no man be forced in ſuch caſes; the *Expoſer* took notice of it, yet hath not produced one place of Scripture, but onely made uſe of force as an invincible reaſon; ſo that upon ſuppoſal, which none granted him, that all his *few* do clearly demonſtrate from Scripture, what is at beſt therefore but deducible from Scripture, he thinks it reaſonable to oblige all men by force to come to all their pariſhes. And yet he himſelf who does (I ſuppoſe it onely for the caſes ſake) believe the Scripture, although he cannot produce one place of Scripture for uſing this force, and though the author has produced ſo many, and urges the whole Scripture that ſuch force is not to be uſed, hath his brains nevertheleſs ſo confuſed, or ſo obdurate, that he cannot force himſelf to believe the author: but perſiſts in his unchriſtian and unreaſonable deſire that men *may be compelled*, and hereby deſerves to be made an example of his own principle. For herein he exceeds Pharaoh, who had ten *ſufficient propoſals*, and yet his heart was ſo hardned, that he would not let Iſrael go out of Egypt, but was proof againſt miracles. But he onely would imagine that the Iſraelites were idle, and would therefore force them to make brick without ſtraw: but the *Expoſers* heart and brains are ſo hardned, that he will conceive all the Nonconformiſts to be *obſtinate fools or hypocrites*, and therefore will *compel them* all to go to all their pariſh churches, and to make therefore faith without reaſon. And

hence

hence it is not onely probable but demonſtrable, if they were compelled to go and hear him and the *few* of his party, how well he or they would acquit themſelves too, in "clearly "demonſtrating from Scripture the prime articles of faith," as it is extended in all the creeds, of which it was treated in this chapter that I have now done with, and truly almoſt with thoſe remaining.

For I had intended to have gone chapter by chapter, affixing a diſtinct title, as he does, to every one of them (that men may believe he has animadverted thorowly without reading) except that concerning the difference between biſhops and preſbyters, which, as being the moſt eaſie to be anſwered, he therefore referred to a biſhop. But in good earneſt, after having conſidered this laſt chapter, ſo brutal, whether as to force or reaſon, I have changed my reſolution. For he argues ſo deſpicably in the reſt, that even I, who am none of the beſt *diſputers of this world*, have conceived an utter contempt for him. He is a meer kitchen-plunderer, and attacks but the baggage, where even the ſuttlers would be too hard for him. P. 18, does the *Expoſer* allow that under Conſtantinus Pogonatus to have been a free general council? In the ſame page, if the *Expoſer* would have done any thing in his *Die Eccleſiæ*, he ſhould have proved that a general council is the church; that there can be ſuch a general council, or hath been; that the church can impoſe new articles of faith beyond the expreſs words of Scripture; that a general coun-

cil cannot erre in matters of faith; that the church of his making cannot erre in matters of faith; whereas our church, Article 19, ſaith thus far, "The church of Jeruſalem, Alex-" andria, and Antioch, have erred, ſo alſo the church of " Rome hath erred, not onely in their living and manner of " ceremonies, but alſo in matters of faith." This is an induction from particulars, and remark the title of the article, being *of the church.* Ours defines it, "The viſible church " of Chriſt is a congregation of faithful men, in which the " pure word of God is preached, and the ſacraments be duly " miniſtred, according to Chriſt's ordinance, in all thoſe " things that of neceſſity are requiſite to the ſame." And then, if the reader pleaſe to look on the 20th and 21ſt articles following, one *of the authority of the church*, the other *of the authority of general councils*, unleſs a man will induſtriouſly miſ-apply and miſ-conſtrue them, thoſe three are a compendious and irrefragable anſwer, not onely to what he ſaith here upon the Appendix, but to his whole book, from one end to the other. P. 19, I aſk him when the Greek church is excommunicate by the Roman, when the Proteſtants left the Roman church, when we in England are neither Papiſts, Lutherans, nor Calviniſts, and when in Queen Maries time we returned to the Roman church, what and where then was the Catholick church, that was indefectable, and againſt which the gates of hell did not prevail? Was it not in the Savoy? Moreover, I aſk him, what

hinders but a general council may erre in matters of faith, when we in England, that are another world, that are under an imperial crown, that *are none of them*, as the *Expoſer* words it, but have a diſtinct Catholick faith within our four ſeas, did in the reign before mentioned (and reckon how many in that convocation thoſe were that diſſented) again make ourſelves *one of them?* unleſs he has a mind to do ſo too, which would alter the caſe exceedingly. P. 20, he quotes the act, 1 Eliz. cap. i. let him mind that clauſe in it, "by the expreſs and plain words of canonical Scripture;" and then tell me what ſervice it hath done him; whether he had not better have let it alone, but that it is his fate all along to be condemned out of his own mouth, which muſt alwayes ſucceed ſo, when man urges a real truth againſt a real truth. P. 23. I have reaſon to affirm, and he will meet with it (and has already in the author) that thoſe general councils, howſoever called, were no *repreſentatio totius nominis Chriſtiani*, but nominally: yea, that ſuch a repreſentation could not be. P. 22. He expounds Scriptures here, and thinks he does wonders in it, by aſſuming the faculties of the whole body to the mouth, which *mouth*, he ſaith (and in ſome ſenſe 'tis very true, if a man would run over the Concordance) *is the clergy*. But I know not why the mouth of the church ſhould pretend to be the brain of the church, and underſtand and will for the whole laity. Let every man have his word about, and 'tis reaſon. We are all at the ſame

ordinary, and pay our ſouls equally for the reckoning. The *Expoſers mouth*, which is unconſcionable, would not onely have all the meat, but all the talk too, not onely at church, but at council table. Let him read Biſhop Taylor of Liberty of Prophecy. P. 25. The *Expoſer*, that alwayes falſly *repreſents* his adverſary as an enemy to creeds, to fathers, (as afterwards he does to ceremonies, to logick, to mathematicks, to every thing that he judiciouſly ſpeaks and allows of) here, p. 25, ſaith the author (who delivers but the church of Englands doctrine herein, and would not have divine faith impoſed upon, nor things preſt beyond Scripture) in this matter of general councils, is guilty of " unthought of " Popery, for the Papiſts" (really I think he partly ſlanders them herein) " cannot endure councils, general and free." They allow many a general council more than we do. If the Pope do not, for ſome reaſon or other, delight in ſome that are paſt, or in having new ones; it does not follow that the Papiſts do not. I think thoſe were Papiſts that ruffled the Pope too here in the Weſt, and that at the council of Conſtance burnt John Hus and Hierome of Prague, and reſolved that faith was not to be kept with hereticks. But pray, Mr. *Expoſer*, if we muſt give divine faith to general councils, let the author aſk you in his turn, which are thoſe general councils? How ſhall we know them? Why, onely ſuch as accord with Scripture. Why, then we, I mean you, Mr. *Expoſer*, make ourſelves, you ſtill, judges of the general

councils,

councils, the fault you ſo much condemn the author for. But what *Popery*, thought or *unthought of*, are you, in the very next line, guilty of, that call the Popes ſupremacy *the quinteſſence of Popery?* So that it ſeems the quinteſſence of the controverſie betwixt our church and theirs, is onely which ſhall be Pope: for the articles of religion we do not ſo much differ, we need not much compulſion, though the Nonconformiſts may. I thank you, Mr. *Expoſer*, for your news: I had often heard it before, I confeſs, but till now I did never, and ſcarce yet can, believe it; it is rather to be wiſhed than hoped for, a thing ſo ſurprizingly ſeaſonable. But for the good news, Mr. *Expoſer*, I will give you four bottles (which is all I had by me, not for mine own uſe, but for a friend upon occaſion) of the firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth eſſence. But the *quinteſſence* I doubt would be too ſtrong for your brain, eſpecially in the morning, when you are writing animadverſions. P. 28, of ceremonies he ſports unworthily, as if the author ſpoke *pro* and *con*, contradictions: while, as a moderator, he adviſes our church to condeſcenſion on the right, and the Diſſenters to ſubmiſſion on the left (how are men elſe to be brought together?) He had as good call every man, becauſe he has two hands, an *ambidexter*. He would turn every mans ſtomach, worſe than *the ſinging-mens dirty ſurplices*, to hear him defend it ſo fooliſhly. P. 29, 30, 35, 36. The beſt of his reaſons for it are the *apparitions in white*, in the evangeliſts. The *transfiguration*. The *ſaints*

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ſaints in white linnen. The *purity of a miniſter.* Why then does he not wear it all the week? The biſhop Siſynnius did ſo, and a churchman aſking him, why not in black? as 'twas then the mode, he gave the ſame reaſons; and I believe Gurnay, the Nonconformiſt, if, as they ſay, he went to market in it, learned them of him. Why does not the *Expoſer* (there is more reaſon in Scripture, Col. iv. 6. *Let your ſpeech be alwayes ſeaſoned with ſalt, that ye may know how ye ought to anſwer every man)* carry a ſalt-box alwayes in his pocket, to be taſting of? for I doubt he is of the *ſalt that has loſt its ſavour*: however, I am ſure he is very inſipid, and this might correct it: beſide, it muſt have been of great vertue, when he was to animadvert on *the Naked Truth*, that "he might have known how to anſwer him." See Fox, Vol. III. p. 500, col. 2. what the martyr, the conformable biſhop Ridley ſaith, would not be forced to wear it, "he "was no ſinger." See as to all theſe things, his beloved Tertullian, De Cor. Mil. *Si ideo dicatur coronari licere, quia non prohibeat Scriptura, æquè retorquebitur, ideo coronari non licere, quia Scriptura non jubeat.* Biſhop Chryſoſtome, Or. i. adverſus Judæos, *Oſtendite eos ex Dei ſententiâ jejunare. Quod, ni id fiat quávis ebrietate ſceleratius eſt jejunium. Etenim contra quod fit præter Dei voluntatem eſt omnium peſſimum. Non enim ipſa eorum quæ fiunt natura, ſed Dei voluntas ac decretum efficit ut eadem vel bona ſint vel mala.* P. 33. His jeering at the authors, "O my fathers,"

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is inhumane and impious: "but *oh*, the pity of it that "twenty ſuch *oh's* will not amount to one reaſon." They will, Heb. iv. 12, 13, *that day, which the devils believe and tremble, when all things ſhall be naked and bare before the word of truth.* P. 37, he is ſcarce proper to come in a pulpit, after what he ſaith, that the "Apoſtles received not "the ſacrament ſitting;" much leſs after, p. 41, he has ſaid, "we read that our Saviour kneeled, in ſeveral places," much leſs after, p. 59, where of preaching he ſaith, "He "knows not what the author means by the *demonſtration of* "*the Spirit*, unleſs to ſpeak as he does, magiſterially." He never read 1 Cor. ii. 4, of *preaching in demonſtration of the Spirit*; nor Mat. vii. 29, how Chriſt *taught as one having authority*; there is ſuch an art, if he knew it. P. 42, he can never anſwer the author upon Rom. xiv. where *the zealous obſerver of ceremonies is the weak brother.* He whiffles, "thoſe were the Jewiſh ceremonies." The Jews had a fairer pretence than we: for theirs were inſtituted by God himſelf, and they knew not they were to abrogate.

His intolerably ridiculous ſtory out of Schottus, p. 15, of contriving a pair of organs of cats, which he had done well to have made the pigs at Hogs-Norton play on, puts me in mind of another ſtory to quit it, relating, as his does, to *ſcrewing* the Nonconformiſts into church; and I could not poſſibly miſs of the rencounter, becauſe the gentleman's name

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of whom it is told, is the monoſyllable voice with which cats do uſually addreſs themſelves to us. 'Twas (you have it as I had it) the vice-chancellor of one of our univerſities, but now a biſhop, Octob. 22, 1671, and Feb. 12, 1669, he came to a Fanaticks houſe, they not being then at worſhip, yet one of 'em ſaid, "they were come to pray to the God "of heaven and earth;" he ſaid, "then they were within "the act." He would force them to church to Saint Maries. Himſelf laid hands on 'em. "He commanded them to fol-"low him in the king's name." His beadle told them, "he would drive them thither in the devil's name." The vice-chancellour ſaid, he had converted hundreds ſo at Reading. They ſpoke of Queen Maries dayes; he ſaid, "he "could burn them too now, if the law required it." There was old tugging, he had the victory. They were placed in Saint Maries, with beadles to attend them. As he carried them in, he quoted Luke xiv. 23. *Compel them to come in.* What pity 'tis the *Expoſer* knew not of this text, that he might have had one Scripture for his doctrine of compulſion! But it chanced the miniſter there preached one time Acts v. 41, the other time, Mat. x. 16. Afterwards he took the penalty nevertheleſs for not having been at church that ſame Sunday that he hurried them thither. P. 62, he ſpeaks of Biſhop Morton, whoſe "induſtrious brain made "up the fatal breach between the two houſes of York and "Lancaſter." Much good do the clergy with their lay-offices.

offices. He coggs, p. 7. with the Biſhop of Ely for his ſhort ſyllogiſme: he made a longer of the *holineſs of Lent*. He compliments (I ſaid he would not forget him) my Lord Chancellor, *the Chriſtian* Cicero. 'Tis true of him, but contradictorily expreſt, Pſal. xxxv. 16. *With the flatterers were buſy mockers, that gnaſhed with their teeth.* The *Expoſer* has commenced in both faculties. But the printer calls: the preſs is in danger. I am weary of ſuch ſtuffe, both mine own and his. I will rather give him this following eſſay of mine own to buſie him, and let him take his turn of being the Popilius.

A SHORT
HISTORICAL ESSAY
TOUCHING
GENERAL COUNCILS, CREEDS,
AND
IMPOSITIONS IN RELIGION.

THE Chriſtian Religion, as firſt inſtituted by our Bleſſed Saviour, was the greateſt ſecurity to magiſtrates by the obedience which it taught, and was fitted to enjoy no leſs ſecurity under them by a practice conformable to that doctrine. For our Saviour himſelf, not pretending to an earthly kingdom, took ſuch care therefore to inſtruct his followers in the due ſubjection to governors, that, while they obſerved his precepts, they could neither fall under any jealouſy of ſtate as an ambitious and dangerous party, nor as malefactors upon any other account deſerve to ſuffer under the publick ſeverity: ſo that in this only it could

ſeem pernicious to government that Chriſtianity, if rightly exerciſed upon its own principles, would render all magiſtracy uſeleſs. But although he, *who was Lord of all, and to whom all power was given both in heaven and in earth*, was nevertheleſs contented to come in the form of a ſervant, and to let the emperours and princes of the world alone with the uſe of their dominions; he thought it good reaſon to retain his religion under his own cognizance and exempt its authority from their jurisdiction. In this alone he was imperious, and did not only practiſe it himſelf againſt the laws and cuſtoms then received, and in the face of the magiſtrate; but continually ſeaſoned and hardned his diſciples in the ſame confidence and obſtinacy. He tells them, *They ſhall be brought before kings and governors for his name*; but fear them not, he will be with them, bear them out and juſtifie it againſt all oppoſition. Not that he allowed them hereby to violate their duty to the publick, by any reſiſtance in defiance of the magiſtracy; but he inſtructed and animated them in their duty to God, in deſpight of ſuffering.

In this manner Chriſtianity did at firſt ſet out and accordingly found reception. For although our Bleſſed Saviour, *having fulfilled all righteouſneſs* and the time of his miniſtery being compleated, did by his death ſet the ſeal to his doctrine, and ſhew the way toward life and immortality to

ſuch as believing imitate his example: yet did not the Heathen magiſtrate take the government to be concerned in the point of religion or upon that account conſent to his execution. Pontius Pilate, then governour of Judæa, though he were a man unjuſt and cruel by nature, and ſerved Tiberius, the moſt tender, jealous, and ſevere in point of ſtate or prerogative, of all the Romane Emperours; though he underſtood that great multitudes followed him, and that he was grown the head of a new ſect that was never before heard of in the nation, yet did not he intermeddle. But they were the men of religion, the chief prieſts, ſcribes and elders, and the high prieſt Caiaphas. And yet, although they accuſed him falſly, that *he taught that tribute was not to be given to Cæſar*; that *he* was a fifth monarch and *made himſelf a king*, and (as it is uſual for ſome of the clergy to terrifie the inferior magiſtrates out of their duty to juſtice under pretence of loyalty to the prince) threatned Pilate that *if he let that man go he was not Cæſars friend*; he underſtanding *that they did it out of envy*, and that the juſtice and innocence of our Saviour was what they could not bear with, would have adventured all their informing at court, and firſt have freed him and then have exchanged him for Barabbas; ſaying, that *he found no fault in him*: but he was overborne at laſt by humane weakneſs, and poorly imagined that by waſhing his own hands he had expiated himſelf and wiped off the guilt upon thoſe alone who were

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the occaſion. But, as for Tiberius himſelf, the growth of Chriſtianity did never increaſe his cares of empire at Rome nor trouble his ſleep at Capreæ: but he both approved of the doctrine, and threatned the informers with death; nor would have ſtaid there, but attempted, according to the way of their ſuperſtition, upon the intelligence he had from Pilate, to have received Chriſt into the number of their deities. The perſecution of the Apoſtles after his death, and the Martyrdome of Stephen happened not by the interpoſing of the civil magiſtrate in the matter of religion, or any diſturbance occaſioned by their doctrines: but aroſe from the high prieſt and his emiſſaries, by ſubborned witneſſes, ſtirring up the rabble in a brutiſh and riotous manner to execute their cruelty. How would the modern clergy have taken and repreſented it, had they lived in the time of St. John Baptiſt and ſeen Jeruſalem, *Judæa and all the region round about Jordan go out to be baptized by him!* yet that Herod, for any thing we read in Scripture, though he wanted not his inſtillers, apprehended no commotion: and had not Caligula baniſhed him and his Herodias together, might in all appearance have lived without any change of government. 'Twas ſhe that cauſed John's impriſonment for the convenience of her inceſt. Herod indeed *feared him*, but rather reverenced him, *as a juſt man*, and *an holy*, *obſerved him and when he heard him he did many things and heard him gladly*. Nor could all her ſubtilty

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have taken off his head, but that Herod thought himſelf under the obligations of a dance and an oath, and knew not in that caſe they ought both to be diſpenſed with. But *he was exceeding ſorry at his death*, which few princes are if men have lived to their jealouſie or danger. The killing of James and impriſonment of Peter by that other Herod was *becauſe he ſaw he pleaſed the people*; when the prieſts had once ſet them on madding: a complaiſance to which the moſt innocent may be expoſed, but which partakes more of guile than civility or wiſdome.

But, to find out what the diſintereſſed and prudent men of thoſe dayes took to be the wiſeſt and only juſtifiable way for the magiſtrate to proceed in upon matters of religion, I cannot ſee any thing more pregnant than the concurrent judgment of three perſons, of ſo different characters, and that lived ſo far aſunder, that there can be no danger of their having corrupted one anothers underſtanding in favour to Chriſtianity. Gamaliel, the deputy of Achaia, and the town clerk of Epheſus; the firſt a Jewiſh Doctor, by ſect a Phariſee, one of the council, and of great authority with the people, who (when the chief-prieſt had caſt the Apoſtles in priſon, and charged them for preaching againſt the command he had before laid upon them) yet gave this advice, confirming it with ſeveral freſh precedents, Acts v. *That they ſhould take heed to themſelves what they intended to do with*

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thoſe men and let them alone, for if this counſel, ſaith he, *or this work be of men it will come to nought,* but *if it be of God you cannot overthrow it, leſt ye be found fighting with God.* So that his opinion grounded upon his beſt experience, was that the otherwiſe unblameable ſect of Chriſtianity might ſafely and ought to be left to ſtand or fall by Gods providence under a free toleration of the magiſtrate. The ſecond was Gallio, Acts xviii. a Roman, and deputy of Achaia. The Jews at Corinth hurried Paul before his tribunal, laying the uſual charge againſt him, *That he perſwaded men to worſhip God contrary to the law:* which Gallio looked upon as ſo ſlight and without his cognizance, that, although moſt judges are willing to increaſe the juriſdiction of their courts, *he drave them* away, ſaving Paul the labour of a defence, and told them, *If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdneſs, reaſon would that he ſhould bear with them, but if it be a queſtion of words and names and of your law look ye to it, I will be no judge of ſuch matters:* and when he had ſo ſaid, Paul was releaſed, but *the Greeks* that were preſent *took Soſthenes the chief ruler of the ſynagogue,* and ringleader of the accuſers *and beat him before the judgement ſeat.* His judgment therefore was that, to puniſh Chriſtians meerly for their doctrine and practiſe, unleſs they were malefactors otherwiſe, was a thing out of the magiſtrates province and altogether unreaſonable. The third caſe was no leſs remarkable. For one Demetrius,

Demetrius, that was a ſilverſmith by trade and made ſhrines for Diana, ſtirred up all the freemen of his company againſt Paul, and indeed he ſtated the matter very fairly and honeſtly, aſſigning the true reaſon of moſt of theſe perſecutions: *Ye know that by this craft we have our wealth, but that by Pauls preaching that they be no Gods which are made with hands, not only our craft is in danger to be ſet at naught, but alſo the temple of the great Goddeſs and her magnificence, whom all Aſia and the world worſhip, ſhould be deſpiſed and deſtroyed.* And it is conſiderable that even the Jews, though of a contrary religion, yet fomented, as it uſually chances, this difference, and egged the Epheſians on againſt the Apoſtle and his followers. But when they had brought Alexander, one of Paul's companions, into the theatre, the recorder of Epheſus (more temperate and wiſe than ſome would have been in that office) would not make any *inquiſition* upon the matter, nor put Alexander upon his tryal and defence, but, (although he himſelf could not have born that office without being a great Dianiſt, as he declared too in his diſcourſe) he tells the people, *They had brought thoſe men which were neither robbers of churches nor blaſphemers of their Goddeſs* (for that judge would not condemn men by any inferences or expoſitions of old ſtatutes, which long after was Julian's practice and ſince imitated) *and therefore if Demetrius and his craftsmen had any matter againſt them the law was open, and it ſhould be determined in a lawful aſſembly, but that the*

whole city was in danger to be called in queſtion for that uproar, there being no cauſe whereby they might give account of that concourſe. And by this he plainly enough ſignified, that if Paul and his companions had ſtolen the church plate they might well be indited, but that Demetrius had no more reaſon in law againſt them, than a chandler might have had, if by Paul's preaching wax tapers, as well as ſilver candleſticks had grown out of faſhion. That it is matter of right and wrong betwixt man and man that the juſtice of government lookes to; but that, while Chriſtianity was according to its own principle carried on quietly, it might ſo fall that the diſturbers of it were guilty of a riot and their great city of Epheſus deſerve to be fined for it. And taking this to have been ſo, he diſmiſt the Aſſembly, Acts xix.

After theſe teſtimonies which I have collected out of the hiſtory of the Acts, as of greateſt authority, I ſhall only add one or two more out of the ſame book, wherein Paul likewiſe was concerned before Heathen magiſtrates of greater eminence. Acts xxiii. Ananias the high prieſt (theſe alwayes were the men) having countenanced and inſtigated the Jews to a conſpiracy, in which Paul's life was indangered and aimed at, Lyſias the chief captain of Jeruſalem interpoſes and ſends him away to Fœlix then governour of Judæa; ſignifying by letter *that he had been accuſed only of queſtions of their law*, but he found nothing to be laid to his charge worthy of death or of bonds. Whereof Fœlix

alſo, though the high prieſt was ſo zealous in the proſecution that he took the journey on purpoſe, and had inſtructed an exquiſite orator Tertullus to harangue Paul out of his life, as a *peſtilent fellow, a mover of ſedition and ring-leader of the ſect of the Nazarenes*, not omitting even to charge Lyſias for *reſcuing him by great violence* from being murdered by them, was ſo well ſatisfied of the contrary upon full hearing, that he gave him his liberty and *a centurion for his guard, with command that none of his acquaintance ſhould be debarred from coming and miniſtring to him.* But being indeed to leave his government afterwards, *left him in priſon*, partly to ſhew the Jews and their high prieſt another piece of complaiſant policy, which 'tis poſſible they paid well for, ſeeing the other reaſon was, becauſe though he had *ſent for Paul the oftner and communed with him, in hopes that he would have given him money to be diſcharged*, there came nothing of it. Which was ſo baſe a thing in ſo great a miniſter, that the meaneſt juſtice of the peace in England would ſcarce have the face to do ſo upon the like occaſion. But his ſucceſſor Feſtus, having called Agrippa and Berenice to hear the cauſe, they all three were of opinion that 'twas all on the Jews ſide calumny and impertinence, but that Paul had *done nothing worthy of death or of bonds, and might have been ſet free, but that having appealed to Cæſar* he muſt be tranſmitted to him in ſafe cuſtody. Such was the ſenſe of thoſe upon whom the emperors then relyed for the

the government and ſecurity of their provinces: and ſo groſs were their Heathen underſtandings, that they could not yet comprehend how quietneſs was ſedition, or the innocence of the Chriſtian worſhip could be ſubject to forfeiture or penalty. Nay, when Paul appeared even before Nero himſelf *and had none to ſtand by him but all forſook him* he was by that emperor acquitted, and permitted a long time to follow the work of his miniſtry. 'Tis true that afterwards this Nero had the honour to be the firſt of the Roman emperors that perſecuted Chriſtianity; whence it is that Tertullian in his Apologetick ſaith, "We glory in "having ſuch an one the firſt beginner and author of our "puniſhment, for there is none that hath read of him, "but muſt underſtand ſome great good to have been in that "doctrine, otherwiſe Nero would not have condemned it."

And thenceforward Chriſtianity for about three hundred years lay ſubject to perſecution. For the Gentile prieſts could not but obſerve a great decay in their pariſhes, a neglect of their ſacrifices and diminution of their profits by the daily and viſible increaſe of that religion. And God in his wiſe providence had ſo ordered that, as the Jews already, ſo the Heathens now having filled up their meaſure with iniquity, *ſprinkling the blood of his ſaints among their ſacrifices*, and the Chriſtians having in a ſevere apprenticeſhip of ſo many ages learned the trade of ſuffering, they ſhould at laſt be their own maſters and admitted to their freedom.

Neither yet, even in thoſe times when they lay expoſed to perſecution, were they without ſome intervalls and catching ſeaſons of tranquillity, wherein the churches had leiſure to reap conſiderable advantage, and the clergy too might have been inured, as they had been exemplary under affliction, ſo to bear themſelves like Chriſtians when they ſhould arrive at a full proſperity. For as oft as there came a juſt Heathen emperour and a lover of mankind, that either himſelf obſerved, or underſtood by the governours of his provinces, the innocence of their religion and practices, their readineſs to pay tribute, their prayers for his government and perſon, their faithful ſervice in his wars, but their Chriſtian valour and contumacy to death, under the moſt exquiſite torments, for their holy profeſſion; he forthwith relented, he rebated the ſword of the executioner, and could not find in his heart or in his power to exerciſe it againſt the exerciſe of that religion. It being demonſtrable that a religion inſtituted upon juſtice betwixt man and man, love to one another, yea even their enemies, obedience to the magiſtrate in all humane and moral matters, and in divine worſhip upon a conſtant exerciſe thereof and as conſtant ſuffering in that cauſe, without any pretence or latitude for reſiſtance, cannot, ſo long as it is true of itſelf in theſe things, fall within the magiſtrates jurisdiction.

But as it firſt was planted without the magiſtrates hand, and the more they plucked at it, ſo much the more ſtill it flouriſhed,

flouriſhed, ſo it will be to the end of the world, and whenſoever governors have a mind to try for it, it will by the ſame means and method ſooner or later foil them; but if they have a mind to pull up that mandrake, it were adviſable for them not to do it themſelves, but to chuſe out a dog for the imployment. I confeſs whenſoever a Chriſtian tranſgreſſes theſe bounds once, he is impoundable, or like a wake or ſtray whom Chriſt knows not, he falls to the lord of the manour. But otherwiſe he cannot ſuffer; he is invulnerable by the ſword of juſtice: only a man may ſwear and damn himſelf to kill the firſt honeſt man he meets, which hath been and is the caſe of all true Chriſtians worſhiping God under the power and violence of their perſecutors.

But the truth is that, even in thoſe times which ſome men now, as oft as it is for their advantage, do conſecrate under the name of primitive, the Chriſtians were become guilty of their own puniſhment; and had it not been, as is moſt uſual, that the more ſincere profeſſors ſuffered promiſcuouſly for the ſins and crimes of thoſe that were carnal and hypocrites, their perſecutors may be looked upon as having been the due adminiſtrators of God's juſtice. For (not to go deeper) if we conſider but that which is reckoned the tenth perſecution under Diocleſian, ſo incorrigible were they after nine preceding, what other could be expected when, as Euſebius l. 3. c. 1. ſadly laments, having relate how

how " before that the Chriſtians lived in great truſt and re-
" putation in court, the biſhops of each church were be-
" loved, eſteemed and reverenced by all mankind, and by the
" preſidents of the provinces, the meetings in all the cities
" were ſo many and numerous, that it was neceſſary, and
" allowed them to erect in every one ſpacious and goodly
" churches, all things went on proſperouſly with them,
" and to ſuch an height that no envious man could diſturb
" them, no devil could hurt them, as long as walking yet
" worthy of thoſe mercies they were under the Almighty's
" care and protection: after that our affair by that too much
" liberty degenerated into luxury and lazineſs, and ſome
" proſecuted others with hatred and contumely, and almoſt
" all of us wounded ourſelves with the weapons of the
" tongue in ill language; when biſhops ſet upon biſhops, and
" the people that belonged to one of them ſtirred ſedition
" againſt the people of another; then horrible hypocriſy
" and diſſimulation ſprung up to the utmoſt extremity of
" malice, and the judgement of God, while yet there was
" liberty to meet in congregations, did ſenſibly and by
" ſteps begin to viſit us, the perſecution at firſt diſcharging
" itſelf upon our brethren that were in the army. But we
" having no feeling of the hand of God, nor indeavouring to
" make our peace with him, and living as if we believed
" that God did neither take notice of our tranſgreſſions nor
" would viſit us for them, we heaped up iniquity upon ini-
quity.

" quity. And thoſe which ſeemed to be our paſtors, kick-
" ing under foot the rules of piety, were inflamed among
" themſelves with mutual contentions; and while they
" minded nothing elſe but to exaggerate their quarrels,
" threats, emulation, hatred and enmities, and earneſtly
" each of them purſued his particular ambition in a tyrannical
" manner, then indeed the Lord, then I ſay, according to the
" voice of the prophet Jeremy, *he covered the daughter of Sion*
" *with a cloud in his anger, and caſt down from heaven unto*
" *earth the beauty of Iſrael, and remembered not his foot-ſtool*
" *in the day of his anger.*" And ſo the pious hiſtorian pathetically goes on, and deplores the calamities that inſued to the loſs of all that ſtock of reputation, advantage, liberty and ſafety, which Chriſtian people had by true piety, and adhering ſtrictly to the rules of their profeſſion, formerly acquired and injoyed, but had now forfeited and ſmarted deſervedly under Diocleſian's perſecution. And it was a ſevere one, the longeſt too that ever happened, ten years from his beginning of it and continued by others, by which time one might have thought the church would have been ſufficiently winnowed, and nothing left but the pure wheat, whereas it proved quite contrary, and the holieſt and moſt conſtant of the Chriſtians being blown away by martyrdom, it ſeemed by the ſucceeding times as if nothing but the chaff and the tares had remained. But there was yet ſuch a ſeed left, and notwithſtanding the defection of many,

ſo internal a vertue in the religion itſelf, that Diocleſian could no longer ſtand againſt it, and tired out in two years time, was glad to betake himſelf from rooting out Chriſtianity, to gardening and to ſow pot herbs at Salona. And he, with his partner Maximianus, reſigned the empire to Galerius and Conſtantius, the excellent father of a more glorious and Chriſtian ſon, Conſtantine the Great, who in due ſeaſon ſucceeded him, and by a chain of God's extraordinary providences ſeemed to have been let down from heaven to be the emperour of the whole world, and as I may ſay, the univerſal apoſtle of Chriſtianity.

It is unexpreſſible the vertue of that prince, his care, his indulgence, his liberality, his own example, every thing that could poſſibly tend to the promotion and incouragement of true religion and piety. And in order to that he thought he could not do better, neither indeed could he, than to ſhew a peculiar reſpect to the clergy and biſhops, providing largely for their ſubſiſtence, had they too on their part behaved themſelves worthy of their high calling, and known to make right uſe of the advantages of his bounty to the ſame ends that they were by him intended; for if the Apoſtle, 1 Tim. v. 17. requires *that an elder*, provided *he rule well, be accounted worthy of double honor, eſpecially thoſe who labor in the word and doctrine*, it excludes not a decuple or any further proportion, and indeed there cannot too high a value

a value be ſet upon ſuch a perſon: and God forbid too that any meaſure of wealth ſhould render a clergyman uncanonical. But, alas! biſhops were already grown another name and thing, than at the Apoſtles inſtitution; and had ſo altered their property, that Paul would have had much difficulty by all the marks in the 1 Tim. iii. to have known them. They were ill enough under perſecution many of them, but that long and ſharp winter under Diocleſian, being ſeconded by ſo warm a ſummer under Conſtantine, produced a peſtilence, which, as an infection that ſeizes ſometimes only one ſort of cattel, diffuſed itſelf moſt remarkably thorow the whole body of the clergy. From his reign the moſt ſober hiſtorians date that new diſeaſe which was ſo generally propagated then, and ever ſince tranſmitted to ſome of their ſucceſſors, that it hath given reaſon to inquire whether it only happened to thoſe men as it might to others, or were not inherent to the very function. It ſhowed itſelf firſt in ambition, then in contention, next in impoſition, and after theſe ſymptoms broke out at laſt like a plague-ſore, in open perſecution. They the biſhops who began to vouch themſelves the ſucceſſors of Chriſt, or at leaſt of his Apoſtles, yet pretended to be heirs and executors of the Jewiſh high-prieſts and the Heathen tyrants, and were ready to prove the will. The ignorant Jews and Infidels underſtood not how to perſecute, had no commiſſion to meddle with religion; but the biſhops had ſtudied the Scriptures, knew better things, and the ſame

which was cruelty and tyranny in the Heathens, if done by a Chriſtian and eccleſiaſtical hand, was allowed to be church-government, and the care of a dioceſs. But that I may not ſeem to ſpeak without book, or out-run the hiſtory, I ſhall return to proceed by thoſe degrees I newly mentioned, whereby the Chriſtian religion was uſurped upon, and thoſe things became their crime, which were their duties.

The firſt was the ambition of the biſhops, which had even before this taken its riſe, when in the intervals of the former perſecutions the piety of the Chriſtians had laid out ample proviſions for the church, but when Conſtantine not only reſtored thoſe which had been all confiſcate under Dioclesian, but was every day adding ſome new poſſeſſion, priviledge, or honor, a biſhoprick became very deſirable, and was not only a *good work*, but a good thing, eſpecially when there was now no danger of paying, as it was uſual formerly, their firſt-fruits to the emperor by martyrdom. The arts by which ambition climbs, are calumny, diſſimulation, cruelty, bribery, adulation, all applyed in their proper places and ſeaſons; and when the man hath attained his end, he ordinarily ſhows himſelf then in his colours, in pride, opiniaſtry, contention, and all other requiſite or incident ill qualities. And if the clergy of thoſe times had ſome more dextrous and innocent way than this of managing their ambition, it is to be lamented *inter artes deperditas*, or lyes enviouſly hid by ſome muſty book-worm in his private library. But ſo much

much I find, that both before, and then, and after, they caſt ſuch crimes at one another, that a man would ſcarce think he were reading an hiſtory of biſhops, but a legend of devils: and each took ſuch care to blacken his adverſary, that he regarded not how he ſmutted himſelf thereby, and his own order, to the laughter or horror of the by-ſtanders. And one thing I remark particularly, that as ſon of a whore is the modern word of reproach among the laity, of the ſame uſe then among the clergy was heretick. There were indeed hereticks as well as there are baſtards, and perhaps it was not their fault, (neither of 'em could help it) but the mothers or the fathers. But they made ſo many hereticks in thoſe days, that 'tis hard to think they really believed them ſo, but adventured the name only to pick a quarrel. And one thing that makes it very ſuſpicious, is, that in the Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, the ring-leaders of any hereſy, for the moſt part accuſed of having a mind to be a biſhop, though it was not the way to come to it. As there was the damnable hereſy of the Novatians, againſt which Conſtantine, notwithſtanding his declaration of general indulgence at his coming in, was ſhortly after ſo incenſed, that he publiſhed a moſt ſevere proclamation againſt them; *cognoſcite jam per legem hanc quæ a me ſancita eſt, O Novatiani*, &c. prohibiting all their meetings, not only in publick, but in their own private houſes; and that all ſuch places where they aſſembled for their worſhip, ſhould be raſed to the ground without delay or controverſie,

&c. Euſ. lib. iii. c. 62, *de Vita Conſtantini.* Now the ſtory the biſhops tell of Novatus, the author of that ſect, Euſ. lib. vi. c. 42, is in the words of Cornelius the biſhop of Rome, the very firſt line. "But that you may know that "this brave Novatus did, even before that, affect to be a "biſhop" (a great crime in him) "that he might conceal "that petulant ambition, he, for a better cover to his arro-"gance, had got ſome confeſſors into his ſociety, &c." and goes on calling him all to naught; "but then," ſaith he, "he came with two reprobates of his own hereſy into a lit-"tle, the very leaſt, ſhire of Italy, and by their means ſe-"duced three moſt ſimple high-ſhoon biſhops, wheedling "them, that they muſt with all ſpeed go to Rome, and there "meeting with other biſhops, all matters ſhould be recon-"ciled. And when he had got thither theſe three ſilly fel-"lows, as I ſaid, that were not aware of his cunning, he "had prepared a company of rogues like himſelf, that treated "them in a private room very freely, and having thwacked "their bellies and heads full with meat and drink, compelled "the poor drunken biſhops, by an imaginary and vain im-"poſition of hands, to make Novatus alſo a biſhop." Might not one of the ſame order now better have concealed theſe things had they been true? But ſuch was the diſcretion. Then he tells "that one of the three returned ſoon after," repenting, it ſeems, next morning, "and ſo he received him "again into the church" unto the "laick communion."

But

But for the other two, he had ſent ſucceſſors into their places. And yet after all this ado, and the whetting of Conſtantine, contrary to his own nature and his own declarations againſt the Novatians, I cannot find their hereſy to have been other than that they were the Puritans of thoſe times, and a ſort of Nonconformiſts that could have ſubſcribed to the ſix-and-thirty articles, but differed only in thoſe of diſcipline: and upon ſome enormities therein ſeparated, and (which will always be ſufficient to qualify an heretick) they inſtituted biſhops of their own in moſt places. And yet afterwards in the times of the beſt *homoiouſian* emperors, a ſober and ſtrictly religious people did ſo conſtantly adhere to them, that the biſhops of the church too found meet to give them fair quarter; for as much as "they differed not in fundamentals, and "therefore were of uſe to them againſt hereticks that were "more dangerous and diametrically oppoſite to the religion." Nay, inſomuch, that even the biſhop of Conſtantinople, yea, of Rome, notwithſtanding that moſt tender point and intereſt of epiſcopacy, ſuffered the Novatian biſhops to walk cheek by joul with them in their own dioceſs; until that, as Socr. lib. vii. c. 11, "the Roman epiſcopacy, having, as "it were, paſſed the bounds of prieſthood, ſlipped into "a ſecular principality, and thenceforward the Roman "biſhops would not ſuffer their meetings with ſecurity; but, "though they commended them for their conſent in the "ſame faith with them, yet took away all their eſtates."

But

But at Conſtantinople they continued to fare better, the biſhops of that church " embracing the Novatians, and giv- " ing them free liberty to keep their conventicles in their " churches." What, and to have their biſhops too, altar againſt altar? A condeſcenſion, which as our Nonconform- iſts ſeem not to deſire or think of, ſo the wiſdom of theſe times would, I ſuppoſe, judge to be very unreaſonable, but rather that it were fit to take the other courſe, and that whatſoever advantage the religion might probably receive from their doctrine and party, 'tis better to ſuppreſs them and make havock both of their eſtates and perſons. But however the hereticks in Conſtantine's time had the leſs reaſon to complain of ill meaſure, ſeeing it was that the biſhops meted by among themſelves. I paſs over that controverſy betwixt Cecilianus, the biſhop of Carthage, and his adherents, with another ſet of biſhops there in Africk, upon which Conſtantine ordered ten of each party to appear before Miltiades the biſhop of Rome, and others, to have it decided. Yet after they had given ſentence, Conſtantine found it neceſſary to have a council for a review of the buſi- neſs, as in his letter to Chreſtus the biſhop of Syracuſe, Euſeb. l. x. c. 6. " Whereas ſeveral have formerly ſepara- " ted from the Catholick hereſy," (for that word was not yet ſo ill-natured, but that it might ſometimes be uſed in its proper and good ſenſe:) and then relates his commiſſion to the biſhop of Rome and others; " but for as much as ſome " having

" having been careleſs of their own ſalvation, and forgetting " the reverence due to that moſt holy hereſy" (again) " will " not yet lay down their enmity, nor admit the ſentence " that hath been given, obſtinately affirming that they were " but a few that pronounced the ſentence, and that they did " it very precipitately, before they had duly inquired of the " matter: and from hence it hath happened, that both they " who ought to have kept a brotherly and unanimous agree- " ment together, do abominably and flagitiouſly diſſent from " one another, and ſuch whoſe minds are alienated from the " moſt holy religion, do make a mockery both of it and " them. Therefore I, &c. have commanded very many " biſhops out of innumerable places to meet at Arles, " that what ought to have been quieted upon the former " ſentence pronounced, may now at leaſt be determined, " &c. and you to be one of them; and therefore I have " ordered the præfect of Sicily to furniſh you with one of " the publick ſtage-coaches and ſo many ſervants, &c."

Such was the uſe then of ſtage-coaches, poſt-horſes, and councils, to the great diſappointment and grievance of the *many*: both men and horſes and leather being hackneyed, jaded, and worn out upon the errand of ſome contentious and obſtinate biſhop. So went the affairs hitherto; and thus well diſpoſed and prepared were the biſhops to receive the Holy Ghoſt a ſecond time at the great and firſt general council of Nice, which is ſo much celebrated.

The

The occaſions of calling it were two. The firſt a moſt important queſtion in which the wit and piety of their predeceſſors and now theirs ſucceſſively had been much exerciſed and taken up: that was upon what day they ought to keep Eaſter, which though it were no point of faith that it ſhould be kept at all, yet the very calendiny of it was controverted with the ſame zeal, and made as heavy ado in the church as if both parties had been hereticks. And it is reckoned by the church hiſtorians as one of the chief felicities of Conſtantines empire to have quieted in that council this main controverſie. The ſecond cauſe of the aſſembling them here was indeed grown, as the biſhop had ordered it, a matter of the greateſt weight and conſequence to the Chriſtian religion; one Arrius having, as is related, to the diſturbance of the church, ſtarted a moſt pernicious opinion in the point of the Trinity. Therefore from all parts of the Empire they met together at the city of Nice, two hundred and fifty biſhops, and better, ſaith Euſebius, a goodly company, three hundred and eighteen ſay others; and the Animadverter too, with that pithy remark, p. 23. "equal almoſt to the number of ſervants bred up in the "houſe of Abraham." The emperour had accommodated them every where with the publick poſts, or layed horſes all along for the convenience of their journey thither, and all the time they were there, ſupplyed them abundantly with all ſorts of proviſion at his own charges. And when they

were

were all firſt aſſembled in council, in the great hall of the imperial palace, he came in, having put on his beſt clothes to make his gueſts welcome; and ſaluted them with that profound humility as if they all had been emperours, nor would ſit down in his throne, no it was a very little and low ſtool, till they had all beckoned and made ſignes to him to ſit down. No wonder if the firſt council of Nice run in their heads ever after, and the ambitious clergy, like thoſe who have been long athirſt, took ſo much of Conſtantines kindneſs, that they are ſcarce come to themſelves again after ſo many ages. The firſt thing was that he acquainted them with the cauſes of his ſummoning them thither, and in a grave and moſt Chriſtian diſcourſe "exhorted them" (to keep the peace or) "to a good agreement" as there was reaſon. "For" (ſaith Ruffin l. 1. c. 2.) "the biſhops be-"ing met here from almoſt all parts, and as they uſe to do, "bringing their quarrels about ſeveral matters along with "them, every one of them was at the emperour, of-"fering him petitions, laying out one anothers faults," (for all the good advice he had given them) "and were more in-"tent upon theſe things than upon the buſineſs they were "ſent for. But he, conſidering that by theſe ſcoldings "and bickerings the main affair was fruſtrated, appointed a "ſet day by which all the biſhops ſhould bring him in what-"ſoever complaint they had againſt one another." And they being all brought, he made them that high Aſiatick

compliment: "God hath made you prieſts, and hath given "you power to judge me, and therefore it is in you to judge "me righteouſly, but you cannot be judged by any men. "It is God only can judge you, and therefore reſerve all "your quarrels to his tribunal. For you are as Gods to me, "and it is not convenient that a man ſhould judge of Gods, "but he only of whom it is written, *God ſtandeth in* "*the congregation of the Gods, and diſcerneth in the midſt* "*of them.* And therefore ſetting theſe things aſide, ap- "ply your minds without any contention to the concern- "ments of God's religion." And ſo "without opening "or reading one petition commanded them all together to "be burnt there in his preſence." An action of great charity and excellent wiſdom, had but ſome of the words been ſpared. For doubtleſs, though they that would have complained of their brethren, grumbled a little; yet thoſe that were accuſable were all very well ſatisfied: and thoſe expreſſions, "you can judge me righteouſly, and you cannot be "judged by any man, and God only can judge you. You "are Gods to me, &c." were ſo extreamly ſweet to moſt of the biſhops palates, that they believed it, and could never think of them afterwards but their teeth watered; and they ruminated ſo long on them, that Conſtantines ſucceſſors came too late to repent it. But now the biſhops, having miſt of their great end of quarrelling one with another, betake themſelves, though ſomewhat aukwardly, to buſineſs. And

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it is neceſſary to mine, that as ſhortly as poſſible, for the underſtanding of it, I give a curſory account of Alexander and Arrius, with ſome few others that were the moſt intereſſed in that general and firſt great revolution of eccleſiaſtical affairs ſince the days of the Apoſtles. This Alexander was the biſhop of Alexandria, and appears to have been a pious old man, but not equally prudent, nor in divine things of the moſt capable, nor in conducting the affairs of the church, very dextrous; but he was the biſhop. This character that I have given of him, I am the more confirmed in from ſome paſſages that follow, and all of them pertinent to the matter before me. They were uſed, Sozom. l. ii. c. 16, at Alexandria, to keep yearly a ſolemn feſtival to the memory of Peter, one of their former biſhops, upon the ſame day that he ſuffered martyrdom; which Alexander having celebrated at the church with publick devotion, was ſitting after at home, expecting ſome gueſts to dine with him, Sozom. l. ii. c. 16. As he was alone and looking towards the ſea-ſide, he ſaw a pretty way off the boys upon the beach, at an odd recreation, imitating, it ſeems, the rites of the church and office of the biſhops, and was much delighted with the ſight as long as it appeared an innocent and harmleſs repreſentation: but when he obſerved them at laſt how they acted the very adminiſtration of the ſacred myſteries, he was much troubled, and ſending for ſome of the chief of his clergy, cauſed the boys to be taken and brought before him.

He aſked them particularly what kind of ſport they had been at, and what the words, and what the actions were that they had uſed in it. After their fear had hindered them a while from anſwering, and now they were afraid of being ſilent, they confeſſed that a lad of their play-fellows, one Athanaſius, had baptized ſome of them that were not yet initiated in thoſe ſacred myſteries: whereupon Alexander inquired the more accurately what the biſhop of the game had ſaid, and what he did to the boys he had baptized, what they alſo had anſwered or learned from him. At laſt, when Alexander perceived by them that this pawn-biſhop had made all his removes right, and that the whole eccleſiaſtical order and rites had been duely obſerved in their interlude, he, by the advice of his prieſts about him, approved of that mock-baptiſm, and determined, that the boys "being once "in the ſimplicity of their minds dipped in the divine grace, "ought not to be re-baptized," but he perfected it with the remaining myſteries, which it is only lawful for prieſts to adminiſter. And then he delivered Athanaſius and the reſt of the boys that had acted the parts of *preſbyters* and *deacons* to their parents, calling God to witneſs that they ſhould be educated in the miniſtry of the church, that they might paſs their lives in that calling which they had choſen by imitation. But as for Athanaſius, in a ſhort while after, Alexander took him to live with him and be his ſecretary, having cauſed him to be carefully educated in the ſchools of the beſt

beſt *grammarians* and *rhetoricians*; and he grew, in the opinion of all that ſpoke with him, a diſcreet and eloquent perſon, and will give occaſion to be more than once mentioned again in this diſcourſe. I have tranſlated this in a manner word for word from the author. This good-natured old biſhop, Alexander, that was ſo far from anathemiſing, that he did not ſo much as whip the boys for profanation of the Sacrament againſt the diſcipline of the church, but without more doing, left them, for ought I ſee, at liberty to regenerate as many more lads upon the next holyday as they thought convenient: He, Socr. l. i. c. 3, "being a man "that lived an eaſy and gentle life, had one day called his "prieſts and the reſt of his clergy together, and fell on phi-"loſophyſing divinely among them, but ſomething more "ſubtly and curiouſly" (though I dare ſay he meant no harm) "than was uſual, concerning the Holy Trinity." Among the reſt, one Arrius, a prieſt too of Alexandria, was there preſent, a man who is deſcribed to have been a good diſputant; and others add, (the capital accuſation of thoſe times) that he had a mind to have been a biſhop, and bore a great pique at Alexander, for having been preferred before him to the ſee of Alexandria: but more are ſilent of any ſuch matter; and Sozom. l. i. c. 14, ſaith, "he was in great "eſteem with his biſhop." But Arrius, Socr. l. i. c. 3, "hearing his diſcourſe about the Holy Trinity and the "Unity in the Trinity, conceived that, as the biſhop "ſtated

" ſtated it, he had reaſon to ſuſpect he was introducing " afreſh into the church the hereſy of Sabellius the Afri- " can," who *fatebatur unum eſſe Deum, & ita in unam eſſentiam Trinitatem adducebat, ut aſſereret nullam eſſe vere ſubjectam proprietatem perſonis, ſed nomina mutari pro eo, atque uſus poſcant, ut nunc de illo ut Patre, nunc ut Filio, nunc ut Spiritu Sancto diſſeratur* : and thereupon it ſeems Arrius argued warmly for that opinion which was directly contrary to the African, driving the biſhop from one to a ſecond, from a ſecond to a third, ſeeming abſurdity; which I ſtudiouſly avoid the relation of, that in all theſe things I may not give occaſion for mens underſtandings to work by their memories, and propagate the ſame errors by the ſame means they were firſt occaſioned. But hereby Arrius was himſelf blamed as the maintainer of thoſe abſurdities which he affixed to the biſhops opinion, as is uſual in the heat and wrangle of diſputation. Whereas truth for the moſt part lyes in the middle, but men ordinarily ſeek for it in the extremities. Nor can I wonder that thoſe ages were ſo fertile in what they called hereſies, when being given to meddling with the myſteries of religion, further than humane apprehenſion or divine revelation did or could lead them, ſome of the biſhops were ſo ignorant and groſs, but others ſo ſpeculative, acute, and refining in their conceptions, that, there being moreover a good fat biſhoprick to boot in the caſe, it is rather admirable to me, how all the clergy from one end

to t'other, ſhould eſcape from being or being accounted hereticks. Alexander hereupon, Soz. l. i. c. 14°, inſtead of ſtilling by more prudent methods this new controverſy, took, doubtleſs with a very good intention, a courſe that hath ſeldom been ſucceſsful: makes himſelf judge of that wherein he had firſt been the party, and calling to him ſome others of his clergy, would needs ſit in publick to have a ſolemn ſet diſputation about the whole matter. And while Arrius was at it tooth and nail againſt his oppoſers, and the arguments flew ſo thick that they darkned the air, and no man could yet judge which ſide ſhould have the victory; the good biſhop, for his part, ſate hay now hay, neither could tell in his conſcience of a long time, which had the better of it; but ſometimes he leaned on one ſide and then on the other, and now incouraged and commended thoſe of one party, and preſently the contrary, but at laſt by his own weight he caſt the ſcales againſt Arrius. And from thence-forward he excommunicating Arrius for obſtinacy, and Arrius writing in behalf of himſelf and his followers to the biſhops, each one ſtating his own and his adverſaries caſe with the uſual candor of ſuch men in ſuch matters; the biſhops too, all over, began to divide upon it, and after them their people. Inſomuch that Conſtantine, out of a true paternal ſenſe and care, found it neceſſary to ſend a very prudent and eminent perſon to Alexandria, to try if he could accommodate the matter, giving him a letter to Alexander and Arrius; how

diſcreet,

diſcreet, how Chriſtian-like, I never read any thing of that nature equal to it! It is too long for me here to inſert, but I gladly recommend my reader to it in the 2d Euſeb. *de vita* Conſt. c. 67, where he begins, "I underſtand the foundation of the controverſy to have been this, that thou, Alexander, didſt inquire of thy prieſts concerning a paſſage in the Scripture, nay, didſt aſk them concerning a frivolous quillet of a queſtion, what was each of their opinions: and thou, Arrius, didſt inconſiderately babble what thou neither at the beginning couldſt conceive, and if thou hadſt conceived ſo, oughteſt not to have vented, &c."

But the clergy having got this once in the wind, there was no beating them off the ſcent. Which induced Conſtantine to think the convening of this council the only remedy to theſe diſorders. And a woful ado he had with them when they were met, to manage and keep them in any tolerable *decorum*. It ſeemed like an eccleſiaſtical cock-pit, and a man might have laid wagers either way: the two parties contending in good earneſt either for the truth or the victory; but the more unconcerned, like cunning betters, ſate judiciouſly hedging, and ſo ordered their matters, that which ſide ſoever prevailed, they would be ſure to be the winners. They were indeed a moſt venerable aſſembly, compoſed of ſome holy, ſome grave, ſome wiſe, and ſome of them learned perſons: and Conſtantine had ſo charitably burnt the accuſations they intended againſt one another,

which might otherwiſe have depopulated and diſpirited the council, that all of them may be preſumed in one or other reſpect to have made a great character. But I obſerve, Soz. l. i. c. 16, that theſe great biſhops, although they only had the deciſive voices, yet thought fit to bring along with them certain men that were cunning at an argument, to be auxiliary to them, when it came to hard and tough diſputation; beſide that they had their prieſts and deacons ready at a dead lift always to aſſiſt them: ſo that their underſtandings ſeemed to be ſequeſtered, and for their dayly faith, they depended upon what their chaplains would allow them. And in that quality Athanaſius there waited upon Alexander, being his deacon, (for as yet it ſeems archbiſhops nor archdeacons were invented.) And it is not improbable that Athanaſius having ſo early perſonated the biſhop, and ſeeing the declining age of Alexander, would be careful that Arrius ſhould not ſtep betwixt him and home upon vacancy, but did his beſt againſt him to bar up his way, as it ſhortly after happened; Athanaſius ſucceeding after the council in the ſee of Alexandria. In the mean time you may imagine that *hypoſtaſis*, *perſona*, *ſubſtantia*, *ſubſiſtentia*, *eſſentia*, *coeſſentialis*, *conſubſtantialis*, *ante ſæcula coæternus*, &c. were by ſo many diſputants picked to the very bones, and thoſe too broken afterwards to come to the marrow of divinity. And never had Conſtantine in his life ſo hard a taſk as to bring them to any rational reſults: "meekly and patiently,"

Euſeb. l. iii. c. 13. *de vitâ Conſt.* "liſtning to every one, "taking each man's opinion and without the acrimony with "which it was delivered, helping each party where they "diſagreed, reconciling them by degrees when they were "in the fierceſt contention, conferring with them apart "courteouſly and mildly, telling them what was his own "opinion of the matter:" Which though ſome exceptious perſons may alledge to have been againſt the nature of a free council, yet truly unleſs he had taken that courſe, I cannot imagine how poſſibly he could ever have brought them to any concluſion. And thus this firſt, great, general council of Nice, with which the world had gone big ſo long, and which looked ſo big upon all Chriſtendom, at laſt was brought in bed, and after a very hard labour delivered of *Homooufios.*

They all ſubſcribed to the new creed, except ſome ſeventeen, who it ſeems had rather to be hereticks than biſhops. For now the Anathema's were publiſhed, and whoever held the contrary was to be puniſhed by deprivation and baniſhment, all Arrian books to be burned, and whoever ſhould be diſcovered to conceal any of Arrius his writings, to dye for it. But it fared very well with thoſe who were not ſuch fools as to own his opinion. All they were entertained by the emperour at a magnificent feaſt, received from his hand rich preſents, and were honourably diſmiſt, with letters re-

commending their great abilities and performance to the provinces, and injoyning the Nicene Creed to be henceforth obſerved. With that ſtroke of the pen: Socr. l. 1. c. 6. "For what three hundred biſhops have agreed on," (a thing indeed extraordinary) "ought not to be otherwiſe conceived "of than as the decree of God Almighty, eſpecially ſeeing "the Holy Ghoſt did ſit upon the minds of ſuch, and ſo "excellent men, and opened his divine will to them." So that they went I trow with ample ſatisfaction, and, as they could not but take the emperour for a very civil, generous, and obliging gentleman, ſo they thought the better of themſelves from that day forward. And how budge muſt they look when they returned back to their dioceſſes, having every one of them been a principal limb of the Oecumenical, Apoſtolical, Catholick, Orthodox council! When the catachreſtical titles of the church and the clergy were ſo appropriate to them by cuſtom, that the Chriſtian people had relinquiſhed or forgotten their claim; when every hare that croſſed their way homeward was a ſchiſmatick or an heretick, and if their horſe ſtumbled with one of them, he incurr'd an anathema. Well it was that their journeys lay ſo many ſeveral ways, for they were grown ſo cumberſom and great, that the emperor's highway was too narrow for any two of them, and there could have been no paſſage without the removal of a biſhop. But ſoon after the council was over, Euſebius the biſhop of Nicomedia, and Theog-

nis the biſhop of Nice, who were already removed both by baniſhment and two others put in their places, were quickly reſtored upon their petition: wherein they ſuggeſted the cauſe of their not ſigning to have been only, becauſe they thought they could not with a ſafe conſcience ſubſcribe the Anathema againſt Arrius, appearing to them both by his writings, his diſcourſes, and ſermons that they had been auditors of, not to be guilty of thoſe errors. As for Arrius himſelf, the emperour quickly wrote to him. "It is "now a conſiderable time ſince I writ to your gravity to "come to my tents, that you might injoy my countenance; "ſo that I can ſcarce wonder ſufficiently why you have ſo "long delaid it: therefore now take one of the publick "coaches and make all ſpeed to my tents, that having had "experience of my kindneſs and affection to you, you may "return into your own country. God preſerve you moſt "dear ſir." Arrius hereupon (with his comarade Euzoius) comes to Conſtantine's army, and offers him a petition, with a confeſſion of faith that would have paſſed very well before the Nicene council, and now ſatisfied the emperour Socr. l. 1. c. 19, & 20. inſomuch that he writ to Athanaſius, now biſhop of Alexandria, to receive him into the church; but Athanaſius was of better mettle than ſo and abſolutely refus'd it. Upon this Conſtantine writ him another threatning letter: "When you have underſtood hereby my plea-"ſure, ſee that you afford free entrance into the church to

"all

"all that deſire it: for if I ſhall underſtand that any who de-
"ſires to be admitted into the church ſhould be either hin-
"dred or forbidden by you, I will ſend ſome one of my ſer-
"vants to remove you from your degree, and place another
"in your ſtead." Yet Athanaſius ſtood it out ſtill, though other churches received him into communion: and the heretick Novatus could not have been more unrelenting to lapſed Chriſtians than he was to Arrius. But this, joyned with other crimes which were laid to Athanaſius his charge, at the council of Tyre, (though I ſuppoſe indeed they were forged) made Athanaſius glad to fly for it, and remain the firſt time in exile. Upon this whole matter it is my impartial opinion that Arrius or whoſoever elſe were guilty of teaching and publiſhing thoſe errors whereof he was accuſed, deſerved the utmoſt ſeverity which conſiſts with the Chriſtian religion. And ſo willing I have been to think well of Athanaſius and ill of the other, that I have on purpoſe avoided the reading, as I do the naming, of a book that I have heared tells the ſtory quite otherwiſe, and have only made uſe of the current hiſtorians of thoſe times, who all of them tell it againſt the Arrians. Only I will confeſs, that as in reading a particular hiſtory at adventure a man finds himſelf inclinable to favour the weaker party, eſpecially if the conqueror appear inſolent; ſo have I been affected in reading theſe authors: which does but reſemble the reaſonable pity that men ordinarily have too for thoſe who

though

though for an erroneous conſcience ſuffer under a Chriſtian magiſtrate. And as ſoon as I come to Conſtantius, I ſhall for that reaſon change my compaſſion and be doubly ingaged on the orthodox party. But as to the whole matter of the council of Nice, I muſt crave liberty to ſay, that from one end to the other, though the beſt of the kind, it ſeems to me to have been a pityful humane buſineſs, attended with all the ill circumſtances of other worldly affairs, conducted by a ſpirit of ambition and contention, the firſt and ſo the greateſt Oecumenical blow that by Chriſtians was given to Chriſtianity. And it is not from any ſharpneſs of humour that I diſcourſe thus freely of things and perſons, much leſs of orders of men otherwiſe venerable, but that where ought is extolled beyond reaſon and to the prejudice of religion, it is neceſſary to depreciate it by true proportion. It is not their cenſure of Arrianiſm, or the declaring of their opinion in a controverted point to the beſt of their underſtanding, (wherein to the ſmallneſs of mine they appear to have light upon the truth, had they likewiſe upon the meaſure,) that could have moved me to tell ſo long a ſtory, or bring myſelf within the danger and aim of any captious reader, ſpeaking thus with great liberty of mind but little concern for any prejudice I may receive, of things that are by ſome men idolized. But it is their impoſition of a new article or creed upon the Chriſtian world, not being contained in expreſs words of Scripture, to be believed

lieved with divine faith, under ſpiritual and civil penalties, contrary to the privileges of religion, and their making a precedent followed and improved by all ſucceeding ages for moſt cruel perſecutions, that only could animate me. In digging thus for a new deduction they undermined the fabrick of Chriſtianity; to frame a particular doctrine they departed from the general rule of their religion; and for their curioſity about an article concerning Chriſt, they violated our Saviour's firſt inſtitution of a church not ſubject to any addition in matters of faith, nor liable to compulſion either in belief or in practice. Far be it from me in the event as it is from my intention, to derogate from the juſt authority of any of thoſe creeds or confeſſions of faith that are received by our church upon clear agreement with the Scriptures: nor ſhall I therefore, unleſs ſome mens impertinence and indiſcretion hereafter oblige me, pretend to any further knowledge of what in thoſe particulars appears in the ancient hiſtories. But certainly if any creed had been neceſſary, or at leaſt neceſſary to have been impoſed, our Saviour himſelf would not have left his church deſtitute in a thing of that moment. Or however, after the Holy Ghoſt, upon his departure, was deſcended upon the Apoſtles, and *they the elders and brethren* (for ſo it was then) were aſſembled in a legitime council at Jeruſalem, *it would have ſeemed good to the Holy Ghoſt and them* to have ſaved the council of Nice that labour. Or at leaſt the Apoſtle Paul

2 Cor.

2 Cor. xii. 2, and 4. *who was caught up into Paradiſe, and heard unſpeakable words, which it is not lawful for any man to utter*, having thereby a much better opportunity than Athanaſius to know the doctrine of the Trinity, would not have been wanting, *through the abundance of that revelation*, to form a creed for the church, ſufficient to have put that buſineſs beyond controverſy. Eſpecially ſeeing hereſies were ſprung up ſo early, and he foreſaw others, and therefore does preſcribe the method how they are to be dealt with, but no creed that I read of.

Shall any ſort of men preſume to interpret thoſe words, which to him were unſpeakable, by a gibberiſh of their impoſing, and force every man to cant after them what it is not lawful for any man to utter? Chriſt and his Apoſtles ſpeak articulately enough in the Scriptures, without any creed, as much as we are or ought to be capable of. And the miniſtry of the Goſpel is uſeful and moſt neceſſary, if it were but to preſs us to the reading of them, to illuſtrate one place by the authority of another, to inculcate thoſe duties which are therein required, quickning us both to faith and practice, and ſhowing within what bounds they are both circumſcribed by our Saviour's doctrine. And it becomes every man to be able to give a reaſon and account of his faith, and to be ready to do it, without officiouſly gratifying thoſe who demand it only to take advantage;

and the more Chriſtians can agree in one confeſſion of faith the better. But that we ſhould believe ever the more for a creed, it cannot be expected. In thoſe days when creeds were moſt plenty and in faſhion, and every one had them at their fingers ends, 'twas the Bible that brought in the Reformation. It is true, a man would not ſtick to take two or three creeds for a need, rather than want a living, and if a man have not a good ſwallow, 'tis but wraping them up in a liturgy, like a wafer, and the whole doſe will go down currently; eſpecially if he wink at the ſame time and give his aſſent and conſent without ever looking on them. But without jeſting, for the matter is too ſerious. Every man is bound to *work out his own ſalvation with fear and trembling*, and therefore to uſe all helps poſſible for his beſt ſatisfaction: hearing, conferring, reading, praying for the aſſiſtance of God's ſpirit, but when he hath done this, he is his own expoſitor, his own both miniſter and people, biſhop and dioceſs, his own council; and his conſcience excuſing or condemning him, accordingly he eſcapes or incurs his own internal anathema. So that when it comes once to a creed, made and impoſed by other men as a matter of divine faith, the caſe grows very delicate, while he cannot apprehend, though the impoſer may, that all therein is clearly contained in Scripture, and may fear being caught in the expreſſions to oblige himſelf to a latitude or reſtriction, further than comports with his own ſenſe and judge-

ment. A Chriſtian of honor, when it comes to this once, will weigh every word, every ſyllable; nay further, if he conſider that the great buſineſs of this council of Nice was but one ſingle letter of the alphabet, about the inſerting or omitting of an *iota*. There muſt be either that exactneſs in the form of ſuch a creed, as I dare ſay no men in the world ever were, or ever will be able to modulate: or elſe this ſcrupulous private judgment muſt be admitted, or otherwiſe all creeds become meer inſtruments of equivocation or perſecution. And I muſt confeſs, when I have ſometimes conſidered with myſelf the dulneſs of the Nonconformiſts, and the acuteneſs on the contrary of the Epiſcoparians, and the conſcientiouſneſs of both, I have thought that our church might ſafely wave the difference with them about ceremonies, and try it out upon the creeds, which were both the more honorable way, and more ſuitable to the method of the ancient councils; and yet perhaps might do their buſineſs as effectually. For one that is a Chriſtian in good earneſt, when a creed is impoſed, will ſooner eat fire than take it againſt his judgment. There have been martyrs for reaſon, and it was manly in them: but how much more would men be ſo for reaſon religionated and chriſtianized! But it is an inhumane and unchriſtian thing of thoſe faith-ſtretchers, whoſoever they be, that either put mens perſons or their conſciences upon the torture, to rack them to the length of their notions: whereas the Bereans are made gentlemen

tlemen and innobled by patent in the Acts, becauſe they would not credit Paul himſelf, whoſe writings now make ſo great a part of the New Teſtament, until *they* had *ſearched the Scripture dayly whether thoſe things were ſo, and therefore many of them believed.* And therefore, although where there are ſuch creeds, Chriſtians may for peace and conſcience-ſake acquieſce while there appears nothing in them flatly contrary to the words of the Scripture; yet when they are obtruded upon a man in particular, he will look very well about him, and not take them upon any humane authority. The greateſt pretenſe to authority is in a council. But what then? ſhall all Chriſtians therefore take their formularies of divine worſhip or belief, upon truſt, as writ in tables of ſtone, like the Commandments, delivered from heaven, and to be obeyed in the inſtant, not conſidered: becauſe three hundred and eighteen biſhops are met in Abraham's great hall, of which moſt muſt be ſervants, and ſome children, and they have reſolved upon't in ſuch a manner? No, a good Chriſtian will not, cannot atturn and indenture his conſcience over, to be repreſented by others. It is not as in ſecular matters, where the ſtates of a kingdom are deputed by their fellow ſubjects to tranſact for them, ſo in ſpiritual: or ſuppoſe it were, yet 'twere neceſſary, as in the Poliſh conſtitution, that nothing ſhould be obligatory as long as there is one diſſenter, where no temporal intereſts, but every man's eternity and ſalvation are concerned. The

ſoul is too precious to be let out at intereſt upon any humane ſecurity, that does or may fail; but it is only ſafe when under God's cuſtody, in its own cabinet. But it was a general council. A ſpecial general indeed, if you conſider the proportion of three hundred and eighteen to the body of the Chriſtian clergy, but much more to all Chriſtian mankind. But it was a general free council of biſhops. I do not think it poſſible for any council to be free that is compoſed only of biſhops, and where they only have the deciſive voices: nor that a free council that takes away Chriſtian liberty. But that, as it was founded upon uſurpation, ſo it terminated in impoſition. But 'tis meant that it was free from all external impulſion. I confeſs that good meat and drink, and lodging, and money in a man's purſe, and coaches and ſervants, and horſes to attend them, did no violence to 'em, nor was there any falſe article in it. And diſcourſing now with one and then another of 'em in particular, and the emperor telling them this is my opinion, I underſtand it thus, and afterwards declaring his mind frequently to them in publick; no force neither. Ay! but there was a ſhrewd way of perſuaſion in it. And I would be glad to know when ever, and which free general council it was that could properly be called ſo: but was indeed a meer imperial or eccleſiaſtical machine, no free agent, but wound up, ſet on going, and let down by the direction and hand of the workman. A general free council is but a word

of

of art, and can never happen but under a fifth monarch, and that monarch too, to return from heaven. The Animadverter will not allow the ſecond general council of Nice to have been free, *becauſe it was overawed by an empreſs*, and was guilty of a great fault (which no council at liberty, he ſaith, could have committed) the decree for worſhipping of images. At this rate a Chriſtian may ſcuffle however for one point among them, and chuſe which council he likes beſt. But in good earneſt I do not ſee but that Conſtantine might as well, at this firſt council of Nice, have negotiated the image worſhip, as to pay that ſuperſtitious adoration to the biſhops, and that proſtration to their creeds was an idolatry more pernicious in the conſequence to the Chriſtian faith, than that under which they ſo lately had ſuffered perſecution. Nor can a council be ſaid to have been at liberty, which lay under ſo great and many obligations. But the Holy Ghoſt was preſent where there were three hundred and eighteen biſhops, and directed them or three hundred. Then, if I had been of their council, they ſhould have ſate at it all their lives, leſt they ſhould never ſee him again after they were once riſen. But it concerned them to ſettle their *quorum* at firſt by his dictates; otherwiſe no biſhop could have been abſent, or gone forth upon any occaſion, but he let him out again; and it behooved to be very punctual in the adjournments. 'Tis a ridiculous conception, and as groſs as to make him of the ſame ſubſtance with the council.

Nor

Nor needs there any ſtronger argument of his abſence, than their pretenſe to be actuated by him, and in doing ſuch work. The Holy Spirit! if ſo many of them, when they got together, acted like rational men, 'twas enough in all reaſon, and as much as could be expected.

But this was one affectation among many others, which the biſhops took up ſo early, of the ſtile, priviledges, powers, and ſome actions and geſtures peculiar and inherent to the Apoſtles, which they miſplaced to their own behoof and uſage: nay, and challenged other things as apoſtolical, that were directly contrary to the doctrine and practice of the Apoſtles. For ſo, becauſe the Holy Spirit did in an extraordinary manner preſide among the holy Apoſtles at that legitime council of Jeruſalem, Acts xv. they, although under an ordinary adminiſtration, would not go leſs, whatever came on't: nay, whereas the Apoſtles, in the drawing up of their decree dictated to them by the Holy Spirit, ſaid therefore no more but thus: *The Apoſtles, elders, and brethren, ſend greeting unto the brethren of, &c. Foraſmuch as, &c. it ſeemed good to the Holy Ghoſt and us, to lay upon you no greater burthen than theſe neceſſary things: that ye abſtain from, &c. from which if ye keep yourſelves, you ſhall do well. Fare ye well.*

This council denounces every invention of its own (far from the apoſtolical modeſty, and the ſtile of the Holy Spirit)

under no leſs than an anathema. Such was their arrogating to their inferior degrees the ſtyle of clergy, till cuſtom hath ſo much prevailed, that we are at a loſs how to ſpeak properly either of the name or nature of their function. Whereas the clergy, in the true and apoſtolical ſenſe, were only thoſe whom they ſupercilioufly always call the laity: the word *clerus* being never but once uſed in the New Teſtament, and in that ſignification, and in a very unlucky place too, Peter i. 5, 3, where he admoniſhes the prieſthood, *that they ſhould not lord it or domineer over* the Chriſtian people, *clerum Domini*, or *the Lord's inheritance*. But having uſurped the title, I confeſs they did right to aſſume the power. But to ſpeak of the prieſthood in that ſtyle which they moſt affect, if we conſider the nature too of their function, what were the clergy then but laymen diſguiſed, dreſt up perhaps in another habit? Did not St. Paul himſelf, being a tent-maker, rather than be idle or burthenſome to his people, work of his trade, even during his apoſtleſhip, to get his living? But did not theſe, that they might neglect their holy vocation, ſeek to compaſs ſecular imployments, and lay offices? Were not very many of them, whether one reſpect their vices or ignorance, as well qualified as any other to be laymen? Was it not uſual as oft as they merited it, to reſtore them, as in the caſe even of the three biſhops, to the lay-communion? And whether, if they were ſo peculiar from others, did the impoſition of the biſhops hands, or the

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lifting up the hands of the laity confer more to that diſtinction? And Conſtantine, notwithſtanding his compliment at the burning of the biſhops papers, thought he might make them and unmake them with the ſame power as he did his other lay-officers. But if the inferior degrees were the clergy, the biſhops would be the church: although that word in the Scripture-ſenſe is proper only to a congregation of the faithful. And being by that title the only men in eccleſiaſtical councils, then when they were once aſſembled, they were the *catholick church*, and, having the Holy Spirit at their devotion, whatſoever creed they light upon, that was the *catholick faith*, *without believing of which no man can be ſaved.* By which means there roſe thenceforward ſo conſtant perſecutions till this day, that, had not the little inviſible *catholick church*, and a people that always ſearched and believed the Scriptures, made a ſtand by their teſtimonies and ſufferings, the creeds had deſtroyed the faith, and the church had ruined the religion. For this general council of Nice, and all others of the ſame conſtitution, did, and can ſerve to no other end or effect, than a particular order of men by their uſurping a truſt upon Chriſtianity, to make their own price and market of it, and deliver it up as oft as they ſee their own advantage.

For ſcarce was Conſtantine's head cold, but his ſon Conſtantius, ſucceeding his brothers, being influenced by the biſhops

biſhops of the Arrian party, turned the wrong ſide of Chriſtianity outward, inverted the poles of heaven, and faith (if I may ſay ſo) with its heels in the air, was forced to ſtand upon its head, and play gambols, for the divertiſement and pleaſure of the *homoiouſians*. Arrianiſm was the divinity then in mode, and he was an ignorant and ill courtier, or churchman, that could not dreſs, and would not make a new ſute for his conſcience in the faſhion. And now the orthodox biſhops (it being given to thoſe men to be obſtinate for power, but flexible in faith;) began to wind about inſenſibly, as the *heliotrope flower*, that keeps its ground, but wreſts its neck in turning after the warm ſun, from day-break to evening. They could look now upon the ſynod of Nice with more indifference, and all that pudder that had been made there betwixt *homoouſios* and *homoiouſios*, &c. began to appear to them, "as a difference only ariſing "from the inadequation of languages:" till by degrees they were drawn over, and, rather than loſe their biſhopricks, would joyn, and at laſt be the headmoſt in the perſecution of their own former party. But the deacons, to be ſure, that ſteered the elephants, were thorow-paced; men to be reckoned and relied upon in this or any other occaſion, and would prick on to render themſelves capable and epiſcopable, upon the firſt vacancy. For now the Arrians in grain, ſcorning to come behind the clowniſh *homoouſians*, in any eccleſiaſtical civility, were reſolved to give them their

full of perſecution. And it ſeemed a piece of wit rather than malice, to pay them in their own coyn, and to *burleſque* them in earneſt, by the repetition and heightening of the ſame ſeverities upon them, that they had practiſed upon others. Had you the *homoouſians* a creed at Nice? We will have another creed for you at Ariminum, and at Seleucia. Would you not be content with ſo many ſeveral projects of faith conſonant to Scripture, unleſs you might thruſt the new word *homoouſios* down our throats, and then tear it up again, to make us confeſs it? Tell us the word, ('twas *homoiouſios)* we are now upon the guard, or elſe we ſhall run you thorow. Would you anathemize, baniſh, impriſon, execute us, and burn our books? You ſhall taſte of this Chriſtian fare, and as you reliſh it, you ſhall have more on't provided. And thus it went, Arrianiſm being triumphant, but the few ſincere or ſtomachful biſhops, adhering conſtantly, and with a true Chriſtian magnanimity, eſpecially Athanaſius, thorow all ſufferings, unto their former confeſſions; expiated ſo, in ſome meaſure, what they had committed in the Nicene council.

Sozomene, l. iv. c. 25, firſt tells us a ſtory of Eudoxius, who ſucceeded Macedonius in the biſhoprick of Conſtantinople; that in the cathedral of Sancta Sophia, being mounted in his epiſcopal throne, the firſt time that they aſſembled for its dedication, in the very beginning of

his ſermon to the people (thoſe things were already come in faſhion) told them, *Patrem impium eſſe, Filium autem pium*; at which when they began to buſtle, "Pray be "quiet," ſaith he; "I ſay, *Patrem impium eſſe, quia colit* "*neminem, Filium vero pium quia colit Patrem*;" at which they then laughed as heartily, as before they were angry. But this I only note to this purpoſe, that there were ſome of the greateſt biſhops among the *homoiouſians*, as well as the *homooufians*, that could not reproach one anothers ſimplicity, and that it was not impoſſible for the *many*, to be wiſer and more orthodox than the *few*, in divine matters. That which I cite him for as moſt material, is, his remark upon the impoſition then of contrary creeds: "which "verily," ſaith he, "was plainly the beginning of moſt "great calamities, for as much as hereupon there followed "a diſturbance, not unlike thoſe which we before recited, "over the whole empire; and likewiſe a perſecution equal "almoſt to that of the Heathen emperors, ſeized upon all "of all churches. For, although it ſeemed to ſome more "gentle for what concerns the torture of the body, yet to "prudent perſons it appeared more bitter and ſevere, by "reaſon of the diſhonour and ignominy. For both they "who ſtirred up, and thoſe that were afflicted with this "perſecution, were of the Chriſtian church. And the "grievance therefore was the greater and more ugly, in that "the ſame things which were done among enemies, were

" executed between thoſe of the ſame tribe and profeſſion: " but the holy law forbids us to carry ourſelves in that " manner, even to thoſe that are without, and aliens." And all this miſchief ſprung from making of creeds, with which the biſhops, as it were at *tilting*, aimed to hit one another in the eye, and throw the oppoſite party out of the ſaddle. But if it chanced that the weaker ſide were ready to yield, (for what ſort of men was there that could better manage, or had their conſciences more at command at that time, than the clergy?) then the Arrians would uſe a yet longer, thicker, and ſharper lance for the purpoſe, (for there were never vacancies ſufficient) that they might be ſure to run them down, over, and thorow, and do their buſineſs. The creed of Ariminum was now too ſhort for the deſign; but, ſaith the hiſtorian, they affixed " fur- " ther articles like labels to it, pretending to have made it " better, and ſo ſent it thorow the empire with Conſtantius " his proclamation, that whoever would not ſubſcribe it, " ſhould be baniſhed." Nay, they would not admit their own beloved *ſimilis ſubſtantia*, but, to do the work throughly, the Arrians renounced their own creed for malice, and made it an article, *Filium Patri tam ſubſtantia, quam voluntate, diſſimilem eſſe.* But that is a ſmall matter with any of them, provided thereby they may do ſervice to the church, that is, their party. So that one (ſeriouſly ſpeaking) that were really orthodox, could not then defend the truth

truth or himſelf, but by turning old Arrian, if he would impugn the new ones; ſuch was the ſubtilty. What ſhall I ſay more? As the arts of glaſs coaches and perriwigs illuſtrate this age, ſo by their trade of creed-making, then firſt invented, we may eſteem the wiſdom of Conſtantine's and Conſtantius his empire. And in a ſhort ſpace, as is uſual among tradeſmen, where it appears gainful, they were ſo many that ſet up of the ſame profeſſion, that they could ſcarce live by one another. Socr. l. ii. c. 32, therefore uſes theſe words: "But now that I have *tandem aliquando* "run through this labyrinth of ſo many creeds, I will "gather up their number:" and ſo reckons nine creeds more, beſides that of Nice, before the death of Conſtantius (a bleſſed number!) And I believe, I could, for a need, make them up a dozen, if men have a mind to buy them ſo. And hence it was that Hilary, then biſhop of Poictiers, repreſents that ſtate of the church pleaſantly, yet ſadly: "Since the Nicene ſynod," ſaith he, "we do nothing but "write creeds. That while we fight about words, whilſt "we raiſe queſtions about novelties, while we quarrel about "things doubtful, and about authors, while we contend in "parties, while there is difficulty in conſent, while we ana-"themize one another, there is none now almoſt that is "*Chriſt's*. What a change there is in the laſt years creed? "The firſt decree commands, that *homoouſios* ſhould not be "mentioned. The next does again decree and publiſh

"*homoouſios*.

" *homoouſios*. The third does by indulgence excuſe the " word *ouſia*, as uſed by the fathers in their ſimplicity. " The fourth does not excuſe, but condemn it. It is come " to that at laſt, that nothing among us, or thoſe before " us, can remain ſacred or inviolable. *We* decree every " year of the Lord, a new creed concerning God: nay, " every change of the moon our faith is altered. We repent " of our decrees, we defend thoſe that repent of them; we " anathemize thoſe that we defended; and while we " either condemn other mens opinions in our own, or our " own opinions in thoſe of other men, and bite at one " another, we are now all of us torn in pieces." This biſhop ſure was the author of *The Naked Truth*, and 'twas he that " implicitly condemned the whole Catholick " church, both Eaſt and Weſt, for being too preſumptu- " ous in her definitions."

It is not ſtrange to me, that Julian, being but a reader in the Chriſtian church, ſhould turn Pagan: eſpecially when I conſider that he ſucceeded emperor after Conſtantius. For it ſeems rather unavoidable that a man of great wit, as he was, and not having the grace of God to direct it, and ſhew him the beauty of religion, through the deformity of its governours and teachers; but that he muſt conceive a loathing and averſion for it. Nor could he think that he did them any injuſtice, when he obſerved that,

that, beſide all their unchriſtian immorality too, they practiſed thus, againſt the inſtitutive law of their Galilean, the perſecution among themſelves for religion. And well might he add to his other ſeverities, that ſharpneſs of his wit, both *expoſing* and *animadverting* upon them, at another rate than any of the modern practitioners, with all their ſtudy and inclination, can ever arrive at. For nothing is more puniſhable, contemptible, and truly ridiculous, than a Chriſtian that walks contrary to his profeſſion: and by how much any man ſtands with more advantage in the church for eminency, but diſobeys the laws of Chriſt by that privilege, he is thereby, and deſerves to be the more expoſed. But Julian, the laſt Heathen emperor, by whoſe cruelty it ſeemed that God would ſenſibly admoniſh once again the Chriſtian clergy, and ſhow them by their own ſmart, and an Heathen hand, the nature and odiouſneſs of perſecution, ſoon died, as is uſual for men of that imployment, not without a remarkable ſtroke of God's judgement.

Yet they, as if they were only ſorry that they had loſt ſo much time, upon his death, ſtrove as eagerly to redeem it, and forthwith fell in very naturally into their former animoſities. For Jovianus being choſen emperor in Perſia, and returning homeward, Socr. l. iii. c. 20, the biſhops of each party, in hopes that theirs ſhould be the imperial creed,

ſtrait

ſtrait to horſe, and rode away with ſwitch and ſpur, as if it had been for the plate, to meet him; and he that had beſt heels, made himſelf cock-ſure of winning the religion. The Macedonians, who dividing from the Arrians, had ſet up for a new hereſie concerning the Holy Ghoſt, (and they were a ſquadron of biſhops) petitioned him, that thoſe who held *Filium Patri diſſimilem*, might be turned out, and themſelves put in their places: which was very honeſtly done, and above-board. The Acacians, that were the refined Arrians, but, as the author ſaith, "had a "notable faculty of addreſſing themſelves to the inclination "of whatſoever emperor," and having good intelligence that he balanced rather to the *conſubſtantials*, preſented him with a very fair inſinuating ſubſcription, of a conſiderable number of biſhops to the council of Nice. But in the next emperor's time they will be found to yield little reverence to their own ſubſcription. For in matter of a creed, a note of their hand, without expreſſing the penalty, could not, it ſeems, bind one of their order. But all that Jovianus ſaid to the Macedonians, was, "I hate contention, but "I lovingly imbrace and reverence thoſe who are inclined "to peace and concord." To the Acacians, who had wiſely given theſe the precedence of application, to try the truth of their intelligence, he ſaid no more "(having "reſolved by ſweetneſs and perſuaſions to quiet all their "controverſies") but, "that he would not moleſt any "man

" man, whatſoever creed he followed, but thoſe above " others he would cheriſh and honor, who ſhould ſhow " themſelves moſt forward in bringing the church to a " good agreement." He likewiſe called back all thoſe biſhops who had been baniſhed by Conſtantius and Julian, reſtoring them to their ſees. And he writ a letter in particular to Athanaſius, who, upon Julian's death, had entered again upon that of Alexandria, to bid him be of good courage. " And theſe things coming to the ears of " all others, did wonderfully aſſuage the fierceneſs of thoſe " who were inflamed with faction and contention:" ſo that, the court having declared itſelf of this mind, the church was in a ſhort time, in all outward appearance, peaceably diſpoſed; the emperor by this means having wholly repreſſed all their violence. " Verily," concludes the hiſtorian, " the Roman empire had been proſperous " and happy, and both the ſtate and the church" (he puts them too in that order) " under ſo good a prince, " muſt have exceedingly flouriſhed, had not an immature " death taken him away from managing the government; " for after ſeven months, being ſeized with a mortal ob- " ſtruction, he departed this life." Did not this hiſtorian, trow you, deſerve to be handled; and is it not, " now " the miſchief is done, to undo the charm, become a *duty* " to *expoſe both* him *and* Jovianus? By their ill choſen " principles what would have become of the prime,

" and moſt neceſſary articles of faith? Might not the old
" dormant hereſies all of them ſafely have revived?

But that *mortal obſtruction* of the biſhops was not by his death (nor is it by their own to be) removed. They were glad he was ſo ſoon got out of their way, and God would yet further manifeſt their intractable ſpirit, which not the perſecution of the Heathen emperor Julian, nor the gentleneſs of Jovianus the Chriſtian, could allay or mitigate by their afflictions or proſperity. The divine Nemeſis executed juſtice upon them, by one anothers hand: and ſo hainous a crime as for a Chriſtian, a biſhop, to perſecute, ſtood yet in need, as the only equal and exemplary puniſhment, of being revenged with a perſecution by Chriſtians, by biſhops. And whoever ſhall ſeriouſly conſider all along the ſucceſſion of the emperors, can never have taken that ſatisfaction in the moſt judicious repreſentations of the ſcene, which he may in this worthy ſpeculation of the great order and admirable conduct of wiſe Providence, through the whole contexture of theſe exterior, ſeeming accidents, relating to the eccleſiaſticals of Chriſtianity.

For to Jovianus ſucceeded Valentinian, who in a ſhort time took his brother Valens to be his companion in the empire. Theſe two brothers did, as the hiſtorian obſerves, Socr. l. iv. c. 1. alike, and equally take care at the beginning,

ning, for the advantage and government of the ſtate, but very much diſagreed, though both Chriſtians, in matter of religion: Valentinianus the elder being an Orthodox, but Valens an Arrian; and they uſed a different method toward the Chriſtians. For Valentinian (who choſe the weſtern part of the empire, and left the eaſt to his brother) as he imbraced thoſe of his own creed, ſo yet he did not in the leaſt moleſt the Arrians: but Valens not only labored to increaſe the number of the Arrians, but afflicted thoſe of the contrary opinion with grievous puniſhments. And both of 'em, eſpecially Valens, had biſhops for their purpoſe. The particulars of that heavy perſecution under Valens, any one may further ſatisfy himſelf of in the writers of thoſe times: and yet it is obſervable, that within a little ſpace while he purſued the orthodox biſhops, he gave liberty to the Novatians, (who were of the ſame creed, but ſeparated from them, as I have ſaid, upon diſcipline, &c.) and cauſed their churches, which for a while were ſhut up, to be opened again at Conſtantinople. To be ſhort, Valens (who out-lived his brother, that died of a natural death,) himſelf in a battel againſt the Goths, could not eſcape neither the fate of a Chriſtian perſecutor. "For "the Goths having made application to him, he," ſaith Socrates, "not well foreſeeing the conſequence, admitted "them to inhabit in certain places of Thracia, pleaſing "himſelf that he ſhould by that means always have an

" army ready at hand againſt whatſoever enemies; and " that thoſe foraign guards would ſtrike them with a greater " terror, more by far than the *militia* of his ſubjects. And " ſo, ſlighting the ancient veterane *militia*, which uſed to " conſiſt of bodies of men raiſed proportionably in every " province, and were ſtout fellows that would fight man- " fully; inſtead of them he levied money, rating the " country at ſo much for every ſouldier." But theſe new inmates of the emperors ſoon grew troubleſome, as is cuſtomary, and not only infeſted the natives in Thracia, but plundered even the ſuburbs of Conſtantinople, there being no armed force to repreſs them: hereupon the whole people of the city cried out at a publick ſpectacle, where Valens was preſent, neglecting this matter: " Give us " arms, and we will manage this war ourſelves." This extreamly provoked him, ſo that he forthwith made an expedition againſt the Goths: but " threatened the *citizens* " if he returned in ſafety, to be revenged on them both for " thoſe contumelies, and for what under the tyrant Procopius, " they had committed againſt the empire; and that he " would raze to the ground, and plow up the city. Yet " before his departure, out of fear of the foraign enemy, " he totally ceaſed from perſecuting the orthodox in Con- " ſtantinople. But he was killed in the fight, or flying " into a village that the Goths had ſet on fire, he was there " burnt to aſhes," to the great grief of his biſhops, who,

had he been victorious, might have revived the perſecution. Such was the end of his impetuous reign and raſh counſels, both as to his government of ſtate, in matters of peace and war, and his manage of the church by perſecution.

His death brings me to the ſucceſſion of Theodoſius the Great, than whom no Chriſtian emperor did more make it his buſineſs to nurſe up the church, and to lull the biſhops, to keep the houſe in quiet. But neither was it in his power to ſtill their bawling, and ſcratching one another, as far as their nails (which were yet more tender, but afterwards grew like talons) would give them leave. I ſhall not further vex the hiſtory, or the reader, in recounting the particulars; taking no delight neither myſelf in ſo uncomfortable relations, or to reflect beyond what is neceſſary upon the wolfiſhneſs of thoſe which then ſeemed, and ought to have been, the Chriſtian paſtors, but went on ſcattering their flocks, if not devouring; and the ſhepherds ſmiting one another. In his reign the ſecond general council was called, that of Conſtantinople, and the creed was there made, which took its name from the place: the reſt of their buſineſs, any one that is further curious, may obſerve in the writers. But I ſhall cloſe this with a ſhort touch concerning Gregory Nazianzen, then living, than whom alſo the Chriſtian church had not in thoſe times (and I queſtion whether in any ſucceeding) a biſhop that was

more

more a Chriſtian, more a gentleman, better appointed in all ſorts of learning requiſite, ſeaſoned under Julian's perſecution, and exemplary to the higheſt pitch of true religion and practical piety. The eminence of theſe virtues, and in ſpecial of his humility (the lowlieſt but the higheſt of all Chriſtian qualifications) raiſed him under Theodoſius, from the pariſh-like biſhoprick of Nazianzum, to that of Conſtantinople, where he filled his place in that council. But having taken notice in what manner things were carried in that, as they had been in former councils, and that ſome of the biſhops muttered at his promotion; he of his own mind reſigned that great biſhoprick, which was never of his deſire or ſeeking, and, though ſo highly ſeated in the emperors reverence and favor, ſo acceptable to the people, and generally to the clergy, whoſe unequal abilities could not pretend or juſtifie an envy againſt him; retired back far more content to a ſolitary life to his little Nazianzum. And from thence he writes that letter to his friend Procopius, wherein, p. 814, upon his moſt recollected and ſerious reflexion on what had fallen within his obſervation, he uſeth theſe remarkable words: "I have "reſolved with myſelf (if I may tell you the *Naked* "*Truth*,) never more to come into any aſſembly of biſhops: "for I never ſaw a good and happy end of any council, "but which rather increaſed than remedied the miſchieves. "For their obſtinate contentions and ambition are unex-"preſſible." It

It would require too great a volume to deduce, from the death of Theodoſius, the particulars that happened in the ſucceeding reigns about this matter. But the reader may reckon, that it was as ſtated a quarrel betwixt the *homoouſians*, and the *homoiouſians*, as that between the houſes of York and Lancaſter: and there aroſe now an emperor of one line, and then again of the other. But among all the biſhops, there was not one Morton, whoſe "induſtrious brain could or would" (for ſome men always reap by diviſion) "make up the fatal breach betwixt" the two creeds. By this means every creed was grown up to a teſt, and, under that pretence, the dextrous biſhops ſtep by ſtep hooked within their verge, all the buſineſs and power that could be catched in thoſe turbulences, where they mudled the water and fiſhed after. By this means they ſtalked on firſt to a ſpiritual kind of dominion, and from that incroached upon, and into the civil juriſdiction. A biſhop now grew terrible; and (whereas a ſimple layman might have frighted the devil with the firſt words of the Apoſtles creed, and *I defie thee Satan*) one creed could not protect him from a biſhop, and it required a much longer, and a double and treble confeſſion, unleſs himſelf would be delivered over to *Satan* by an *anathema*. But this was only an eccleſiaſtical ſentence at firſt, with which they marked out ſuch as ſinned againſt them, and then whooped and hollowed on the civil magiſtrate, to hunt

them down for their ſpiritual pleaſure. They crept at firſt by court inſinuations and flattery into the princes favor, till thoſe generous creatures ſuffered themſelves to be backed and ridden by them, who would take as much of a free horſe as poſſible: but in perſecution, the clergy as yet wiſely interpoſed the magiſtrate betwixt themſelves and the people, not caring, ſo their end were attained, how odious they rendred him: and you may obſerve, that for the moſt part hitherto, they ſtood crouching, and ſhot either over the emperors back, or under his belly. But in proceſs of time they became bolder and open-faced, and perſecuted before the ſun at mid-day. Biſhops grew worſe, but biſhopricks every day better and better. There was now no Euſebius left to refuſe the biſhoprick of Antiochia, whom therefore Conſtantine told, "that he "deſerved the biſhoprick of the whole world for that "modeſty." They were not ſuch fools as Ammonius Parotes, I warrant you, in the time of Theodoſius. "He," Socr. l. vi. c. 30, "being ſeized upon by ſome that would "needs make him a biſhop, when he could not perſwade "them to the contrary, cut off one of his ears, telling "them that now, ſhould he himſelf deſire to be a biſhop, "he was by the law of prieſthood incapable: but when "they obſerved that thoſe things only obliged the Jewiſh "prieſthood, and that the church of Chriſt did not con-"ſider whether a prieſt were ſound or perfect in limb of "body,

" body, but only that he were intire in his manners; they " returned to ſeize on him again: but when he ſaw them " coming, he ſwore with a ſolemn oath, that, if to conſe- " crate him a biſhop, they laid violent hands upon him, " he would cut out his tongue alſo; whereupon they, " fearing he would do it, deſiſted." What ſhould have been the matter, that a man ſo learned and holy ſhould have ſuch an averſion to be promoted in his own order; that, rather than yield to be a compelled or compelling biſhop, he would inflict upon himſelf as ſevere a martyrdom, as any perſecutor could have done for him? Sure he ſaw ſomething more in the very conſtitution, than ſome do at preſent. But this indeed was an example too rigid, and neither fit to have been done, nor to be imitated, as there was no danger. For far from this they followed the precedent rather of Damaſus and Urſinus, which laſt, Socr. l. iv. c. 24, " in Valentinian's time, perſuaded certain ob- " ſcure and abject biſhops" (for there were it ſeems of all ſorts and ſizes) " to create him biſhop in a corner, and " then" (ſo early) " he and Damaſus," who was much the better man, waged war for the biſhoprick of Rome, to the great ſcandal of the Pagan writers, who made remarks for this and other things upon their Chriſtianity, and to the bloodſhed and death of a multitude of the Chriſtian people. But this laſt I mentioned, only as a weak and imperfect eſſay in that time, of what it came to in the ſeveral ages

after, which I am now ſpeaking of, when the biſhops were given, gave themſelves over to all manner of vice, luxury, pride, ignorance, ſuperſtition, covetouſneſs, and monopolizing of all ſecular imployments and authority. Nothing could eſcape them: they meddled, troubled themſelves and others, with many things, every thing, forgetting that *one, only needful.* Inſomuch that I could not avoid wondering often that among ſo many churches, that with paganick rites they dedicated to Saint Mary, I have met with none to Saint Martha. But above all, impoſition and cruelty became inherent to them, and the power of perſecution was grown ſo good and deſirable a thing, that they thought the magiſtrate ſcarce worthy to be truſted with it longer, and a meer novice at it, and either wreſted it out of his hands, or gently eaſed him of that and his other burdens of government. The ſufferings of the laity were become the royalties of the clergy; and, being very careful Chriſtians, the biſhops, that not a word of our Saviours might fall to the ground, becauſe he had foretold how men ſhould be perſecuted for his names ſake, they undertook to ſee it done effectually in their own provinces, and out of pure zeal of doing him the more ſervice of this kind, inlarged ſtudiouſly their dioceſſes beyond all proportion: like Noſtradamus his ſon, that to fulfil his father's prediction of a city in France that ſhould be burned, with his own hands ſet it on fire.

All

All the calamities of the Chriſtian world in thoſe ages, may be derived from them, while they warmed themſelves at the flame; and, like lords of miſrule, kept a perpetual Chriſtmas. What, in the biſhop's name, is the matter? How came it about that Chriſtianity, which approved itſelf under all perſecutions to the Heathen emperors, and merited their favor ſo far, till at laſt it regularly ſucceeded to the monarchy, ſhould under thoſe of their own profeſſion be more diſtreſſed? Were there ſome Chriſtians then too, that feared ſtill leſt men ſhould be Chriſtians, and for whom *it was neceſſary*, not for the Goſpel reaſon, *that there ſhould be hereſies?* Let us collect a little now alſo in the concluſion, what at firſt was not particularized, how the reaſon of ſtate and meaſure of government ſtood under the Roman emperours, in aſpect to them. I omit Tiberius, mentioned in the beginning of this eſſay. Trajane, after having perſecuted them, and having uſed Pliny the ſecond in his province to that purpoſe, upon his relation, that they lived in conformity to all lawes, but that which forbad their worſhip, and in all other things were blameleſs, and good men, ſtraitly by his edict commanded that none of them ſhould be farther enquired after. Hadrian, in his edict to Minutius Fundanus, proconſul of Aſia, commands him that, "if any accuſe the Chriſtians, and can "prove it, that they commit any thing againſt the ſtate, "that then he puniſh them according to the crime: but

" if any man accuſe them, meerly for calumny and vexa-
" tion, as Chriſtians, then, i'faith, let him ſuffer for't;
" and take you care that he feel the ſmart of it." Antoninus Pius writ his edict, very remarkable, if there were place here to recite it, to the ſtates of Aſia aſſembled at Epheſus; wherein he takes notice of his father's command that, " unleſs the Chriſtians were found to act any
" thing againſt the Roman empire, they ſhould not be
" moleſted," and then commands, " that, if any man
" thereafter ſhall continue to trouble them, *tanquam tales*,
" as Chriſtians, for their worſhip, in that caſe, he that is
" the informer, ſhould be expoſed to puniſhment, but
" the accuſed ſhould be free and diſcharged." I could not but obſerve that among other things in this edict, where he is ſpeaking, " it is deſirable to them that they may
" appear, being accuſed, more willing to dye for their
" God than to live," he adds, " it would not be amiſs to
" admoniſh you concerning the earthquakes which have,
" and do now happen, that when you are afflicted at
" them, you would compare our affairs with theirs. They
" are thereby ſo much the more incouraged to a confidence
" and reliance upon God, but you all the while go on in
" your ignorance, and neglect both other Gods, and the
" religion towards the immortal, and baniſh and perſecute
" them unto death." Which words of that emperours, fall in ſo naturally with what, it ſeems, was a common obſervation

obſervation about earthquakes, that I cannot but to that purpoſe take further notice, how alſo Gregory Nazianzen, in Or. ii. *contra Gentiles*, tells, beſides the breakings in of the ſea in ſeveral places, and many fires that happened, of the earthquakes in particular, which he reckons as ſymptomes of Julian's perſecution. And to this I may add, Socr. l. iii. c. 10, who in the reign of Valens, that notorious Chriſtian perſecutor, ſaith, at the ſame time there was an earthquake in Bithynia, which ruined the city of Nice, (that ſame in which that general council was held under Conſtantine) and a little after there was another. "But although theſe ſo happened, the minds "of Valens and of Eudoxius, the biſhop of the Arrians, "were not at all ſtirred up unto piety, and a right opi-"nion of religion:" for "nevertheleſs they never ceaſed, "made no end of perſecuting thoſe who in their creed "diſſented from them. Thoſe earthquakes ſeemed to be "certain indications of tumult in the church." All which put together, could not but make me reflect upon the late earthquakes, great, by how much more unuſual, here in England, thorow ſo many counties ſince Chriſtmas, at the ſame time when the clergy, ſome of them, were ſo buſy in their cabals, to promote this (I would give it a modeſter name than) perſecution, which is now on foot againſt the Diſſenters; at ſo unſeaſonable a time, and upon no occaſion adminiſtred by them, that thoſe who com-

prehend the reaſons, yet cannot but wonder at the wiſdome of it. Yet I am not neither one of the moſt credulous nickers or applyers of natural events to humane tranſactions: but neither am I ſo ſecure as the learned Dr. Spencer, nor can walk along the world without having ſome eye to the conjunctures of God's admirable providence. Neither was Marcus Aurelius (that I may return to my matter) negligent as to this particular. But he, obſerving, as Antoninus had, the earthquakes, that in an expedition againſt the Germans and Sarmatians, his army being in deſpair almoſt for want of water, the *Melitine* (afterwards from the event called the *thundring*) legion, which conſiſted of Chriſtians, kneeled down in the very heat of their thirſt and fight, praying for rain, which poſture the enemyes wondring at, immediately there brake out ſuch a thundring and lightning, as together with the Chriſtian valour, routed the adverſe army, but ſo much rain fell therewith, as refreſhed Aurelius his forces that were at the laſt gaſp for thirſt; he thenceforward commanded by his letters, "that upon pain of death none ſhould inform againſt the "Chriſtians," as Tertullian, in his Apology for the Chriſtians, witneſſes. But who would have believed that even Commodus, ſo great a tyrant otherwiſe, ſhould have been ſo favourable as to make a law, "that the informers againſt "Chriſtians ſhould be puniſhed with death?" Yet he did, and the informer againſt Apollonius was by it executed.

Much leſs could a man have thought that, that prodigy of cruelty, Maximine, and who exerciſed it ſo ſeverely upon the Chriſtians, ſhould, as he did, being ſtruck with God's hand, publiſh when it was too late, edict after edict, in great favour of the Chriſtians. But above all, nothing could have been leſs expected than that, after thoſe Heathen emperours, the firſt Chriſtian Conſtantine ſhould have been ſeduced by the biſhops, to be, after them, the firſt occaſion of perſecution, ſo contrary to his own excellent inclination: 'twas then that he ſpake his own mind, when he ſaid, Euſeb. *de vita* Conſt. 69. "You ought to retain within "the bounds of your private thoughts thoſe things, which "you cunningly and ſubtly ſeek out concerning moſt "frivolous queſtions." And then much plainer, c. 67. where he ſaith ſo wiſely, "You are not ignorant that the "philoſophers all of them do agree in the profeſſion of the "ſame diſcipline, but do oftentimes differ in ſome part of "the opinions which they dogmatize in; but yet, although "they do diſſent about the diſcipline that each ſeveral ſect "obſerveth, they nevertheleſs reconcile themſelves again "for the ſake of that common profeſſion to which they "have concurred." But againſt compulſion in religious matters ſo much every where, that it is needleſs to inſert one paſſage. And he being of this diſpoſition, and univerſally famous for his care and countenance of the Chriſtian religion. Euſebius ſaith theſe words: "While the "people

" people of God did glory and heighten itſelf in the doing " of good things, and all fear from without was taken " away, and the church was fortified, as I may ſay, on " all ſides, by a peaceable and illuſtrious tranquillity, then " envy lying in wait againſt our proſperity, craftily crept " in, and began firſt to dance in the midſt of the company " of biſhops :" ſo goes on, telling the hiſtory of Alexander and Arrius. I have been before large enough in that relation, wherein it appeared that, contrary to that great emperours pious intention, whereas " envy began to dance " among the biſhops firſt," the good Conſtantine brought them the fiddles. But it appeared likewiſe how ſoon he was weary of the ball, and towards his latter end, as princes often do upon too late experience, would have redreſſed all, and returned to his natural temper. Of the other Chriſtian emperours I likewiſe diſcourſed, omitting, that I might inſert in this place, how the great Heathen philoſopher Themiſtius, in his conſular oration, celebrated Jovianus for having given that toleration in Chriſtian religion, and thereby defeated the *flattering* biſhops, which ſort of men, ſaith he, wittily, " do not worſhip God, but " the imperial purple."

It was the ſame Themiſtius that, only out of an upright natural apprehenſion of things, made that excellent oration afterward to Valens, which is in print, exhorting him to ceaſe

ceaſe perſecution: wherein he chances upon, and improves the ſame notion with Conſtantine's, and tells him, "That "he ſhould not wonder at the diſſents in the Chriſtian "religion, which were very ſmall, if compared with "the multitude and crowd of opinions among the Gen- "tile philoſophers, for there were at leaſt three hundred "differences, and a very great diſſention among them "there was about their reſolutions, unto which each ſeveral "ſect was as it were neceſſarily bound up and obliged: "and that God ſeemed to intend more to illuſtrate his "own glory by that diverſe and unequal variety of opi- "nions, to the end every each one might therefore ſo "much the more reverence his Divine Majeſty, becauſe "it is not poſſible for any one accurately to know him." And this had a good effect upon Valens, for the mitigating in ſome meaſure his ſeverities againſt his fellow Chriſtians. So that after having caſt about, in this ſummary again, (whereby it plainly appears, that according to natural right and the apprehenſion of all ſober Heathen governours, Chriſtianity, as a religion, was wholly exempt from the magiſtrates juriſdiction or lawes, farther than any particular perſon among them immorally tranſgreſſed, as others, the common rules of humane ſociety) I cannot but return to the queſtion with which I begun. What was the matter? How came it about that Chriſtianity, which approved itſelf under all perſecutions to the Heathen

emperours, and merited their favour ſo far, till at laſt it regularly ſucceeded to the monarchy, ſhould, under thoſe of their own profeſſion, be more diſtreſſed? But the anſwer is now much ſhorter and certainer; and I will adventure boldly to ſay, the true and ſingle cauſe then was the biſhops. And they were the cauſe againſt reaſon. For what power had the emperours by growing Chriſtians, more than thoſe had before them? None. What obligation were Chriſtian ſubjects under to the magiſtrate more than before? None. But the magiſtrates Chriſtian authority was, what the Apoſtle deſcribed it while Heathen, *not to be a terror to good works, but to evil.* What new power had the biſhops acquired, whereby they turned every *pontificate* into a *Caiaphat?* None neither. 2 Cor. x. 8. Had they been Apoſtles, *the Lord had but given them authority for edification, not for deſtruction.* They, of all other, ought to have preached to the magiſtrate the terrible denunciations in Scripture againſt uſurping upon and perſecuting of Chriſtians. They, of all others, ought to have laid before them the horrible examples of God's ordinary juſtice againſt thoſe that exerciſed perſecution. But, provided they could be the ſwearers of the prince to do all due allegiance to the church, and to preſerve the rights and liberties of the church, however they came by them, they would give him as much ſcope as he pleaſed in matter of Chriſtianity, and would be the firſt to ſolicite him to break the laws of Chriſt,

Chriſt, and ply him with hot places of Scripture, in order to all manner of oppreſſion and perſecution in civils and ſpirituals. So that the whole buſineſs how this unchriſtian tyranny came, and could entitle itſelf among Chriſtians, againſt the Chriſtian priviledges, was only the caſe in Zech. xiii. 6, 7. *And one ſhall ſay unto him, what are theſe wounds in thy hands? then he ſhall anſwer, thoſe with which I was wounded in the houſe of my friends.* Becauſe they were all Chriſtians, they thought forſooth, they might make the bolder with them, make bolder with Chriſt, and wound him again in the hands and feet, of his members. Becauſe they were friends, they might uſe them more coarſely, and abuſe them, againſt all common civility, in their own houſe, which is a protection to ſtrangers. And all this to the end that a biſhop might ſit with the prince in a *junto*, to conſult wiſely how to preſerve him from thoſe people that never meant him any harm, and to ſecure him from the ſedition and rebellion of men that neither ſeek, nor think, any thing more but to follow their own religious Chriſtian worſhip. It was indeed as ridiculous a thing to the Pagans to ſee that work, as it was afterwards in England to ſtrangers, where Papiſts and Proteſtants went both to wrack at the ſame inſtant, in the ſame market, and when Eraſmus ſaid wittily, *quid agitur in Angliâ? Conſulitur* (he might have added, though not ſo elegantly, *comburitur) de religione.* Becauſe they knew

that Chriſtian worſhip was free by Chriſt's inſtitution, they procured the magiſtrate to make laws in it concerning things unneceſſary. As the Heathen perſecutor Julian introduced ſome bordering Pagan ceremonyes, and arguing with themſelves in the ſame manner as he did, Soz. l. v. c. 16, that "if Chriſtians ſhould obey thoſe lawes, they ſhould "be able to bring them about to ſomething further which "they had deſigned. But if they would not, then they "might proceed againſt them without any hope of pardon, "as breakers of the laws of the empire, and repreſent "them as turbulent and dangerous to the government." Indeed, whatſoever the Animadverter ſaith of the act of ſeditious conventicles here in England, as if it were anvilled after another of the Roman ſenate, the Chriſtians of thoſe ages had all the fineſt tooles of perſecution out of Julian's ſhop, and ſtudied him then as curiouſly as ſome do now Machiavel. Theſe biſhops it was who, becauſe the rule of Chriſt was incompatible with the power that they aſſumed, and the vices they practiſed, had no way to render themſelves neceſſary or tolerable to princes, but by making true piety difficult, by innovating laws to revenge themſelves upon it, and by turning makebates between prince and people, inſtilling dangers of which themſelves were the authors. Hence it is that having awakened this jealouſy once in the magiſtrate againſt religion, they made both the ſecular and the eccleſiaſtical

government

government ſo uneaſy to him, that moſt princes began to look upon their ſubjects as their enemies, and to imagine a reaſon of ſtate different from the intereſt of their people: and therefore to weaken themſelves by ſeeking unneceſſary and grievous ſupports to their authority. Whereas if men could have refrained this cunning, and from thence forcible, governing of Chriſtianity, leaving it to its own ſimplicity, and due liberty, but cauſing them in all other things to keep the king's and Chriſt's peace among themſelves and towards others, all the ill that could have come of it would have been, that ſuch kind of biſhops ſhould have proved leſs implemental, but the good that muſt have thence riſen to the Chriſtian magiſtrate and the church, then and ever after, would have been inexpreſſible.

But this diſcourſe having run in a manner wholly upon the impoſition of creeds, may ſeem not to concern (and I deſire that it may not reflect upon) our clergy, nor the controverſies which have ſo unhappily vexed our church, ever ſince the reign of Edward the Sixth unto this day. Only, if there might ſomething be picked out of it towards the compromiſing of thoſe differences (which I have not from any performance of mine the vanity to imagine) it may have uſe as an argument *a majori ad minus*, their diſputes having riſen only from that of creeds, ours from the impoſition only of ceremonies, which are of much

much inferior conſideration. Faith being neceſſary, but ceremonies diſpenſable. Unleſs our church ſhould lay the ſame weight upon them as the Animadverter has done thorow his whole ſtudious chapter on that ſubject, and becauſe, p. 34, " this is the time of her ſettlement, that " there is a church at the end of every mile, that the " ſovereign powers ſpread their wings to cover and protect " her, that kings and queens are her nurſing fathers and " nurſing mothers, that ſhe hath ſtately cathedrals," there be ſo many arguments now to make ceremonies neceſſary: which may all be anſwered with one queſtion that they uſe to aſk children, *Where are you proud?* But I ſhould rather hope from the wiſdom and Chriſtianity of the preſent guides of our church, that they will (after an age and more, after ſo long a time almoſt as thoſe primitive biſhops I have ſpoke of, yet ſuffered the Novatian biſhops in every dioceſs) have mercy on the nation, that hath been upon ſo ſlender a matter as the ceremonies and liturgy ſo long, ſo miſerably haraſſed. That they will have mercy upon the king, whom they know, againſt his natural inclination, his royal intention, his many declarations, they have induced to more ſeverities, than all the reigns ſince the Conqueſt will contain if ſummed up together: who may, as Conſtantine among his private devotions put up one collect to the biſhops. Euſeb. *de vita* Conſt. c. 70. *Date igitur mihi dies tranquillos & noctes curarum expertes.*

And it runs thus almoſt altogether *verbatim* in that hiſtorian. "Grant, moſt merciful biſhop and prieſt, that I "may have calm days, and nights free from care and mo- "leſtation; that I may live a peaceable life in all godly- "neſs and honeſty for the future by your good agreement; "which, unleſs you vouchſafe me, I ſhall waſte away my "reign in perpetual ſadneſs and vexation. For as long as "the people of God ſtands divided by ſo unjuſt and per- "nicious a contention, how can it be that I can have any "eaſe in my own ſpirit? Open therefore by your good "agreement, the way to me, that I may continue my "expedition towards the Eaſt; and grant that I may ſee "both you and all the reſt of my people, having laid aſide "your animoſities, rejoycing together, that we may all "with one voice give laud and glory, for the common "good agreement and liberty, to God Almighty for ever. "Amen." But if neither the people, nor his majeſty enter into their conſideration, I hope it is no unreaſonable requeſt that they will be merciful unto themſelves, and have ſome reverence at leaſt for *The Naked Truth* of Hiſtory, which either in their own times will meet with them, or in the next age overtake them: that they, who are ſome of them ſo old that, as confeſſors, they were the ſcars of the former troubles, others of them ſo young, that they are free from all the motives of revenge and hatred, ſhould yet joyn in reviving the former perſecutions upon

upon the pretences, yea, even themſelves, in a turbulent, military, and uncanonical manner, execute laws of their own procuring, and depute their inferior clergy to be the informers. I ſhould rather hope to ſee, not only that controverſy ſo ſcandalous, aboliſhed, but that alſo, upon ſo good an occaſion as the author of *The Naked Truth* hath adminiſtred them, they will inſpect their clergy, and cauſe many things to be corrected, which are far more ruinous in the conſequence than the diſpenſing with a ſurplice. I ſhall mention ſome too confuſedly, as they occur to my pen, at preſent, reſerving much more for better leiſure. Methinks it might be of great edification, that thoſe of them who have ample poſſeſſions ſhould be in a good ſenſe *multas inter opes inopes.* That they would inſpect the canons of the ancient councils, where are many excellent ones for the regulation of the clergy. I ſaw one, looking but among thoſe of the ſame council of Nice, againſt any biſhops removing from a leſs biſhoprick to a greater, nor that any of the inferior clergy ſhould leave a leſs living for a fatter. That is, methinks, the moſt natural uſe of general or any councils, to make canons, as it were by-laws for the ordering of their own ſociety; but they ought not to take out, much leſs forge any patent to invade and prejudice the community. It were good that the greater churchmen relyed more upon themſelves, and their own direction, not building too much upon ſtripling chaplains:

chaplains: that men may not ſuppoſe the maſter (as one that has a good horſe or a fleet hound) attributes to himſelf the vertues of his creature. That they inſpect the morals of the clergy: the moral hereticks do the church more harm than all the Nonconformiſts can do, or can wiſh it. That before they admit men to ſubſcribe the Thirty-nine Articles for a benefice, they try whether they know the meaning. That they would much recommend to them the reading of the Bible. 'Tis a very good book, and if a man read it carefully, will make him much wiſer. That they would adviſe them to keep the Sabbath: if there were no morality in the day, yet there is a great deal of prudence in the obſerving it. That they would inſtruct thoſe that came for holy orders and livings; that it is a terrible vocation they enter upon, but that has indeed the greateſt reward. That to gain a ſoul is beyond all the acquiſts of traffick; and to convert an atheiſt, more glorious than all the conqueſts of the ſouldier. That, betaking themſelves to this ſpiritual warfare, they ought to diſintangle from the world. That they do not ride for a benefice, as if it were for a fortune or a miſtreſs, but there is more in it. That they take the miniſtry up not as a trade, and, becauſe they have heard of Whittington, in expectation that the bells may ſo chime, that they come in their turns to be lord mayors of Lambeth. That they make them underſtand, as well as they can, what is the

grace of God. That they do not come into the pulpit too full of fuſtian or logick; a good life is a clergyman's beſt ſyllogiſm, and the quainteſt oratory: and 'till they outlive 'em they will never get the better of the Fanaticks, nor be able to preach with demonſtration of ſpirit, or with any effect or authority. That they be lowly minded, and no railers.

And particularly, that the archdeacon of Canterbury being in ill humour upon account of his Eccleſiaſtical Policy, may not continue to revenge himſelf upon the innocent Walloons there, by ruining their church, which ſubſiſts upon the eccleſiaſtical power of his majeſty, and ſo many of his royal predeceſſors.

But theſe things require greater time, and to enumerate all that is amiſs, might perhaps be as endleſs as to number the people: nor are they within the ordinary ſphere of my capacity, and our *Expoſer* will think I have forgot him; I ſhall take my leave of him for the preſent, being only troubled to find out a compliment for ſo civil a perſon. It muſt be thus.

I will not ſay as Popilius ſaid to Antiochus, nor as Demoſthenes ſaid to Eſchines, nor as the moſt learned P. Ærodius, or the jeſuite Gaſpar Schottus ſaid to the Animadverter, nor as Dolabella ſaid to Cicero, nor as the Chriſtian

Chriſtian Cicero ſaid to the Engliſh Parliament, nor as the Roman centurion ſaid to the Roman enſign: but I will ſay ſomething like what Leonas (that preſided from Conſtantius at the council at Seleucia, when they made an endleſs diſputing to no purpoſe) ſaid to them, not, *abite igitur & in eccleſiâ nugas agite*, but, good Mr. *Expoſer*, what do you loytering like an idle ſcholar, and animadverting here in town? Get you home again, or it were better for you, and expoſe and animadvert as long as you will, at your own college.

But as to a new book freſh come out, intitled, *The Author of the Naked Truth ſtripped naked* (to the *fell*, or to the ſkin) that hieroglyphical quibble of the *great gun*, on the title page, will not excuſe biſhop Gunning. For his ſermon is ſtill expected.

But to the judicious and ſerious reader, to whom I wiſh any thing I have ſaid may have given no unwelcome entertainment, I ſhall only ſo far juſtify myſelf, that I thought it no leſs concerned me to vindicate the laity from the impoſitions that the *few* would force upon them, than him to defend thoſe impoſitions on behalf of the clergy. And moreover I judged myſelf moſt proper for the work, it not being fit that ſo ſlight a pamphlet as his ſhould be anſwered by any man of great abilities. For the reſt, I take *The Naked Truth* to have been part of that effect which reverend Mr.

Hooker foretold, Pref. to Eccl. Policy, p. 10. "The time "will come when three words, uttered with charity and "meekneſs, ſhall receive a far more bleſſed reward, than "three thouſand volumes written with diſdainful ſharpneſs "of wit." And I ſhall conclude with him in his cloſe; "I truſt in the Almighty, that with us contentions are now "at the higheſt float, and that the day will come (for what "cauſe is there of deſpair?) *when* the paſſions of former "enmity being allayed, men ſhall with ten times redoubled "tokens of unfainedly reconciled love, ſhew themſelves "each to other the ſame which Joſeph and the brethren of "Joſeph were at the time of their interview in Egypt." And upon this condition, "let my book alſo" (yea, myſelf, if it were needful) "be burnt by the hand of the" *Animadverter*.

THE

THE

DEDICATION

OF

THE LEGACY

OF

The Right Rev. Father in God HERBERT (CROFT) Lord Biſhop of HEREFORD, to his Dioceſs.

Licenſed January 1678. Publiſhed 1679.

To all within my Dioceſs, eſpecially thoſe of the City of HEREFORD.

" DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,

" 'TIS now a year and a half ſince in my cathedral I " told you my ſad apprehenſions of Popiſh deſigns " to deſtroy both us and our religion: for though no par- " ticular diſcovery could then be made, yet the diſcourſes " and actings of ſeveral Papiſts in theſe parts did plainly " ſhow they were then preparing that which is now diſco- " vered. For they were then providing horſe and arms, " they poſted about day and night, they threatened many, " that they muſt e'er long turn or burn, and ſome told their " friends, that if it came to cutting of throats, they ſhould

" be

" be ſaved; which made it evident, not only that they had " ſome bloody deſign, but thought themſelves alſo ſure to " effect it. Whereupon I beſought you to arm yourſelves " for the day of tryal, and preached a ſermon to that effect; " and afterwards, the better to ſtrengthen you againſt the " incurſion of Popiſh ſuperſtitious doctrines, I preached " ſeveral ſermons, how you were to ſtick cloſe to the Scrip- " tures, God's holy word, which was our only rule of faith. " And not knowing what kind of paſtor you might have " after my death, whether a Proteſtant paſtor, not well " verſed in ſuch matters, or a Popiſh paſtor, wholly devoted " to them; I reſolved at my deceaſe to leave you theſe " ſermons as a legacy. For my great age of ſeventy-five " years paſt aſſuring me, according to 2 Peter i. 14, 15, " *that ſhortly I muſt put off this my tabernacle*, I will endea- " vour that you may be able after my deceaſe to have theſe " things always in remembrance. But now I have a new " and farther reaſon to haſten this my legacy to you, be- " cauſe I hear my bloody enemies, the *Jeſuitical prieſts*, " are reſolved, as ſoon as they can find opportunity, to " haſten my death. This hath made me ſpeed theſe ſer- " mons to the preſs, leſt I and they fall into their hands, " who will give the ſame ſpeedy end to both. And the " truth of what I now deliver to you, *I truſt*, by God's " aſſiſting grace, *to ſeal with my blood*, if he call me to it; " *for then I know he will enable me for it.* And though I

" am a weak carnal worm of myſelf, not able to do any
" thing, yet, by God's powerful grace I may, and I hope
" I ſhall be enabled to do all things: for he hath ſaid, *I*
" *will never leave thee nor forſake thee.* And therefore
" I moſt humbly and moſt readily commit the keeping of
" my ſoul to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator.
" His will be done. *Amen.*"

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By ANDREW MARVELL.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

UPON THE HILL AND GROVE AT BILLBOROW.

TO THE LORD FAIRFAX.

SEE how the arched earth does here
Riſe in a perfect hemiſphere!
The ſtiffeſt compaſs could not ſtrike
A line more circular and like;
Nor ſofteſt pencil draw a brow
So equall as this hill does bow.
It ſeems as for a model laid,
And that the world by it was made.
Here learn, ye mountains more unjuſt,
Which to abrupter greatneſs thruſt,
Which do, with your hook-ſhoulder'd height,
The earth deform, and heaven fright,

For whoſe excreſcence, ill deſign'd,
Nature muſt a new centre find;
Learn here thoſe humble ſteps to tread,
Which to ſecurer glory lead.
See what a ſoft acceſs, and wide,
Lies open to its graſſy ſide;
Nor with the rugged path deters
The feet of breathleſs travellers.
See then how courteous it aſcends,
And all the way it riſes, bends;
Nor for itſelf the height does gain,
But only ſtrives to raiſe the plain.
Yet, thus it all the field commands,
And in unenvy'd greatneſs ſtands,
Diſcerning farther than the cliff
Of heaven-daring Teneriff.
How glad the weary ſeamen haſt,
When they ſalute it from the maſt!
By night, the northern ſtar their way
Directs, and this no leſs by day.
Upon its creſt, this mountain grave,
A plume of aged trees does wave.
No hoſtile hand does e'er invade,
With impious ſteel, the ſacred ſhade;
For ſomething always did appear
Of the GREAT MASTER's terror there:
And men could hear his armour ſtill,
Rattling through all the grove and hill.
Fear of the MASTER, and reſpect
Of the great nymph, did it protect;

VERA,

VERA, the nymph, that him inſpir'd,
To whom he often here retir'd,
And on theſe oaks ingrav'd her name:
Such wounds alone theſe woods became.
But ere he well the barks could part,
'Twas writ already in their heart.
For they, 'tis credible, have ſenſe,
As we, of love and reverence,
And underneath the coarſer rind,
The genius of the houſe do bind.
Hence they ſucceſſes ſeem to know,
And in their Lord's advancement grow;
But in no memory were ſeen,
As under this, ſo ſtreight and green.
Yet now no farther ſtrive to ſhoot,
Contented, if they fix their root:
Nor to the wind's uncertain guſt,
Their prudent heads too far intruſt.
Only ſometimes a flutt'ring breeze
Diſcourſes with the breathing trees;
Which in their modeſt whiſpers name
Thoſe acts which ſwell'd the cheeks of Fame.
Much other groves, ſay they, than theſe,
And other hills, him once did pleaſe.
Through groves of pikes he thunder'd then,
And mountains rais'd of dying men.
For all the civic garlands due
To him, our branches are but few.
Nor are our trunks enough to bear
The trophies of one fertile year.

'Tis

'Tis true, the trees, nor ever ſpoke
More certain oracles in oak.
But peace (if you his favour prize)
That courage its own praiſes flies.
Therefore to your obſcurer ſeats,
From his own brightneſs he retreats:
Nor he the hills, without the groves,
Nor height, but with retirement, loves.

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*APPLETON HOUSE.

TO THE LORD FAIRFAX.

WITHIN this ſober frame expect
Work of no foreign architect;
That unto caves the quarries drew,
And foreſts did to paſtures hew;
Who, of his great deſign in pain,
Did for a model vault his brain,
Whoſe columns ſhould ſo high be rais'd
To arch the brows which on them gaz'd.
Why ſhould, of all things, man, unrul'd,
Such unproportion'd dwellings build?
The beaſts are by their dens expreſs'd;
And birds contrive an equal neſt:

* A houſe of the Lord Fairfax, in Yorkſhire, now called Nun-Appleton.

The

The low-roof'd tortoiſes do dwell
In caſes fit of tortoiſe-ſhell:
No creature loves an empty ſpace;
Their bodies meaſure out their place.
But he, ſuperfluouſly ſpread,
Demands more room alive than dead;
And in his hollow palace goes,
Where winds, as he, themſelves may loſe.
What need of all this marble cruſt,
T'impark the wanton mole of duſt,
That thinks by breadth the world t'unite,
Though the firſt builders fail'd in height?
But all things are compoſed here,
Like nature, orderly, and near;
In which we the dimenſions find
Of that more ſober age and mind,
When larger-ſized men did ſtoop
To enter at a narrow loop;
As practiſing, in doors ſo ſtrait,
To ſtrain themſelves through heaven's gate.
And ſurely, when the after-age
Shall hither come in pilgrimage,
Theſe ſacred places to adore,
By VERE and FAIRFAX trod before,
Men will diſpute how their extent
Within ſuch dwarfiſh confines went.
And ſome will ſmile at this, as well
As Romulus his bee-like cell.
Humility alone deſigns
Thoſe ſhort, but admirable lines,

By which, ungirt and unconſtrain'd,
Things greater are in leſs contain'd.
Let others vainly ſtrive t'immure
The circle in the quadrature!
Theſe holy mathematics can
In ev'ry figure equal man.
Yet thus the laden houſe does ſweat,
And ſcarce indures the maſter great;
But where he comes the ſwelling hall
Stirs, and the ſquare grows ſpherical;
More by his magnitude diſtreſs'd,
Than he is by its ſtraitneſs preſs'd:
And too officiouſly it ſlights,
That in itſelf, which him delights.
So honour better lowneſs bears,
Than that unwonted greatneſs wears.
Height with a certain grace does bend,
But low things clowniſhly aſcend.
And yet what need there here excuſe,
Where ev'ry thing does anſwer uſe?
Where neatneſs nothing can condemn,
Nor pride invent what to contemn?
A ſtately frontiſpiece of poor,
Adorns without the open door:
Daily new furniture of friends,
No leſs the rooms within commends.
The houſe was built upon the place,
Only, as for a mark of grace;
And for an inn to entertain
Its Lord awhile, but not remain.

Him, Biſhop's-hill, or Denton may,
Or Bilborow, better hold than they:
But nature here hath been ſo free,
As if ſhe ſaid, 'Leave this to me.'
Art would more neatly have defac'd,
What ſhe had laid ſo ſweetly waſte;
In fragrant gardens, ſhady woods,
Deep meadows, and tranſparent floods.
While, with ſlow eyes, we theſe ſurvey,
And on each pleaſant footſtep ſtay,
We opportunely may relate
The progreſs of this houſe's fate.
A nunnery firſt gave it birth,
(For virgin buildings oft brought forth)
And all that neighbour-ruin ſhows
The quarries whence this dwelling roſe.
Near to this gloomy cloiſter's gates,
There dwelt the blooming virgin THWATES;
Faire beyond meaſure, and an heir,
Which might deformity make fair.
And oft ſhe ſpent the ſummer's ſuns
Diſcourſing with the ſubtle Nuns.
Whence, in theſe words, one to her weav'd,
As 'twere by chance, thoughts long conceiv'd.
'Within this holy leiſure, we
'Live innocently, as you ſee.
'Theſe walls reſtrain the world without,
'But hedge our liberty about.
'Theſe bars incloſe that wider den
'Of thoſe wild creatures, called men.

'The cloiſter outward ſhuts its gates,
'And, from us, locks on them the grates.
'Here we, in ſhining armour white,
'Like virgin amazons do fight.
'And our chaſte lamps we hourly trim,
'Leſt the great bridegroom find them dim.
'Our orient breaths perfumed are
'With incenſe of inceſſant pray'r:
'And holy-water of our tears
'Moſt ſtrangely our complexion clears.
'Not tears of grief; but ſuch as thoſe
'With which calm pleaſure overflows;
'Or pity, when we look on you
'That live without this happy vow.
'How ſhould we grieve muſt we be ſeen,
'Each one a ſpouſe, and each a queen;
'Who can in heaven hence behold
'Our brighter robes and crowns of gold!
'When we have prayed all our beads,
'Some one the holy legend reads!
'While all the reſt with needles paint
'The face and graces of the Saint.
'But what the linen can't receive,
'They in their lives do interweave.
'This work the Saints beſt repreſents;
'That ſerves for altar's ornaments.
'But much it to our work would add,
'If here your hand, your face, we had:
'By it we would our Lady touch;
'Yet thus ſhe you reſembles much.

'Some

'Some of your features, as we ſow'd,
'Through ev'ry ſhrine ſhould be beſtow'd.
'And in one beauty, we would take
'Enough, a thouſand Saints to make.
'And (for I dare not quench the fire
'That me does for your good inſpire)
''Twere ſacrilege a man t'admit
'To holy things, for heaven fit.
'I ſee the angels, in a crown,
'On you the lilies ſhow'ring down;
'And round about you, glory breaks,
'That ſomething more than human ſpeaks.
'All beauty, when at ſuch a height,
'Is ſo already conſecrate.
'FAIRFAX I know; and long ere this
'Have mark'd the youth, and what he is.
'But can he ſuch a rival ſeem,
'For whom, you heav'n ſhould diſeſteem?
'Ah, no! and 'twould more honour prove
'He your devoto were than Love.
'Here live beloved and obey'd:
'Each one your ſiſter, each your maid.
'And if our rule ſeem ſtrictly penn'd,
'The rule itſelf to you ſhall bend.
'Our Abbeſs too, now far in age,
'Doth your ſucceſſion near preſage.
'How ſoft the yoke on us would lye,
'Might ſuch fair hands, as yours, it tye?
'Your voice, the ſweeteſt of the choir,
'Shall draw heav'n nearer, raiſe us higher.

'And your example, if our head,
'Will ſoon us to perfection lead.
'Thoſe virtues to us all ſo dear,
'Will ſtraight grow ſanctity when here:
'And that, once ſprung, increaſe ſo faſt,
'Till miracles it work at laſt.
'Nor is our order yet ſo nice,
'Delight to baniſh as a vice:
'Here Pleaſure Piety doth meet,
'One perfecting the other ſweet.
'So through the mortal fruit we boil
'The ſugar's uncorrupting oil:
'And that which periſh'd while we pull,
'Is thus preſerved clear and full.
'For ſuch indeed are all our arts,
'Still handling Nature's fineſt parts.
'Flow'rs dreſs the altars; for the cloaths
'The ſea-born amber we compoſe;
'Balms for the griev'd we draw; and paſtes
'We mould as baits for curious taſtes.
'What need is here of man? unleſs
'Theſe as ſweet ſins we ſhould confeſs,
'Each night among us to your ſide
'Appoint a freſh and virgin bride!
'Whom, if our Lord at midnight find,
'Yet neither ſhould be left behind.
'Where you may lie as chaſte in bed,
'As pearls together billeted.
'All night embracing, arm in arm,
'Like cryſtal pure, with cotton warm.

'But

'But what is this to all the ſtore
'Of joys you ſee, and may make more!
'Try but awhile, if you be wiſe:
'The trial neither coſts nor ties."
Now, FAIRFAX, ſeek her promis'd faith;
Religion that diſpenſed hath;
Which ſhe henceforward does begin;
The Nun's ſmooth tongue has ſuck'd her in.
Oft, though he knew it was in vain,
Yet would he valiantly complain.
'Is this that ſanctity ſo great,
'An art by which you finelyer cheat?
'Hypocrite witches, hence avaunt,
'Who, though in priſon, yet inchant!
'Death only can ſuch thieves make faſt,
'As rob, though in the dungeon caſt.
'Were there but, when this houſe was made,
'One ſtone that a juſt hand had laid,
'It muſt have fall'n upon her head
'Who firſt thee from thy faith miſled.
'And yet, how well ſoever meant,
'With them 'twould ſoon grow fraudulent;
'For like themſelves they alter all,
'And vice infects the very wall.
'But ſure thoſe buildings laſt not long,
'Founded by folly, kept by wrong.
'I know what fruit their gardens yield,
'When they it think by night conceal'd.
'Fly from their vices. 'Tis thy ſtate,
'Not thee, that they would conſecrate.

'Fly

'Fly from their ruin. How I fear,
'Though guiltleſs, leſt thou periſh there.'
What ſhould he do? He would reſpect
Religion, but not right neglect:
For firſt, religion taught him right,
And dazzled not, but clear'd his ſight.
Sometimes reſolv'd, his ſword he draws,
But reverenceth then the laws:
For juſtice ſtill that courage led;
Firſt from a judge, then ſoldier bred.
Small honour would be in the ſtorm;
The Court him grants the lawful form,
Which licens'd either peace or force,
To hinder the unjuſt divorce.
Yet ſtill the Nuns his right debarr'd,
Standing upon their holy guard.
Ill-counſell'd women, do you know
Whom you reſiſt, or what to do?
Is not this he, whoſe offspring fierce
Shall fight through all the univerſe;
And with ſucceſſive valour try
France, Poland, either Germany;
Till one, as long ſince prophecy'd,
His horſe through conquer'd Britain ride?
Yet, againſt fate, his ſpouſe they kept;
And the great race would intercept.
Some to the breach, againſt their foes,
Their wooden Saints in vain oppoſe.
Another bolder, ſtands at puſh,
With their old holy-water bruſh.

While

While the disjointed Abbeſs threads
The gingling chain-ſhot of her beads.
But their loud'ſt cannon were their lungs;
And ſharpeſt weapons were their tongues.
But, waving theſe aſide, like flies!
Young FAIRFAX through the wall does riſe.
Then th' unfrequented vault appear'd,
And ſuperſtitious, vainly fear'd.
The relicks falſe were ſet to view;
Only the jewels there were true:
But truly bright and holy THWATES,
That weeping at the altar waits.
But the glad youth away her bears,
And to the Nuns bequeaths her tears:
Who guiltily their prize bemoan,
Like gipſies who a child have ſtol'n.
Thenceforth (as when th' inchantment ends,
The caſtle vaniſhes or rends)
The waſting cloiſter, with the reſt,
Was, in one inſtant, diſpoſſeſs'd.
At the demoliſhing this ſeat,
To FAIRFAX fell, as by eſcheat.
And what both Nuns and Founders will'd,
'Tis likely better thus fulfill'd.
For if the virgin prov'd not theirs,
The cloiſter yet remained hers.
Though many a Nun there made her vow,
'Twas no religious houſe till now.
From that bleſs'd bed, the hero came,
Whom France and Poland yet does fame:

Who, when retired here to peace,
His warlike ſtudies could not ceaſe;
But laid theſe gardens out, in ſport,
In the juſt figure of a fort;
And with five baſtions it did fence,
As aiming one for every ſenſe.
When in the eaſt the morning ray
Hangs out the colours of the day,
The bee through theſe known allies hums,
Beating the dian with its drums.
Then flow'rs their drowſy eyelids raiſe,
Their ſilken enſigns each diſplays,
And dries its pan yet dank with dew,
And fills its flaſk with odours new.
Theſe, as their Governor goes by,
In fragrant vollies they let fly;
And to ſalute their Governeſs
Again as great a charge they preſs:
None for the virgin nymph; for ſhe
Seems with the flow'rs, a flow'r to be.
And think ſo ſtill! though not compare
With breath ſo ſweet, or cheek ſo fair.
Well ſhot, ye firemen! Oh how ſweet,
And round your equal fires do meet;
Whoſe ſhrill report no ear can tell,
But echos to the eye and ſmell.
See how the flow'rs, as at parade,
Under their colours ſtand diſplay'd:
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip, pink, and roſe.

But

But when the vigilant patrole
Of ſtars walk round about the pole,
Their leaves, which to the ſtalks are curl'd,
Seem to their ſtaves the enſigns furl'd.
Then in ſome flow'rs beloved hut,
Each bee, as centinel, is ſhut;
And ſleeps ſo too; but, if once ſtirr'd,
She runs you through, nor aſks the word.
Oh thou, that dear and happy iſle,
The garden of the world e'er while,
Thou Paradiſe of four ſeas,
Which heaven planted us to pleaſe,
But, to exclude the world, did guard
With watry, if not flaming ſword;
What luckleſs apple did we taſte,
To make us mortal, and thee waſte?
Unhappy! ſhall we never more
That ſweet militia reſtore,
When gardens only had their towers,
And all the garriſons were flowers;
When roſes only arms might bear,
And men did roſy garlands wear?
Tulips, in ſeveral colours barr'd,
Were then the Switzers of our guard.
The gardner had the ſoldier's place,
And his more gentle forts did trace.
The nurſery of all things green
Was then the only magazine.
The winter quarters were the ſtoves,
Where he the tender plants removes.

But war all this doth overgrow:
We ord'nance plant, and powder ſow.
And yet there walks one on the ſod,
Who, had it pleaſed him and God,
Might once have made our gardens ſpring,
Freſh as his own, and flouriſhing.
But he preferr'd to the Cinque Ports,
Theſe five imaginary forts;
And, in thoſe half-dry trenches, ſpann'd
Pow'r which the ocean might command.
For he did, with his utmoſt ſkill,
Ambition weed, but conſcience till.
Conſcience, that heaven-nurſed plant,
Which moſt our earthly gardens want.
A prickling leaf it bears, and ſuch
As that which ſhrinks at ev'ry touch;
But flow'rs eternal, and divine,
Which in the crowns of Saints do ſhine.
The ſight does from theſe baſtions ply,
Th' inviſible artillery:
And at proud Cawood Caſtle ſeems
To point the battery of its beams;
As if it quarrel'd in the ſeat,
Th' ambition of his prelate great.
But o'er the meads below it plays,
Or innocently ſeems to gaze.
And now to the abyſs I paſs
Of that unfathomable graſs,
Where men like graſhoppers appear,
But graſhoppers are giants there:

Thev

They, in their ſqueeking laugh, contemn
Us as we walk more low than them:
And from the precipices tall,
Of the green ſpires, to us do call.
To ſee men through this meadow dive,
We wonder how they riſe alive.
As, under water, none does know
Whether he falls through it, or go.
But, as the mariners who ſound,
And ſhow upon their lead the ground,
They bring up flow'rs ſo to be ſeen,
And prove they've at the bottom been.
No ſcene, that turns with engines ſtrange,
Does oftner than theſe meadows change;
For when the ſun the graſs hath vex'd,
The tawney mowers enter next;
Who ſeem like Iſraelites to be,
Walking on foot through a green ſea.
To them the graſſy deeps divide,
And croud a lane to either ſide.
With whiſtling ſcythe, and elbow ſtrong,
Theſe maſſacre the graſs along;
While one, unknowing, carves the rail,
Whoſe yet unfeather'd quills her fail.
The edge all bloody from its breaſt
He draws, and does his ſtroke deteſt;
Fearing the fleſh, untimely mov'd,
To him a fate as black forbode.
But bloody Theſtylis, that waits
To bring the mowing camp their cates,

Greedy as kites, has truſt it up,
And forthwith means on it to ſup:
When on another quick ſhe lights,
And cries, he call'd us Iſraelites;
But now, to make his ſaying true,
Rails rain for quails, for manna dew.
Unhappy birds! what does it boot
To build below the graſs's root;
When lowneſs is unſafe as height,
And chance o'ertakes what 'ſcapeth ſpight?
And now your orphan parent's call
Sounds your untimely funeral.
Death trumpets creak in ſuch a note,
And 'tis the ſourdine in their throat.
Or ſooner hatch, or higher build;
The mower now commands the field;
In whoſe new traverſe ſeemeth wrought
A camp of battle newly fought:
Where, as the meads with hay, the plain
Lies quilted o'er with bodies ſlain:
The women that with forks it fling,
Do repreſent the pillaging.
And now the careleſs victors play,
Dancing the triumphs of the hay;
Where every mower's wholeſome heat
Smells like an ALEXANDER's ſweat *.
Their females fragrant as the mead
Which they in fairy circles tread:

When

* It is reported of Alexander the Great, that, when he was in a ſweat, an aromatic perfume iſſued from his body.

When at their dance's end they kiſs,
Their new-made hay not ſweeter is.
When, after this, 'tis pil'd in cocks,
Like a calm ſea it ſhews the rocks;
We wond'ring in the river near
How boats among them ſafely ſteer.
Or, like the deſart Memphis' ſand,
Short pyramids of hay do ſtand.
And ſuch the Roman camps do riſe
In hills for ſoldiers obſequies.
This ſcene, again withdrawing, brings
A new and empty face of things;
A levell'd ſpace, as ſmooth and plain,
As cloths for LILLY * ſtretch'd to ſtain.
The world when firſt created ſure
Was ſuch a table raſe and pure.
Or rather ſuch is the Toril,
Ere the bulls enter at Madril.
For to this naked equal flat,
Which levellers take pattern at,
The villagers in common chaſe
Their cattle, which it cloſer raſe;
And what below the ſcythe increas'd
Is pinch'd yet nearer by the beaſt.
Such, in the painted world, appear'd
Davenant, with th' univerſal herd.
They ſeem within the poliſh'd graſs
A landſkip drawn in looking glaſs.

And

* An eminent cloth dyer.

And ſhrunk in the huge paſture, ſhow
As ſpots, ſo ſhap'd, on faces do.
Such fleas, ere they approach the eye,
In multiplying glaſſes lie.
They feed ſo wide, ſo ſlowly move,
As conſtellations do above.
Then, to conclude theſe pleaſant acts,
Denton ſets ope' its cataracts;
And makes the meadow truly be
(What it but ſeem'd before) a ſea.
For, jealous of its Lord's long ſtay,
It tries t'invite him thus away.
The river in itſelf is drown'd,
And iſles th' aſtoniſh'd cattle round.
Let others tell the paradox,
How eels now bellow in the ox;
How horſes at their tails do kick,
Turn'd, as they hang, to leeches quick:
How boats can over bridges ſail;
And fiſhes to the ſtables ſcale.
How ſalmons treſpaſſing are found;
And pikes are taken in the pound.
But I, retiring from the flood,
Take ſanctuary in the wood;
And, while it laſts, myſelf imbark
In this yet green, yet growing ark;
Where the firſt carpenter might beſt
Fit timber for his keel have preſs'd:
And where all creatures might have ſhares
Although in armies not, in pairs.

The

The double wood, of ancient ſtocks,
Link'd in ſo thick an union, locks,
It like two pedigrees appears,
On one hand FAIRFAX, t'other VERES:
Of whom though many fell in war,
Yet more to heaven ſhooting are:
And, as they Nature's cradle deck'd,
Will, in green age, her hearſe expect.
When firſt the eye this foreſt ſees,
It ſeems indeed as wood, not trees;
As if their neighbourhood ſo old
To one great trunk them all did mold.
There the huge bulk takes place, as meant
To thruſt up a fifth element;
And ſtretches ſtill ſo cloſely wedg'd,
As if the night within were hedg'd.
Dark all without it knits; within,
It opens paſſable and thin;
And in as looſe an order grows,
As the Corinthian porticoes.
The arching boughs unite between
The columns of the temple green;
And underneath the winged quires
Echo about their tuned fires.
The nightingale does here make choice
To ſing the trials of her voice.
Low ſhrubs ſhe ſits in, and adorns
With muſick high the ſquatted thorns.
But higheſt oaks ſtoop down to hear,
And liſt'ning elders prick the ear.

The

The thorn, leſt it ſhould hurt her, draws
Within the ſkin its ſhrunken claws.
But I have for my muſick found
A ſadder, yet more pleaſing ſound;
The ſtock-doves, whoſe fair necks are grac'd
With nuptial rings, their enſigns chaſte;
Yet always, for ſome cauſe unknown,
Sad pair, unto the elms they moan.
O why ſhould ſuch a couple mourn,
That in ſo equal flames do burn!
Then as I careleſs on the bed
Of gelid ſtrawberries do tread,
And through the hazles thick eſpy
The hatching thruſtle's ſhining eye,
The heron, from the aſh's top,
The eldeſt of its young lets drop,
As if it ſtork-like did pretend
That tribute to its Lord to ſend.
But moſt the hewel's wonders are,
Who here has the holtfelſter's care.
He walks ſtill upright from the root,
Meas'ring the timber with his foot;
And all the way, to keep it clean,
Doth from the bark the wood-moths glean.
He, with his beak, examines well
Which fit to ſtand, and which to fell.
The good he numbers up, and hacks;
As if he mark'd them with an ax.
But where he, tinkling with his beak,
Does find the hollow oak to ſpeak,

That for his building he deſigns,
And through the tainted ſide he mines.
Who could have thought the talleſt oak
Should fall by ſuch a feeble ſtroke?
Nor would it, had the tree not fed
A traitor worm, within it bred.
(As firſt our fleſh, corrupt within,
Tempts impotent and baſhful ſin.)
And yet that worm triumphs not long,
But ſerves to feed the hewel's young.
While the oak ſeems to fall content,
Viewing the treaſon's puniſhment.
Thus, I, eaſy philoſopher,
Among the birds and trees confer;
And little now to make me wants
Or of the fowls, or of the plants.
Give me but wings as they, and I
Streight floating on the air ſhall fly;
Or turn me but, and you ſhall ſee
I was but an inverted tree.
Already I begin to call
In their moſt learn'd original;
And where I language want, my ſigns
The bird upon the bough divines;
And more attentive there doth ſit
Than if ſhe were with lime twigs knit.
No leaf does tremble in the wind,
Which I returning cannot find.
Out of theſe ſcatter'd Sibyl's leaves,
Strange prophecies my fancy weaves;

And in one hiſtory conſumes,
Like Mexique paintings, all the plumes.
What Rome, Greece, Paleſtine, e'er ſaid,
I in this light Moſaic read.
Thrice happy he, who, not miſtook,
Hath read in nature's myſtic book.
And ſee how chance's better wit
Could with a maſk my ſtudies hit!
The oak leaves me embroider all,
Between which caterpillars crawl:
And ivy, with familiar trails,
Me licks and claſps, and curls and hales.
Under this Attic cope I move,
Like ſome great prelate of the grove.
Then, languiſhing with eaſe, I toſs
On pallets ſwoln of velvet moſs;
While the wind, cooling through the boughs,
Flatters with air my panting brows.
Thanks for my reſt, ye moſſy banks,
And unto you, cool zephyrs, thanks,
Who, as my hair, my thoughts too ſhed,
And winnow from the chaff my head.
How ſafe, methinks, and ſtrong, behind
Theſe trees, have I incamp'd my mind;
Where beauty, aiming at the heart,
Bends in ſome tree its uſeleſs dart;
And where the world no certain ſhot
Can make, or me it toucheth not,
But I on it ſecurely play,
And gall its horſemen all the day.

Bind

Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines,
Curl me about, ye gadding vines,
And oh ſo cloſe your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place;
But, leſt your fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your ſilken bondage break,
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
And, courteous briars, nail me through.
Here in the morning tie my chain,
Where the two woods have made a lane;
While, like a guard on either ſide,
The trees before their Lord divide;
This, like a long and equal thread,
Betwixt two labyrinths does lead.
But, where the floods did lately drown,
There at the ev'ning ſtake me down.
For now the waves are fall'n and dry'd,
And now the meadows freſher dy'd;
Whoſe graſs, with moiſter colour daſh'd,
Seems as green ſilks but newly waſh'd.
No ſerpent new, nor crocodile,
Remains behind our little Nile;
Unleſs itſelf you will miſtake,
Among theſe meads the only ſnake.
See in what wanton harmleſs folds,
It ev'ry where the meadow holds;
And its yet muddy back doth lick,
'Till as a cryſtal mirrour ſlick;
Where all things gaze themſelves, and doubt
If they be in it, or without.

And for his ſhade which therein ſhine
Narciſſus like, the ſun too pines.
Oh what a pleaſure 'tis to hedge
My temples here with heavy ſedge;
Abandoning my lazy ſide,
Stretch'd as a bank unto the tide;
Or to ſuſpend my ſliding foot
On th' oſier's undermined root,
And in its branches tough to hang,
While at my lines the fiſhes twang!
But now away my hooks, my quills
And angles, idle utenſils.
The young MARIA walks to-night:
Hide, trifling youth, thy pleaſures ſlight:
'Twere ſhame that ſuch judicious eyes
Should with ſuch toys a man ſurprize;
She that already is the law
Of all her ſex, her age's awe.
See how looſe nature, in reſpect
To her, itſelf doth recollect;
And every thing ſo wiſh'd and fine,
Starts forth with it to its *bonne mine*.
The ſun himſelf of her aware,
Seems to deſcend with greater care;
And leſt ſhe ſee him go to bed,
In bluſhing clouds conceals his head.
So when the ſhadow's laid aſleep,
From underneath theſe banks do creep,
And on the river, as it flows,
With ebon ſhuts begins to cloſe;

The

The modeſt halcyon comes in ſight,
Flying betwixt the day and night;
And ſuch an horror calm and dumb,
Admiring nature does benumb.
The viſcous air, where'er ſhe fly,
Follows and ſucks her azure dye;
The jellying ſtream compacts below,
If it might fix her ſhadow ſo;
The ſtupid fiſhes hang, as plain
As flies in cryſtal overta'en:
And men the ſilent ſcene aſſiſt,
Charm'd with the ſaphire-winged miſt.
MARIA ſuch, and ſo doth huſh
The world, and through the ev'ning ruſh.
No new-born comet ſuch a train
Draws through the ſky, nor ſtar new ſlain.
For ſtreight thoſe giddy rockets fail,
Which from the putrid earth exhale,
But by her flames, in heaven try'd,
Nature is wholly vitrify'd.
'Tis ſhe, that to theſe gardens gave
That wond'rous beauty which they have;
She ſtraightneſs on the woods beſtows;
To her the meadow ſweetneſs owes;
Nothing could make the river be
So cryſtal-pure, but only ſhe.
She yet more pure, ſweet, ſtraight, and fair,
Than gardens, woods, meads, rivers are.
Therefore what firſt ſhe on them ſpent,
They gratefully again preſent.

The meadow carpets where to tread;
The garden flow'rs to crown her head;
And for a glaſs the limpid brook,
Where ſhe may all her beauties look;
But, ſince ſhe would not have them ſeen,
The wood about her draws a ſcreen.
For ſhe to higher beauties rais'd,
Diſdains to be for leſſer prais'd.
She counts her beauty to converſe
In all the languages as hers;
Nor yet in thoſe herſelf imploys,
But for the wiſdom not the noiſe;
Nor yet that wiſdom would affect,
But as 'tis heaven's dialect.
Bleſt nymph! that couldſt ſo ſoon prevent
Thoſe trains by youth againſt thee meant;
Tears (watry ſhot that pierce the mind;)
And ſighs (love's cannon charg'd with wind;)
True praiſe (that breaks through all defence;)
And feign'd complying innocence;
But knowing where this ambuſh lay,
She ſcap'd the ſafe, but rougheſt way.
This 'tis to have been from the firſt
In a domeſtic heaven nurs'd,
Under the diſcipline ſevere
Of FAIRFAX, and the ſtarry VERE:
Where not one object can come nigh
But pure, and ſpotleſs as the eye;
And goodneſs doth itſelf intail
On females, if there want a male.

Go

Go now, fond ſex, that on your face
Do all your youthleſs ſtudy place,
Nor once at vice your brows dare knit,
Leſt the ſmooth forehead wrinkled ſit:
Yet your own face ſhall at you grin,
Thorough the black bag of your ſkin;
When knowledge only could have fill'd,
And virtue all thoſe furrows till'd.
Hence ſhe with graces more divine
Supplies beyond her ſex the line;
And, like a ſprig of miſletoe,
On the Fairfacian oak does grow;
Whence, for ſome univerſal good,
The prieſt ſhall cut the ſacred bud;
While her glad parents moſt rejoice,
And make their deſtiny their choice.
Mean time, ye fields, ſprings, buſhes, flow'rs,
Where yet ſhe leads her ſtudious hours
(Till Fate her worthily tranſlates,
And find a FAIRFAX for our THWATES)
Employ the means you have by her,
And in your kind yourſelves prefer;
That, as all virgins ſhe precedes,
So you all woods, ſtreams, gardens, meads.
For thou Theſſalian Tempe's ſeat,
Shall now be ſcorn'd as obſolete;
Aranjeuz, as leſs, diſdain'd;
The Bel-Retiro, as conſtrain'd;
But name not the Idalian grove,
For 'twas the ſeat of wanton love;

Nor

Nor e'en the dead's Elyſian fields,
Yet not to them your beauty yields.
'Tis not, as once appear'd, the world,
A heap confus'd together hurl'd;
All negligently overgrown,
Gulphs, deſarts, precipices, ſtone.
Your leſſer world contains the ſame,
But in more decent order tame;
You Heaven's centre, Nature's lap;
And Paradiſe's only map.
And now the ſalmon-fiſhers moiſt,
Their leathern boats begin to hoiſt;
And, like Antipodes in ſhoes,
Have ſhod their heads in their canoes.
How tortoiſe like, but not ſo ſlow,
Theſe rational amphibii go!
Let's in; for the dark hemiſphere
Does now like one of them appear,

THE

THE CORONET.

WHEN with the thorns with which I long, too long,
With many a piercing wound,
My Saviour's head have crown'd,
I ſeek with garlands to redreſs that wrong;
Through every garden, every mead,
I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs)
Diſmantling all the fragrant towers
That once adorn'd my ſhepherdeſs's head.
And now, when I have ſumm'd up all my ſtore,
Thinking (ſo I myſelf deceive)
So rich a chaplet thence to weave
As never yet the King of Glory wore;
Alas! I find the Serpent old,
Twining in his ſpeckled breaſt,
About the flow'rs diſguis'd does fold,
With wreaths of fame and intereſt.
Ah fooliſh man, that woud'ſt debaſe with them,
And mortal glory, Heav'ns diadem!
But thou who only could'ſt the Serpent tame,
Either his ſlipp'ry knots at once untie,
And diſintangle all his winding ſnare;
Or ſhatter too with him my curious frame;
And let theſe wither ſo that he may die,
Though ſet with ſkill, and choſen out with care.
That they, while thou on both their ſpoils doſt tread,
May crown thy feet, that could not crown thy head.

EYES AND TEARS.

HOW wiſely Nature did decree,
With the ſame eyes to weep and ſee!
That, having view'd the object vain,
They might be ready to complain.
And, ſince the ſelf-deluding ſight,
In a falſe angle takes each height,
Theſe tears which better meaſure all,
Like wat'ry lines and plummets fall.
Two tears, which ſorrow long did weigh,
Within the ſcales of either eye,
And then paid out in equal poiſe,
Are the true price of all my joys.
What in the world moſt fair appears,
Yea, even laughter, turns to tears:
And all the jewels which we prize,
Melt in theſe pendants of the eyes.
I have through every garden been,
Amongſt the red, the white, the green;
And yet from all thoſe flow'rs I ſaw,
No honey, but theſe tears could draw.
So the all-ſeeing ſun each day,
Diſtils the world with chymic ray;
But finds the eſſence only ſhowers,
Which ſtraight in pity back he pours.
Yet happy they whom grief doth bleſs,
That weep the more, and ſee the leſs;
And, to preſerve their ſight more true,
Bathe ſtill their eyes in their own dew.

So Magdalen in tears more wiſe
Diſſolv'd thoſe captivating eyes,
Whoſe liquid chains could flowing meet,
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
Not full ſails haſting loaden home,
Nor the chaſte lady's pregnant womb,
Nor Cynthia teeming ſhews ſo fair,
As two eyes, ſwoln with weeping, are.
The ſparkling glance that ſhoots deſire,
Drench'd in theſe waves, does loſe its fire.
Yea oft the Thund'rer pity takes,
And here the hiſſing lightning ſlakes.
The incenſe was to heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear!
And ſtars ſhew lovely in the night,
But as they ſeem the tears of light.
Ope then, mine eyes, your double ſluice,
And practiſe ſo your nobleſt uſe;
For others too can ſee, or ſleep;
But only human eyes can weep.
Now, like two clouds diſſolving, drop,
And at each tear, in diſtance ſtop:
Now, like two fountains, trickle down:
Now like two floods o'er-run and drown:
Thus let your ſtreams o'erflow your ſprings,
Till eyes and tears be the ſame things;
And each the other's difference bears;
Theſe weeping eyes, thoſe ſeeing tears.

BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
In th' ocean's boſom uneſpy'd;
From a ſmall boat, that row'd along,
The liſt'ning winds receiv'd this ſong.

What ſhould we do but ſing his praiſe,
That led us through the wat'ry maze,
Unto an iſle ſo long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge ſea-monſters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs.
He lands us on a graſſy ſtage,
Safe from the ſtorms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal ſpring,
Which here enamels every thing;
And ſends the fowls to us in care,
On daily viſits thro' the air.
He hangs in ſhades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night.
And does in the pomegranates cloſe,
Jewels more rich than Ormus ſhows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet;
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples plants of ſuch a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars choſen by his hand,
From Lebanon, he ſtores the land.

And

And makes the hollow ſeas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergreaſe on ſhore.
He caſt (of which we rather boaſt)
The Goſpel's pearl upon our coaſt.
And in theſe rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to ſound his name.
Oh! let our voice his praiſe exalt,
'Till it arrive at heaven's vault;
Which, then (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.

Thus ſung they, in the Engliſh boat,
An holy and a chearful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

CLORINDA AND DAMON.

CLORINDA.

DAMON, come drive thy flocks this way.

DAMON.

No: 'tis too late they went aſtray.

CLORINDA.

I have a graſſy ſcutcheon ſpy'd,
Where Flora blazons all her pride.
The graſs I aim to feaſt thy ſheep;
The flow'rs I for thy temples keep.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Graſs withers, and the flow'rs too fade.

CLORINDA.

Seize the ſhort joys then, ere they vade.
Seeſt thou that unfrequented cave?

DAMON.

That den?

CLORINDA.

Love's ſhrine.

DAMON.

But virtue's grave.

CLORINDA.

In whoſe cool boſom we may lye,
Safe from the ſun.

DAMON.

Not heaven's eye.

CLORINDA.

Near this, a fountain's liquid bell
Tinkles within the concave ſhell.

DAMON.

Might a foul bathe there, and be clean,
Or ſlake its draught?

CLORINDA.

What is't you mean?

DAMON.

Clorinda, paſtures, caves, and ſprings,
Theſe once had been inticing things.

CLORINDA.

CLORINDA.

And what late change?

DAMON.

The other day
Pan met me.

CLORINDA.

What did great Pan ſay?

DAMON.

Words that tranſcend poor ſhepherd's ſkill.
But he e'er ſince my ſongs does fill;
And his name ſwells my ſlender oat.

CLORINDA.

Sweet muſt Pan ſound in Damon's note.

DAMON.

Clorinda's voice might make it ſweet.

CLORINDA.

Who would not in Pan's praiſes meet?

CHORUS.

Of Pan the flow'ry paſtures ſing,
Caves echo, and the fountains ring.
Sing then while he doth us inſpire;
For all the world is our Pan's quire.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE SOUL AND BODY.

SOUL.

O Who ſhall from this dungeon raiſe
A ſoul inſlav'd ſo many ways?
With bolts of bones, that fetter'd ſtands
In feet, and manacled in hands.
Here blinded with an eye, and there
Deaf with the drumming of an ear,
A ſoul hung up, as 'twere, in chains
Of nerves, and arteries, and veins.
Tortur'd, beſides each other part,
In a vain head, and double heart.

BODY.

O who ſhall me deliver whole,
From bonds of this tyrannic ſoul?
Which ſtretch'd upright, impales me ſo,
That mine own precipice I go;
And warms and moves this needleſs frame;
(A fever could but do the ſame.)
And, wanting where its ſpight to try,
Has made me live to let me dye.
A body that could never reſt,
Since this ill ſpirit it poſſeſs'd.

SOUL.

What magic could me thus confine
Within another's grief to pine?

Where

Where, whatſoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain.
And all my care itſelf imploys,
That to preſerve, which me deſtroys;
Conſtrain'd not only to endure
Diſeaſes, but, what's worſe, the cure;
And ready oft the port to gain,
Am ſhipwreck'd into health again.

BODY.

But phyſick yet could never reach
The maladies thou me doſt teach;
Whom firſt the cramp of hope does tear;
And then the palſy, ſhakes, of fear.
The peſtilence of love does heat:
Or hatred's hidden ulcer eat.
Joy's chearful madneſs does perplex;
Or ſorrow's other madneſs vex;
Which knowledge forces me to know;
And memory will not forego.
What but a ſoul could have the wit
To build me up for ſin ſo fit?
So architects do ſquare and hew
Green trees that in the foreſt grew.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers riding by,
Have ſhot my fawn, and it will dye.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didſt alive
Them any harm: alas! nor cou'd
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm ſure I never wiſh'd them ill;
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But, if my ſimple pray'rs may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot dye ſo. Heaven's king
Keeps regiſter of every thing:
And nothing may we uſe in vain,
Ev'n beaſts muſt be with juſtice ſlain;
Elſe men are made their deodands.
Though they ſhould waſh their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean: their ſtain
Is dy'd in ſuch a purple grain.
There is not ſuch another in
The world, to offer for their ſin.

Inconſtant

Inconſtant SYLVIO, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well)
Ty'd in this ſilver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he ſaid then: I'm ſure I do.
Said he, 'Look how your huntſman here
'Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer.'
But SYLVIO ſoon had me beguil'd.
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardleſs of my ſmart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I ſet myſelf to play
My ſolitary time away,
With this: and, very well content,
Could ſo mine idle life have ſpent.
For it was full of ſport; and light
Of foot, and heart; and did invite
Me to its game: it ſeem'd to bleſs
Itſelf in me. How could I leſs
Than love it? O I cannot be
Unkind t'a beaſt that loveth me.

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done ſo
As SYLVIO did; his gifts might be
Perhaps as falſe, or more, than he.
But I an ſure, for ought that I
Could in ſo ſhort a time eſpy,

Thy love was far more better than
The love of falſe and cruel man.

With ſweeteſt milk, and ſugar, firſt
I it at my own fingers nurs'd;
And as it grew, ſo every day
It wax'd more white and ſweet than they.
It had ſo ſweet a breath! And oft
I bluſh'd to ſee its foot more ſoft,
And white, ſhall I ſay than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wond'rous thing how fleet
'Twas on thoſe little ſilver feet.
With what a pretty ſkipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when't had left me far away,
'Twould ſtay, and run again, and ſtay.
For it was nimbler much than hinds;
And trod, as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But ſo with roſes overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it gueſs
To be a little wilderneſs,
And all the ſpring time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have ſought it oft, where it ſhould lye;
Yet could not, till itſelf would riſe,
Find it, altho' before mine eyes.

For,

For, in the flaxen lilies ſhade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roſes it would feed,
Until its lips e'en ſeem'd to bleed;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print thoſe roſes on my lip.
But all its chief delight was ſtill
On roſes thus itſelf to fill;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whiteſt ſheets of lilies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lilies without, roſes within.

O help! O help; I ſee it faint;
And dye as calmly as a ſaint.
See how it weeps! the tears do come,
Sad, ſlowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balſam; ſo
The holy frankincenſe doth flow.
The brotherleſs Heliades
Melt in ſuch amber tears as theſe.

I in a golden vial will
Keep theſe two cryſtal tears; and fill
It, till it doth o'erflow with mine;
Then place it in DIANA's ſhrine.

Now my ſweet fawn is vaniſh'd to
Whither the ſwans and turtles go;
In fair Elyſium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.

O do

O do not run too faſt: for I
Will but beſpeak thy grave, and dye.

Firſt my unhappy ſtatue ſhall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too; but there
Th' engraver ſure his art may ſpare;
For I ſo truely thee bemoan,
That I ſhall weep though I be ſtone;
Until my tears, ſtill dropping, wear
My breaſt, themſelves engraving there.
There at my feet ſhalt thou be laid,
Of pureſt alabaſter made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

YOUNG LOVE.

I.

COME, little infant, love me now
While thine unſuſpected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
From cold jealouſy and fears.

II.

Pretty ſurely 'twere to ſee
By young Love old Time beguil'd;
While our ſportings are as free
As the nurſe's with the child.

III.

Common beauties ſtay fifteen;
Such as yours ſhould ſwifter move;
Whoſe fair bloſſoms are too green
Yet for luſt, but not for love.

IV.

Love as much the ſnowy lamb,
Or the wanton kid, does prize,
As the luſty bull, or ram,
For his morning ſacrifice.

V.

Now then love me: Time may take
Thee before thy time away;
Of this need we'll virtue make,
And learn love before we may.

VI.

So we win of doubtful fate;
And, if good to us ſhe meant,
We that good ſhall antedate;
Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

VII.

Thus do kingdoms, fruſtrating
Other titles to their crown,
In the cradle crown their king,
So all foreign claims to drown.

VIII.

So to make all rivals vain,
Now I crown thee with my love:
Crown me with thy love again,
And we both ſhall monarchs prove.

TO

TO HIS COY MISTRESS.

HAD we but world enough, and time,
This coyneſs, lady, were no crime.
We would ſit down, and think which way
To walk, and paſs our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' ſide
Should'ſt rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I wou'd
Love you ten years before the flood:
And you ſhould, if you pleaſe, refuſe
Till the converſion of the Jews.
My vegetable love ſhould grow
Vaſter than empires and more ſlow.
An hundred years ſhould go to praiſe
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breaſt:
But thirty thouſand to the reſt.
An age at leaſt to every part,
And the laſt age ſhould ſhew your heart.
For, lady, you deſerve this ſtate;
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lye
Deſarts of vaſt eternity.

Thy

Thy beauty ſhall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble vault, ſhall ſound
My echoing ſong: then worms ſhall try
That long preſerv'd virginity:
And your quaint honour turn to duſt;
And into aſhes all my luſt.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy ſkin like morning dew,
And while thy willing ſoul tranſpires
At every pore with inſtant fires,
Now let us ſport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languiſh in his ſlow chap'd pow'r.
Let us roll all our ſtrength, and all
Our ſweetneſs, up into one ball:
And tear our pleaſures with rough ſtrife,
Thorough the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our ſun
Stand ſtill, yet we will make him run.

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVER.

ALAS! how pleaſant are their days,
With whom the infant love yet plays!
Sorted by pairs, they ſtill are ſeen,
By fountains cool, and ſhadows green;
But ſoon theſe flames do loſe their light,
Like meteors of a ſummer's night;
Nor can they to that region climb,
To make impreſſion upon time.
'Twas in a ſhipwreck, when the ſeas
Rul'd, and the winds did what they pleaſe,
That my poor lover floating lay,
And, ere brought forth, was caſt away;
'Till at the laſt the maſter wave
Upon the rock his mother drave;
And there ſhe ſplit againſt the ſtone,
In a Cæſarian ſection.
The ſea him lent theſe bitter tears,
Which at his eyes he always bears;
And from the winds the ſighs he bore,
Which thro' his ſurging breaſt do roar.
No day he ſaw but that which breaks,
Thro' frighted clouds, in forked ſtreaks;
While round the rattling thunder hurl'd,
As at the fun'ral of the world.
While nature to his birth preſents
This maſque of quarrelling elements,

A num'rous fleet of corm'rants black,
That ſail'd inſulting o'er the wreck,
Receiv'd into their cruel care,
Th' unfortunate and abject heir;
Guardians moſt fit to entertain
The orphan of the hurricane.
They fed him up with hopes and air,
Which ſoon digeſted to deſpair.
And as one corm'rant fed him, ſtill
Another on his heart did bill.
Thus, while they famiſh him, and feaſt,
He both conſumed, and increas'd:
And languiſhed with doubtful breath,
Th' amphibium of life and death.
And now, when angry heaven wou'd
Behold a ſpectacle of blood,
Fortune and he are call'd to play
At ſharp before it all the day;
And tyrant Love his breaſt does ply
With all his wing'd artillery;
Whilſt he, betwixt the flames and waves,
Like Ajax, the mad tempeſt braves.
See how he nak'd and fierce does ſtand,
Cuffing the thunder with one hand;
While with the other he does lock,
And grapple, with the ſtubborn rock;
From which he with each wave rebounds,
Torn into flames, and ragg'd with wounds:
And all he ſays, a lover dreſt
In his own blood does reliſh beſt.

This is the only banneret,
That ever love created yet;
Who, tho' by the malignant ſtars,
Forced to live in ſtorms and wars;
Yet dying, leaves a perfume here,
And muſic within every ear;
And he in ſtory only rules,
In a field ſable, a lover gules.

THE GALLERY.

CHLORA, come view my ſoul, and tell
Whether I have contriv'd it well.
How all its ſeveral lodgings lye,
Compos'd into one gallery;
And the great arras-hangings, made
Of various faces, by are laid;
That, for all furniture, you'll find
Only your picture in my mind.
Here thou art painted in the dreſs
Of an inhumane murthereſs;
Examining upon our hearts,
Thy fertile ſhop of cruel arts:
Engines more keen than ever yet
Adorn'd a tyrant's cabinet;
Of which the moſt tormenting are,
Black eyes, red lips, and curled hair.

But,

But, on the other ſide, th' art drawn,
Like to AURORA in the dawn;
When in the eaſt ſhe ſlumb'ring lyes,
And ſtretches out her milky thighs;
While all the morning quire does ſing,
And MANNA falls and roſes ſpring;
And, at thy feet, the wooing doves
Sit perfecting their harmleſs loves.
Like an enchantreſs here thou ſhow'ſt,
Vexing thy reſtleſs lover's ghoſt;
And, by a light obſcure, doſt rave
Over his entrails, in the cave;
Divining thence, with horrid care,
How long thou ſhalt continue fair;
And (when inform'd) them throw'ſt away,
To be the greedy vulture's prey.
But, againſt that, thou ſitt'ſt afloat,
Like VENUS in her pearly boat;
The halcyons, calming all that's nigh,
Betwixt the air and water fly.
Or, if ſome rowling wave appears,
A maſs of ambergreaſe it bears.
Nor blows more wind than what may well
Convoy the perfume to the ſmell.
Theſe pictures, and a thouſand more,
Of thee, my gallery do ſtore,
In all the forms thou can'ſt invent,
Either to pleaſe me, or torment;
For thou alone, to people me,
Art grown a num'rous colony;

And

And a collection choicer far
Than or Whitehall's, or Mantua's were.
But of theſe pictures, and the reſt,
That at the entrance likes me beſt,
Where the ſame poſture, and the look
Remains, with which I firſt was took;
A tender ſhepherdeſs, whoſe hair
Hangs looſely playing in the air,
Tranſplanting flow'rs from the green hill,
To crown her head, and boſom fill.

THE FAIR SINGER.

I.

TO make a final conqueſt of all me,
Love did compoſe ſo ſweet an enemy,
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themſelves in fatal harmony;
That, while ſhe with her eyes my heart does bind,
She with her voice might captivate my mind.

II.

I could have fled from one but ſingly fair;
My diſintangled ſoul itſelf might ſave,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair;
But how ſhould I avoid to be her ſlave,
Whoſe ſubtle art inviſibly can wreath
My fetters of the very air I breathe?

III. It

III.

It had been eaſy fighting in ſome plain,
Where victory might hang in equal choice
But all reſiſtance againſt her is vain,
Who has th'advantage both of eyes and voice,
And all my forces needs muſt be undone,
She having gained both the wind and ſun.

MOURNING.

I.

YOU, that decypher out the fate
Of human offſprings from the ſkies,
What mean theſe infants, which, of late,
Spring from the ſtars of Chlora's eyes?

II.

Her eyes confus'd, and doubled o'er,
With tears ſuſpended ere they flow,
Seem bending upwards, to reſtore
To heaven, whence it came, their woe.

III.

When, molding of the watry ſpheres,
Slow drops unty themſelves away;
As if ſhe with thoſe precious tears,
Would ſtrew the ground where Strephon lay.

IV.

Yet ſome affirm, pretending art,
Her eyes have ſo her boſom drown'd,
Only to ſoften, near her heart,
A place to fix another wound.

V. And,

V.

And, while vain pomp does her reſtrain,
Within her ſolitary bow'r,
She courts herſelf in am'rous rain;
Herſelf both Danae, and the ſhow'r.

VI.

Nay others, bolder, hence eſteem,
Joy now ſo much her maſter grown,
That whatſoever does but ſeem
Like grief, is from her windows thrown.

VII.

Nor that ſhe pays, while ſhe ſurvives,
To her dead love this tribute due;
But caſts abroad theſe donatives,
At the inſtalling of a new.

VIII.

How wide they dream! the Indian ſlaves,
Who ſink for pearl through ſeas profound,
Would find her tears yet deeper waves,
And not of one the bottom ſound.

IX.

I yet my ſilent judgement keep,
Diſputing not what they believe:
But ſure as oft the women weep,
It is to be ſuppos'd they grieve.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

I.

DAPHNIS muſt from Chloe part;
Now is come the diſmal hour,
That muſt all his hopes devour,
All his labour, all his art.

II.

Nature, her own ſex's foe,
Long had taught her to be coy;
But ſhe neither knew t'enjoy,
Nor yet let her lover go.

III.

But, with this ſad news ſurpriz'd,
Soon ſhe let that niceneſs fall;
And would gladly yield to all,
So it had his ſtay compriz'd.

IV.

Nature ſo herſelf does uſe
To lay by her wonted ſtate,
Leſt the world ſhould ſeparate;
Sudden parting cloſer glews.

V.

He well read in all the ways,
By which men their ſiege maintain,
Knew not that, the fort to gain,
Better 'twas the ſiege to raiſe.

VI.

But he came ſo full poſſeſs'd
With the grief of parting thence,
That he had not ſo much ſenſe
As to ſee he might be bleſs'd.

VII.

Till Love in her language breath'd
Words ſhe never ſpake before;
But than legacies no more,
To a dying man bequeath'd.

VIII.

For alas! the time was ſpent;
Now the lateſt minute's run,
When poor Daphnis is undone,
Between joy and ſorrow rent.

IX.

At that *why?* that *ſtay*, my dear,
His diſorder'd locks he tare;
And with rolling eyes did glare,
And his cruel fate forſwear.

X.

As the ſoul of one ſcarce dead,
With the ſhrieks of friends aghaſt,
Looks diſtracted back in haſte,
And then ſtrait again is fled;

XI.

So did wretched Daphnis look,
Frighting her he loved moſt.
At the laſt this lover's ghoſt,
Thus his leave reſolved took.

XII.

Are my hell and heaven join'd,
More to torture him that dies:
Could departure not ſuffice,
But that you muſt then grow kind?

XIII.

Ah! my Chloe, how have I
Such a wretched minute found,
When thy favours ſhould me wound,
More than all thy cruelty?

XIV.

So to the condemned wight,
The delicious cup we fill;
And allow him all he will,
For his laſt and ſhort delight.

XV.

But I will not now begin
Such a debt unto my foe;
Nor to my departure owe,
What my preſence could not win.

XVI.

Abſence is too much alone;
Better 'tis to go in peace,
Than my loſſes to increaſe,
By a late fruition.

XVII.

Why ſhould I inrich my fate?
Tis a vanity to wear,
For my executioner,
Jewels of ſo high a rate.

XVIII.

Rather I away will pine,
In a manly ſtubborneſs,
Than be fatted up expreſs,
For the Cannibal to dine.

XIX.

While this grief does thee diſarm,
All th' enjoyment of our love
But the raviſhment would prove
Of a body dead while warm.

XX.

And I parting ſhould appear,
Like the Gourmand Hebrew dead;
While with quails and manna fed,
He does thro' the deſart err.

XXI.

Or the witch that midnight wakes
For the fern, whoſe magic weed
In one minute caſts the ſeed,
And inviſible him makes.

XXII.

Gentler times for love are meant:
Who for parting pleaſure ſtrain,
Gather roſes in the rain,
Wet themſelves, and ſpoil their ſcent.

XXIII.

Farewel, therefore, all the fruit,
Which I could from love receive:
Joy will not with ſorrow weave,
Nor will I this grief pollute.

XXIV. Fate,

XXIV.

Fate, I come, as dark, as ſad,
As thy malice could deſire;
Yet bring with me all the fire,
That love in his torches had.

XXV.

At theſe words away he broke,
As who long has praying ly'n,
To his head's-man makes the ſign
And receives the parting ſtroke.

XXVI.

But hence virgins all beware,
Laſt night he with Phlogis ſlept;
This night for Dorinda kept;
And but rid to take the air.

XXVII.

Yet he does himſelf excuſe;
Nor indeed without a cauſe:
For, according to the laws,
Why did Chloe once refuſe?

THE DEFINITION OF LOVE.

I.

MY Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis, for object, ſtrange and high;
It was begotten by deſpair,
Upon impoſſibility.

II.

Magnanimous deſpair alone,
Could ſhow me ſo divine a thing,
Where feeble hope could ne'er have flown,
But vainly flap'd its tinſel wing.

III.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended ſoul is fix'd;
But fate does iron wedges drive,
And always crowds itſelf betwixt.

IV.

For fate with jealous eye does ſee
Two perfect loves; nor lets them cloſe;
Their union would her ruin be,
And her tyrannic pow'r depoſe.

V.

And therefore her decrees of ſteel,
Us as the diſtant poles have plac'd,
(Tho' Love's whole world on us doth wheel)
Not by themſelves to be embrac'd

VI. Unleſs

VI.

Unleſs the giddy heaven fall,
And earth ſome new convulſion tear;
And, us to joyn, the world ſhould all
Be crampt into a planiſphere.

VII.

As lines, ſo Loves, oblique may well
Themſelves in every angle greet:
But ours ſo truly parallel,
Though infinite, can never meet.

VIII.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
But fate ſo enviouſly debars,
Is the conjunction of the mind,
And oppoſition of the ſtars.

THE PICTURE OF T. C. IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS.

I.

SEE with what ſimplicity
This nymph begins her golden days!
In the green graſs ſhe loves to lye,
And there with her fair aſpect tames
The wilder flow'rs, and gives them names:
But only with the roſes plays,
And them does tell
What colours beſt become them, and what ſmell.

II. Who

II.

Who can foretell for what high cauſe,
This darling of the Gods was born?
Yet this is ſhe whoſe chaſter laws
The wanton Love ſhall one day fear,
And, under her command ſevere,
See his bow broke, and enſigns torn.
Happy who can
Appeaſe this virtuous enemy of man!

III.

O then let me in time compound,
And parly with thoſe conquering eyes;
Ere they have try'd their force to wound,
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
In triumph over hearts that ſtrive,
And them that yield but more deſpiſe.
Let me be laid,
Where I may ſee the glorys from ſome ſhade.

IV.

Mean time, whilſt every verdant thing
Itſelf does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errours of the ſpring:
Make that the tulips may have ſhare
Of ſweetneſs, ſeeing they are fair;
And roſes of their thorns diſarm:
But moſt procure,
That violets may a longer age endure.

V. But

V.

But O, young beauty of the woods,
Whom nature courts with fruits and flow'rs,
Gather the flow'rs, but ſpare the buds;
Leſt FLORA, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Should quickly make the example yours;
And ere we ſee,
Nip, in the bloſſom, all our hopes in thee.

TWO SONGS

ON THE LORD FAUCONBERG, AND THE LADY MARY CROMWELL.

CHORUS, ENDYMION, LUNA.

CHORUS.

TH' aſtrologer's own eyes are ſet,
And even wolves the ſheep forget;
Only this ſhepherd, late and ſoon,
Upon this hill outwakes the moon.
Hark how he ſings, with ſad delight,
Thorough the clear and ſilent night.

ENDYMION.

CYNTHIA, O CYNTHIA, turn thine ear,
Nor ſcorn ENDYMION's plaints to hear.
As we our flocks, ſo you command
The fleecy clouds with ſilver wand.

CYNTHIA.

If thou a mortal, rather ſleep;
And if a ſhepherd, watch thy ſheep.

ENDYMION.

The ſhepherd, ſince he ſaw thine eyes,
And ſheep, are both thy ſacrifice.
Nor merits he a mortal's name,
That burns with an immortal flame.

CYNTHIA.

I have enough for me to do,
Ruling the waves that ebb and flow.

ENDYMION.

Since thou diſdain'ſt not then to ſhare,
On ſublunary things, thy care;
Rather reſtrain theſe double ſeas,
Mine eyes, inceſſant deluges.

CYNTHIA.

My wakeful lamp all night muſt move,
Securing their repoſe above.

ENDYMION.

If therefore thy reſplendent ray
Can make a night more bright than day;
Shine thorough this obſcurer breaſt,
With ſhades of deep deſpair oppreſs'd.

CHORUS.

Courage, ENDYMION, boldly woo,
ANCHISES was a ſhepherd too:
Yet is her younger ſiſter laid
Sporting with him in IDA's ſhade:
And CYNTHIA, though the ſtrongeſt,
Seeks but the honour to have held out longeſt.

ENDYMION.

Here unto Latmos' top I climb:
How far below thine orb ſublime?
O why, as well as eyes to ſee,
Have I not arms that reach to thee?

CYNTHIA.

'Tis needleſs then that I refuſe,
Would you but your own reaſon uſe.

ENDYMION.

Though I ſo high may not pretend,
It is the ſame ſo you deſcend.

CYNTHIA.

Theſe ſtars would ſay I do them wrong,
Rivals each one for thee too ſtrong.

ENDYMION.

Theſe ſtars are fix'd unto their ſphere,
And cannot, though they would, come near.
Leſs loves ſet off each other's praiſe,
While ſtars eclipſe by mixing rays.

CYNTHIA.

That cave is dark.

ENDYMION.

Then none can ſpy:
Or ſhine thou there, and 'tis the ſky.

CHORUS.

Joy to ENDYMION,
For he has CYNTHIA's favour won;
And JOVE himſelf approves
With his ſereneſt influence their loves.

For he did never love to pair
His progeny above the air;
But to be honeſt, valiant, wiſe,
Makes mortals matches fit for deitys.

SECOND SONG.

HOBBINOL, PHILLIS, TOMALIN.

HOBBINOL.

PHILLIS, TOMALIN, away;
Never ſuch a merry day:
For the northern ſhepherd's ſon
Has MENALCAS' daughter won.

PHILLIS.

Stay till I ſome flow'rs have ty'd
In a garland for the bride.

TOMALIN.

If thou would'ſt a garland bring,
PHILLIS, you may wait the ſpring:
They have choſen ſuch an hour
When ſhe is the only flow'r.

PHILLIS.

Let's not, then at leaſt, be ſeen
Without each a ſprig of green.

HOBBINOL.

Fear not; at MENALCAS' hall
There are bays enough for all.
He, when young as we, did graze,
But when old he planted bays.

TOMALIN.

TOMALIN.

Here ſhe comes; but with a look
Far more catching than my hook.
'Twas thoſe eyes, I now dare ſwear,
Led our lambs we knew not where.

HOBBINOL.

Not our lambs own fleeces are
Curl'd ſo lovely as her hair:
Nor our ſheep new waſh'd can be
Half ſo white or ſweet as ſhe.

PHILLIS.

He ſo looks as fit to keep
Somewhat elſe than ſilly ſheep.

HOBBINOL.

Come, let's in ſome carol new
Pay to love and them their due.

'ALL.

Joy to that happy pair,
Whoſe hopes united baniſh our deſpair.
What ſhepherd could for love pretend,
Whilſt all the nymphs on Damon's choice attend
What ſhepherdeſs could hope to wed
Before MARINA's turn were ſped?
Now leſſer beautys may take place,
And meaner virtues come in play;
While they,
Looking from high,
Shall grace
Our flocks and us with a propitious eye.

But

But what is moſt, the gentle ſwain
No more ſhall need of love complain;
But virtue ſhall be beauty's hire,
And thoſe be equal, that have equal fire.
MARINA yields. Who dares be coy?
Or who deſpair, now DAMON does enjoy?
Joy to that happy pair,
Whoſe hopes united baniſh our deſpair.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THYRSIS AND DORINDA.

DORINDA.

WHEN death ſhall ſnatch us from theſe kids,
And ſhut up our divided lids,
Tell me, THYRSIS, prythee do,
Whither thou and I muſt go.

THYRSIS.

To the Elyſium.

DORINDA.

Oh, where is't?

THYRSIS.

A chaſt ſoul can never miſs't.

DORINDA.

I know no way, but one, our home
Is our Elyſium.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Caſt thine eye to yonder ſky,
There the milky way doth lye;
'Tis a ſure, but rugged way,
That leads to everlaſting day.

DORINDA.

There birds may neſt, but how can I,
That have no wings, and cannot fly?

THYRSIS.

Do not ſigh, fair nymph, for fire
Hath no wings, yet doth aſpire
Till it hit againſt the pole,
Heaven's the centre of the ſoul.

DORINDA.

But in Elyſium how do they
Paſs eternity away?

THYRSIS.

O! there's neither hope nor fear,
There's no wolf, no fox, no bear;
No need of dog to fetch our ſtray,
Our Lightfoot we may give away;
And there, moſt ſweetly, may thine ear
Feaſt with the muſick of the ſphere.

DORINDA.

How I my future ſtate,
By ſilent thinking, antedate!
I prythee let us ſpend our time, come,
In talking of Elyſium.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Then I'll go on: there ſheep are full
Of ſofteſt graſs, and ſofteſt wool;
There birds ſing conſorts, garlands grow,
Cool winds do whiſper, ſprings do flow.
There always is a riſing ſun,
And day is ever but begun.
Shepherds there bear equal ſway,
And every nymph's a queen of May.

DORINDA.

Ah me! ah me!

THYRSIS.

DORINDA, why do'ſt cry?

DORINDA.

I'm ſick, I'm ſick, and fain would dye.

THYRSIS.

Convince me now, that this is true;
By bidding, with me, all adieu.

DORINDA.

I cannot live without thee, I
Will for thee, much more with thee, dye.

THYRSIS.

Then let us give CORELLIA charge o'th' ſheep
And thou and I pick poppys, and them ſteep
In wine, and drink of it e'en till we weep,
So ſhall we ſmoothly paſs away in ſleep.

TOM MAY's DEATH.

AS one put drunk into the packet-boat,
Tom May was hurried hence, and did not know't;
But was amaz'd on the Elyſian ſide,
And with an eye uncertain gazing wide,
Could not determine in what place he was,
(From whence, in Steven's ally, trees or graſs?)
Nor where the Pope's-Head, nor the Mitre lay,
Signs by which ſtill he found and loſt his way.
At laſt, while doubtfully he all compares,
He ſaw near hand, as he imagin'd, Ares.
Such did he ſeem for corpulence and port,
But 'twas a man much of another ſort;
'Twas Ben that in the duſky laurel ſhade,
Amongſt the chorus of old poets, laid,
Sounding of antient heroes, ſuch as were
The ſubject's ſafety, and the rebel's fear;
And how a double-headed vulture eats
Brutus and Cassius, the people's cheats.
But ſeeing May, he vary'd ſtraight his ſong,
Gently to ſignify that he was wrong.
* Cups more than civil of Emathian wine,
I ſing (ſaid he) and the Pharſalian ſign,
Where the hiſtorian of the common-wealth,
In his own bowels ſheath'd the conquering health.

* Alluding to the beginning of May's tranſlation of Lucan's Pharſalia.

By this MAY to himſelf and them was come,
He found he was tranſlated, and by whom.
Yet then with foot, as ſtumbling as his tongue,
Preſs'd for his place among the learned throng.
But BEN, who knew not either foe or friend,
Sworn enemy to all that do pretend,
Roſe more than ever he was ſeen ſevere,
Shook his gray locks, and his own bays did tear
At this intruſion. Then with laurel wand,
The awful ſign of his ſupreme command,
At whoſe dread wiſk VIRGIL himſelf does quake,
And HORACE patiently its ſtrokes does take,
As he crowds in, he whip'd him o'er the pate,
Like PEMBROKE at the maſque, and then did rate:

Far from theſe bleſſed ſhades tread back agen,
Moſt ſervile wit, and mercenary pen.
Polydore, Lucan, Allan, Vandal, Goth,
Malignant poet and hiſtorian both.
Go ſeek the novice ſtateſman, and obtrude
On them ſome Roman caſt ſimilitude.
Tell them of liberty, the ſtory's fine,
Until you all grow conſuls in your wine.
Or thou, dictator of the glaſs, beſtow
On him the CATO, this the CICERO:
Transferring old Rome hither in your talk,
As BETHLEM houſe did to LORETTO walk.
Foul architect! that hadſt not eye to ſee
How ill the meaſures of theſe ſtates agree.

And

And who by Rome's example England lay,
Thoſe but to LUCAN do continue MAY;
But thee, nor ignorance, nor ſeeming good
Miſled, but malice fix'd and underſtood.
Becauſe ſome one than thee more worthy wears
The ſacred laurel, hence are all theſe tears.
Muſt therefore all the world be ſet on flame,
Becauſe a Gazette-writer miſs'd his aim?
And for a tankard-bearing muſe muſt we,
As for the baſket, Guelphs and Gibelines be?
When the ſword glitters o'er the judge's head,
And fear has coward churchmen ſilenced,
Then is the poet's time, 'tis then he draws,
And ſingle fights forſaken virtue's cauſe.
He, when the wheel of empire whirleth back,
And tho the world's disjointed axle crack,
Sings ſtill of ancient rights and better times,
Seeks wretched good, arraigns ſucceſsful crimes.
But thou, baſe man, firſt proſtituted haſt,
Our ſpotleſs knowledge, and the ſtudys chaſt;
Apoſtatiſing from our arts and us,
To turn the chronicler to SPARTACUS.
Yet waſt thou taken hence with equal fate,
Before thou couldſt great CHARLES his death relate.
But what will deeper wound thy little mind,
Haſt left ſurviving DAVENANT ſtill behind.
Who laughs to ſee in this thy death renew'd,
Right Roman poverty and gratitude.
Poor poet thou, and grateful ſenate they;
Who thy laſt reckoning did ſo largely pay;

And with the publick gravity would come,
When thou hadſt drunk thy laſt, to lead thee home:
If that can be thy home where SPENSER lies,
And reverend CHAUCER; but their duſt does riſe
Againſt thee, and expels thee from their ſide,
As th'eagle's plumes from other birds divide:
Nor here thy ſhade muſt dwell, return, return,
Where ſulphry PHLEGETON does ever burn.
There CERBERUS with all his jaws ſhall gnaſh,
MEGÆRA thee with all her ſerpents laſh.
Thou riveted unto IXION's wheel,
Shalt break, and the perpetual vulture feel.
'Tis juſt what torments poets e'er did feign,
Thou firſt hiſtorically ſhould ſuſtain.

Thus by irrevocable ſentence caſt,
MAY only maſter of theſe revels paſs'd:
And ſtraight he vaniſh'd in a cloud of pitch,
Such as unto the ſabbath bears the witch.

THE

THE MATCH.

I.

NATURE had long a treaſure made,
Of all her choiceſt ſtore:
Fearing, when ſhe ſhould be decay'd,
To beg in vain for more.

II.

Her orienteſt colours there,
And eſſences moſt pure,
With ſweeteſt perfumes hoarded were,
All, as ſhe thought, ſecure.

III.

She ſeldom them unlock'd, or us'd,
But with the niceſt care;
For, with one grain of them diffus'd,
She could the world repair.

IV.

But likeneſs ſoon together drew,
What ſhe did ſeparate lay;
Of which one perfect beauty grew,
And that was CELIA.

V.

Love wiſely had of long foreſeen,
That he muſt once grow old;
And therefore ſtor'd a magazine,
To ſave him from the cold.

VI.

He kept the ſeveral cells replete
With nitre thrice refin'd;
The naphtha's and the ſulphur's heat,
And all that burns the mind.

VII.

He fortify'd the double gate,
And rarely thither came;
For, with one ſpark of theſe, he ſtraight
All nature could inflame.

VIII.

Till, by vicinity ſo long,
A nearer way they ſought;
And, grown magnetically ſtrong,
Into each other wrought.

IX.

Thus all his fewel did unite
To make one fire high:
None ever burn'd ſo hot, ſo bright:
And, CELIA, that am I.

X.

So we alone the happy reſt,
Whilſt all the world is poor,
And have within ourſelves poſſeſs'd
All love's and nature's ſtore.

THE MOWER AGAINST GARDENS.

LUXURIOUS man, to bring his vice in uſe,
Did after him the world ſeduce;
And from the fields the flowers and plants allure,
Where nature was moſt plain and pure.
He firſt enclos'd within the gardens ſquare
A dead and ſtanding pool of air;
And a more luſcious earth from them did knead,
Which ſtupify'd them while it fed.
The pink grew then as double as his mind;
The nutriment did change the kind.
With ſtrange perfumes he did the roſes taint;
And flowers themſelves were taught to paint.
The tulip white did for complexion ſeek;
And learn'd to interline its cheek:
Its union root they then ſo high did hold,
That one was for a meadow ſold,
Another world was ſearch'd through oceans new,
To find the marble of Peru.
And yet theſe raritys might be allow'd,
To man, that ſov'reign thing and proud;
Had he not dealt between the bark and tree,
Forbidden mixtures there to ſee.
No plant now knew the ſtock from which it came;
He grafts upon the wild the tame;
That the uncertain and adult'rate fruit
Might put the palate in diſpute.

His

His green ſeraglio has its eunuchs too;
Leſt any tyrant him out-do.
And in the cherry he does nature vex,
To procreate without a ſex.
'Tis all enforc'd; the fountain, and the grot;
While the ſweet fields do lye forgot:
Where willing nature does to all diſpence
A wild and fragrant innocence;
And Fauns and fairies do the meadows till,
More by their preſence than their ſkill.
Their ſtatues, poliſh'd by ſome ancient hand,
May to adorn the gardens ſtand:
But howſoe'er the figures do excel,
The Gods themſelves with us do dwell.

DAMON THE MOWER.

HARK how the Mower DAMON ſung,
With love of Juliana ſtung!
While ev'ry thing did ſeem to paint
The ſcene more fit for his complaint.
Like her fair eyes the day was fair;
But ſcorching like his am'rous care.
Sharp, like his ſcythe, his ſorrow was,
And wither'd, like his hopes, the graſs.

Oh what unuſual heats are here,
Which thus our ſun-burn'd meadows fear!

The graſs-hopper its pipe gives o'er;
And hamſtring'd frogs can dance no more:
But in the brook the green frog wades;
And graſs-hoppers ſeek out the ſhades.
Only the ſnake, that kept within,
Now glitters in its ſecond ſkin.
This heat the ſun could never raiſe,
Nor dog ſtar ſo inflame the days;
It from an higher beauty grow'th,
Which burns the fields and mower both;
Which made the dog, and makes the ſun
Hotter than his own Phaeton.
Not July cauſeth theſe extremes,
But Juliana's ſcorching beams.

Tell me where I may paſs the fires
Of the hot day, or hot deſires.
To what cool cave ſhall I deſcend,
Or to what gelid fountain bend?
Alas! I look for eaſe in vain,
When remedys themſelves complain,
No moiſture but my tears do reſt,
Nor cold but in her icy breaſt.

How long wilt thou, fair ſhepherdeſs,
Eſteem me and my preſents leſs?
To thee the harmleſs ſnake I bring,
Diſarmed of its teeth and ſting.
To thee chameleons, changing-hue,
And oak leaves tipt with honey dew.

Yet thou ungrateful haſt not ſought
Nor what they are, nor who them brought.

I am the mower DAMON, known
Through all the meadows I have mown.
On me the morn her dew diſtils
Before her darling daffodils.
And, if at noon my toil me heat,
The ſun himſelf licks off my ſweat;
While going home the ev'ning ſweet
In cowſlip-water baths my feet.
What though the piping ſhepherd ſtock
The plains with an unnumber'd flock,
This ſcythe of mine diſcovers wide
More ground than all his ſheep do hide.
With this the golden fleece I ſhear
Of all theſe cloſes ev'ry year,
And though in wool more poor than they,
Yet am I richer far in hay.

Nor am I ſo deform'd to fight,
If in my ſcythe I looked right;
In which I ſee my picture done,
As in a creſcent moon the ſun.
The deathleſs fairys take me oft
To lead them in their dances ſoft:
And when I tune myſelf to ſing,
About me they contract their ring.

How happy might I ſtill have mow'd,
Had not Love here his thiſtle ſow'd!

But

But now I all the day complain,
Joining my labour to my pain;
And with my ſcythe cut down the graſs,
Yet ſtill my grief is where it was;
But when the iron blunter grows,
Sighing I whet my ſcythe and woes.

While thus he drew his elbow round,
Depopulating all the ground,
And, with his whiſtling ſcythe, does cut
Each ſtroke between the earth and root,
The edged ſteel, by careleſs chance,
Did into his own ankle glance;
And there among the graſs fell down,
By his own ſcythe the mower mown.

Alas! ſaid he, theſe hurts are ſlight
To thoſe that dye by love's deſpight.
With ſhepherd's-purſe, and clowns-all-heal,
The blood I ſtanch and wound I ſeal.
Only for him no cure is found,
Whom Juliana's eyes do wound.
'Tis death alone that this muſt do;
For Death thou art a Mower too.

THE MOWER TO THE GLOW WORMS.

I.

YE living lamps, by whoſe dear light
The nightingale does ſit ſo late,
And ſtudying all the ſummer night,
Her matchleſs ſongs does meditate:

II.

Ye country comets, that portend
No war, nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no other end
Than to preſage the graſs's fall.

III.

Ye Glow-worms, whoſe officious flame
To wandering mowers ſhows the way,
That in the night have loſt their aim,
And after fooliſh fires do ſtray;

IV.

Your courteous lights in vain you waſte,
Since Juliana here is come,
For ſhe my mind hath ſo diſplac'd,
That I ſhall never find my home.

THE MOWER's SONG.

I.

MY mind was once the true ſurvey
Of all theſe meadows freſh and gay;
And in the greenneſs of the graſs
Did ſee its hopes as in a glaſs;
When Juliana came, and ſhe,
What I do to the graſs, does to my thoughts and me.

II.

But theſe, while I with ſorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant ſtill and fine:
That not one blade of graſs you ſpy'd,
But had a flower on either ſide;
When Juliana came, and ſhe,
What I do to the graſs, does to my thoughts and me.

III.

Unthankful meadows, could you ſo
A fellowſhip ſo true forego,
And in your gaudy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet?
When Juliana came, and ſhe,
What I do to the graſs, does to my thoughts and me.

IV.

But what you in compaſſion ought,
Shall now by my revenge be wrought:
And flow'rs, and graſs, and I, and all,
Will in one common ruin fall;
For Juliana comes, and ſhe,
What I do to the graſs, does to my thoughts and me.

V. And

V.

And thus, ye meadows, which have been
Companions of my thoughts more green,
Shall now the heraldry become
With which I ſhall adorn my tomb;
For Juliana comes, and ſhe,
What I do to the graſs, does to my thoughts and me.

AMETAS AND THESTYLIS MAKING HAY-ROPES.

AMETAS.

THINK'ST though that this love can ſtand,
Whilſt thou ſtill doſt ſay me nay?
Love unpaid does ſoon diſband:
Love binds love, as hay binds hay.

THESTYLIS.

Think'ſt thou that this rope would twine,
If we both ſhould turn one way?
Where both partys ſo combine,
Neither love will twiſt, nor hay.

AMETAS.

Thus you vain excuſes find,
Which yourſelf and us delay:
And love tyes a woman's mind,
Looſer than with ropes of hay.

THESTYLIS.

What you cannot conſtant hope
Muſt be taken as you may.

AMETAS.

AMETAS.

Then let's both lay by our rope,
And go kiſs within the hay.

MUSICK's EMPIRE.

FIRST was the world as one great cymbal made,
Where jarring winds to infant nature play'd.
All muſick was a ſolitary ſound,
To hollow rocks and murm'ring fountains bound.
Jubal firſt made the wilder notes agree,
And Jubal tuned Muſick's Jubilee;
He call'd the echos from their ſullen cell,
And built the Organs' city, where they dwell.
Each ſought a conſort in that lovely place,
And virgin trebles wed the manly baſe;
From whence the progeny of numbers new
Into harmonious colonys withdrew.
Some to the lute, ſome to the viol went,
And others choſe the cornet eloquent.
Theſe practiſing the wind, and thoſe the wire,
To ſing man's triumphs, or in heaven's choir.
Then muſic, the moſaic of the air,
Did of all theſe a ſolemn noiſe prepare;
With which ſhe gain'd the empire of the ear,
Including all between the earth and ſphere.

Victorious

Victorious ſounds! yet here your homage do
Unto a gentler conqueror than you;
Who, tho' he flys the muſick of his praiſe,
Would with you heaven's hallelujahs raiſe.

FLECNO, AN ENGLISH PRIEST AT ROME.

OBLIGED by frequent viſits of this man,
Whom as a prieſt, poet, and muſician,
I for ſome branch of Melchizedec took,
(Tho' he derives himſelf from my Lord Brooke)
I ſought his lodging; which is at the ſign
Of the Sad Pelican; ſubject divine
For poetry. There three ſtair-caſes high,
Which ſignifys his triple property,
I found at laſt a chamber, as 'twas ſaid,
But ſeem'd a coffin ſet on the ſtair's head;
Not higher than ſev'n, nor larger than three feet,
There neither was or ceiling, or a ſheet,
Save that th' ingenious door did, as you come,
Turn in, and ſhew to wainſcot half the room:
Yet of his ſtate no man could have complain'd,
There being no bed where he entertain'd;
And tho within one cell ſo narrow pent,
He'd ſtanzas for a whole appartement.

Straight without farther information,
In hideous verſe, he in a diſmal tone,

Begins to exerciſe; as if I were
Poſſeſs'd; and ſure the devil brought me there.
But I, who now imagin'd myſelf brought
To my laſt tryal, in a ſerious thought
Calm'd the diſorders of my youthful breaſt,
And to my martyrdom prepared reſt.
Only this frail ambition did remain,
The laſt diſtemper of the ſober brain,
That there had been ſome preſent to aſſure
The future ages how I did endure:
And how I, ſilent, turn'd my burning ear
Towards the verſe; and when that could not hear,
Held him the other; and unchanged yet,
Aſk'd him for more, and pray'd him to repeat:
Till the tyrant, weary to perſecute,
Left off, and try'd to allure me with his lute.

Now as two inſtruments to the ſame key
Being tun'd by art, if the one touched be,
The other oppoſite as ſoon replys;
Mov'd by the air and hidden ſympathys:
So while he with his gouty fingers crawls
Over the lute, his murmuring belly calls,
Whoſe hungry guts, to the ſame ſtreightneſs twin'd,
In echo to the trembling ſtrings repin'd.

I, that perceiv'd now what his muſick meant,
Aſk'd civilly, if he had eat this Lent?
He anſwered yes; with ſuch, and ſuch an one,
For he has this of gen'rous, that alone
He never feeds; ſave only when he trys
With griſtly tongue to dart the paſſing flys.

I aſk'd if he eat fleſh. And he, that was
So hungry, that tho' ready to ſay maſs,
Would break his faſt before, ſaid he was ſick,
And th' ordnance was only politick.
Nor was I longer to invite him: ſcant
Happy at once to make him Proteſtant,
And ſilent. Nothing now dinner ſtay'd,
But till he had himſelf a body made:
I mean till he were dreſs'd; for elſe ſo thin
He ſtands, as if he only fed had been
With conſecrated wafers; and the hoſt
Hath ſure more fleſh and blood than he can boaſt.
This baſſo relievo of a man,
Who as a camel tall, yet eaſly can
The needle's eye thread without any ſtitch;
His only impoſſible is to be rich.
Leſt his too ſubtle body, growing rare,
Should leave his ſoul to wander in the air.
He therefore circumſcribes himſelf in rhimes;
And ſwaddled in's own papers ſeven times,
Wears a cloſe jacket of poetic buff,
With which he doth his third dimenſion ſtuff.
Thus armed underneath, he over all
Does make a primitive Sotana fall;
And above that yet caſts an antique cloak,
Worn at the firſt council of Antioch;
Which by the Jews long hid, and diſeſteem'd,
He heard of by tradition, and redeem'd.
But were he not in this black habit deck'd,
This half tranſparent man would ſoon reflect

Each colour that he paſt by; and be ſeen,
As the chamelion, yellow, blew, or green.

He dreſs'd, and ready to diſfurniſh now
His chamber, whoſe compactneſs did allow
No empty place for complimenting doubt,
But who came laſt is forc'd firſt to go out;
I meet one on the ſtairs who made me ſtand,
Stopping the paſſage, and did him demand;
I anſwer'd he is here Sir; but you ſee
You cannot paſs to him but thorow me.
He thought himſelf affronted; and reply'd,
I, whom the palace never has deny'd,
Will make the way here; I ſaid Sir you'll do
Me a great favour, for I ſeek to go.
He gathering fury ſtill made ſign to draw;
But himſelf cloſed in a ſcabbard ſaw
As narrow as his ſword's; and I that was
Delighted, ſaid there can no body paſs
Except by penetration hither, where
To make a crowd, nor can three perſons here
Conſiſt but in one ſubſtance. Then, to fit
Our peace, the prieſt ſaid I too had ſome wit;
To prov't, I ſaid, the place doth us invite,
By its own narrowneſs, Sir, to unite.
He aſk'd me pardon; and to make me way
Went down, as I him follow'd to obey.
But the propitiatory prieſt had ſtraight
Oblig'd us, when below, to celebrate
Together our atonement; ſo increas'd
Betwixt us two, the dinner to a feaſt.

Let it ſuffice that we could eat in peace;
And that both poems did, and quarrels, ceaſe
During the table; though my new made friend
Did, as he threatened, ere 'twere long intend
To be both witty and valiant; I loth,
Said 'twas too late, he was already both.

But now, alas! my firſt tormentor came,
Who ſatisfy'd with eating, but not tame,
Turns to recite; though judges moſt ſevere,
After the aſſizes dinner, mild appear,
And on full ſtomach do condemn but few:
Yet he more ſtrict my ſentence doth renew;
And draws out of the black box of his breaſt
Ten quire of paper, in which he was dreſs'd.
Yet that which was a greater cruelty,
Than Nero's poem, he calls charity:
And ſo the Pelican, at his door hung,
Picks out the tender boſom to its young.

Of all his poems there he ſtands ungirt,
Save only two foul copies for his ſhirt;
Yet theſe he promiſes as ſoon as clean:
But how I loath'd to ſee my neighbour glean
Thoſe papers, which he pilled from within
Like white flakes riſing from a leper's ſkin!
More odious than thoſe rags which the French youth
At ordinarys after dinner ſhow'th,
When they compare their chancres and poulains.
Yet he firſt kiſs'd them, and after takes pains

To

To read; and then, becauſe he underſtood
Not one word, thought and ſwore that they were good.
But all his praiſes could not now appeaſe
The provok'd author, whom it did diſpleaſe
To hear his verſes, by ſo juſt a curſe,
That were ill made, condemn'd to be read worſe:
And how (impoſſible) he made yet more
Abſurditys in them than were before.
For his untun'd voice did fall or raiſe
As a deaf man upon a viol plays,
Making the half points, and the periods, run
Confus'der than the atoms in the ſun.
Thereat the poet ſwell'd with anger full,
And roar'd out like Perillus in's own bull;
Sir, you read falſe. *That any one, but you,*
Should know the contrary. Whereat, I now
Made mediator in my room, ſaid *why?*
To ſay that you read falſe, Sir, is no lye.
Thereat the waxen youth relented ſtraight;
But ſaw with ſad deſpair that was too late.
For the diſdainful poet was retir'd
Home, his moſt furious ſatire to have fir'd
Againſt the rebel; who, at this ſtruck dead,
Wept bitterly as diſinherited.
Who would commend his miſtreſs now? O who
Praiſe him? both difficult indeed to do
With truth. I counſell'd him to go in time,
Ere the fierce poet's anger turned to rhime.

He

He haſted; and I, finding myſelf free,
As one ſcap'd ſtrangely from captivity,
Have made the chance be painted; and go now
To hang it in Saint Peter's for a vow.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND DOCTOR WITTY UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE POPULAR ERRORS.

SIT farther and make room for thine own fame,
Where juſt deſert enrolls thy honour'd name
The good interpreter. Some in this taſk
Take off the cypreſs veil, but leave a maſk,
Changing the Latin, but do more obſcure
That ſenſe in Engliſh which was bright and pure.
So of tranſlators they are authors grown,
For ill tranſlators make the book their own.
Others do ſtrive with words and forced phraſe
To add ſuch luſtre, and ſo many rays,
That but to make the veſſel ſhining, they
Much of the precious metal rub away.
He is tranſlation's thief that addeth more,
As much as he that taketh from the ſtore
Of the firſt author. Here he maketh blots,
That mends; and added beautys are but ſpots.

CÆLIA whoſe Engliſh doth more richly flow
Than Tagus, purer than diſſolved ſnow,
And ſweet as are her lips that ſpeak it, ſhe

Now

Now learns the tongues of France and Italy;
But ſhe is CÆLIA ſtill; no other grace
But her own ſmiles commend that lovely face;
Her native beauty's not Italianated,
Nor her chaſt mind into the French tranſlated:
Her thoughts are Engliſh, though her ſpeaking wit
With other language doth them fitly fit.

Tranſlators learn of her: but ſtay, I ſlide
Down into error with the vulgar tide;
Women muſt not teach here: the doctor doth
Stint them to cordials, almond-milk, and broth.
Now I reform, and ſurely ſo will all
Whoſe happy eyes on thy tranſlation fall.
I ſee the people haſtning to thy book,
Liking themſelves the worſe the more they look,
And ſo diſliking, that they nothing ſee
Now worth the liking, but thy book and thee.
And (if I judgment have) I cenſure right;
For ſomething guides my hand that I muſt write.
You have tranſlation's ſtatutes beſt fulfill'd,
That handling neither ſully nor would gild.

THE CHARACTER OF HOLLAND.

HOLLAND, that ſcarce deſerves the name of land,
As but th' off-ſcouring of the Britiſh ſand;
And ſo much earth as was contributed
By Engliſh pilots when they heav'd the lead;
Or what by th' ocean's ſlow alluvion fell,
Of ſhipwreck'd cockle and the muſcle-ſhell;
This indigeſted vomit of the ſea
Fell to the Dutch by juſt propriety.

Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour, fiſh'd the land to ſhore;
And div'd as deſperately for each piece
Of earth, as if't had been of ambergreece;
Collecting anxiouſly ſmall loads of clay,
Leſs than what building ſwallows bear away;
Or than thoſe pills which ſordid beetles rowl,
Tranſuſing into them their dunghill ſoul.

How did they rivet, with gigantick piles,
Thorough the centre their new-catched miles!
And to the ſtake a ſtruggling country bound,
Where barking waves ſtill bait the forced ground;
Building their watry Babel far more high
To reach the ſea, than thoſe to ſcale the ſky.

Yet ſtill his claim the injur'd ocean lay'd,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their ſteeples play'd;

As

As if on purpoſe it on land had come
To ſhew them what's their *mare liberum*.
A dayly-deluge over them does boil;
The earth and water play at level coyl.
The fiſh oft times the burgher diſpoſſeſs'd,
And ſat, not as a meat, but as a gueſt;
And oft the Tritons, and the ſea-nymphs, ſaw
Whole ſhoals of Dutch ſerv'd up for Cabillau;
Or, as they over the new level rang'd
For pickled herring, pickled *heerin* chang'd.
Nature, it ſeem'd, aſham'd of her miſtake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake,
Therefore neceſſity, that firſt made kings,
Something like government among them brings.
For, as with pygmys, who beſt kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treaſures grain,
Among the blind the one-ey'd blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that drains.
Not who firſt ſee the riſing ſun commands:
But who could firſt diſcern the riſing lands.
Who beſt could know to pump an earth ſo leak,
Him they their Lord, and Country's Father, ſpeak.
To make a bank, was a great plot of ſtate;
Invent a ſhov'l, and be a magiſtrate.
Hence ſome ſmall dyke grave, unperceiv'd, invades
The pow'r, and grows, as 'twere, a king of ſpades;
But, for leſs envy ſome joyn'd ſtates endures,
Who look like a commiſſion of the ſewers:
For theſe Half-anders, half wet, and half dry,
Nor bear ſtrict ſervice, nor pure liberty.

'Tis probable religion, after this,
Came next in order; which they could not miſs.
How could the Dutch but be converted, when
Th' Apoſtles were ſo many fiſhermen?
Beſides, the waters of themſelves did riſe,
And, as their land, ſo them did re-baptize;
Tho' herring for their God few voices miſs'd,
And Poor-John to have been th' Evangeliſt.
Faith, that could never twins conceive before,
Never ſo fertile, ſpawn'd upon this ſhore
More pregnant than their Marg'ret, that lay'd down
For Hans-in-Kelder of a whole Hans-Town.

Sure when Religion did itſelf imbark,
And from the eaſt would weſtward ſteer its ark,
It ſtruck, and ſplitting on this unknown ground,
Each one thence pillag'd the firſt piece he found:
Hence Amſterdam, Turk-Chriſtian-Pagan-Jew,
Staple of ſects, and mint of ſchiſm grew;
That bank of conſcience, where not one ſo ſtrange
Opinion but finds credit, and exchange.
In vain for Catholicks ourſelves we bear;
The univerſal church is only there.
Nor can civility there want for tillage,
Where wiſely for their court they choſe a village.
How fit a title cloaths their governors,
Themſelves the hogs, as all their ſubjects boars!

Let it ſuffice to give their country fame,
That it had one Civilis call'd by name,

Some fifteen hundred and more years ago;
But ſurely never any that was ſo.

See but their mermaids, with their tails of fiſh,
Reeking at church over the chafing-diſh.
A veſtal turf, enſhrin'd in earthen ware,
Fumes thro' the loop holes of a wooden ſquare.
Each to the temple with theſe altars tend,
But ſtill does place it at her weſtern end;
While the fat ſteam of female ſacrifice
Fills the prieſt's noſtrils, and puts out his eyes.

Or what a ſpectacle the ſkipper groſs,
A water Hercules, butter Coloſs,
Tunn'd up with all their ſeveral towns of beer;
When, ſtagg'ring upon ſome land, ſnick and ſneer,
They try, like ſtatuarys, if they can,
Cut out each other's Athos to a man;
And carve in their large bodys, where they pleaſe,
The arms of the United Provinces.
But when ſuch amity at home is ſhow'd,
What then are their confederacys abroad?
Let this one court'ſy witneſs all the reſt;
When their whole navy they together preſs'd,
Not Chriſtian captives to redeem from bands,
Or intercept the weſtern golden ſands;
No, but all ancient rights and leagues muſt fail,
Rather than to the Engliſh ſtrike their ſail;
To whom their weather-beaten province owes
Itſelf, when, as ſome greater veſſel tows

A cock-boat, toſs'd with the ſame wind and fate,
We buoy'd ſo often upon their ſinking ſtate.
Was this *jus belli & pacis?* Could this be
Cauſe why their burghomaſter of the ſea,
Ram'd with gun-powder, flaming with brand wine
Should raging hold his linſtock to the mine?
While, with feign'd treatys, they invade by ſtealth
Our ſore new circumciſed common-wealth.
Yet of his vain attempt no more he ſees,
Than of caſe-butter ſhot, and bullet cheeſe;
And the torn navy ſtaggered with him home,
While the ſea laugh'd itſelf into a foam;
'Tis true, ſince that (as fortune kindly ſports)
A wholſome danger drove us to our ports;
While half their baniſh'd keels the tempeſt toſs'd,
Half bound at home in priſon to the froſt;
That ours, mean time, at leiſure might careen,
In a calm winter, under ſkys ſerene.
As the obſequious air and waters reſt,
'Till the dear Halcyon hatch out all its neſt,
The common-wealth doth by its loſſes grow;
And, like its own ſeas, only ebbs to flow.
Beſides, that very agitation laves,
And purges out the corruptible waves.

And now again our armed Bucentore
Doth yearly their ſea nuptials reſtore;
And now the Hydra of ſeven provinces
Is ſtrangled by our infant Hercules.
Their tortoiſe wants its vainly ſtretched neck;
Their navy, all our conqueſt, or our wreck;

Or,

Or, what is left, their Carthage overcome,
Would render fain unto our better Rome;
Unleſs our ſenate, leſt their youth diſuſe
The war, (but who would) peace, if beg'd, refuſe.
For now of nothing may our ſtate deſpair,
Darling of heaven, and of men the care;
Provided that they be, what they have been,
Watchful abroad, and honeſt ſtill within;
For while our Neptune doth a trident ſhake,
Steel'd with thoſe piercing heads, Dean, Monck, and Blake;
And while Jove governs in the higheſt ſphere,
Vainly in hell let Pluto domineer.

AN EPITAPH.

ENOUGH; and leave the reſt to fame;
'Tis to commend her, but to name.
Courtſhip, which, living, ſhe declin'd,
When dead, to offer were unkind.
Where never any could ſpeak ill,
Who would officious praiſes ſpill?
Nor can the trueſt wit, or friend,
Without detracting, her commend;
To ſay, ſhe liv'd a virgin chaſte,
In this age looſe, and all unlac'd;
Nor was, when vice is ſo allow'd,
Of virtue, or aſham'd, or proud;

That her ſoul was on heaven ſo bent,
No minute, but it came and went;
That, ready her laſt debt to pay,
She ſum'd her life up ev'ry day;
Modeſt as morn; as mid-day bright;
Gentle as ev'ning, cool as night;
'Tis true; but all too weakly ſaid:
'Twas more ſignificant, ſhe's dead.

TRANSLATED FROM SENECA's TRAGEDY OF THYESTES.

CHORUS II.

CLIMB, at court, for me, that will,
Tottering favour's pinacle;
All I ſeek is to lye ſtill.
Settled in ſome ſecret neſt,
In calm leiſure let me reſt:
And far off the public ſtage,
Paſs away my ſilent age.
Thus, when, without noiſe unknown,
I have liv'd out all my ſpan,
I ſhall dye, without a groan,
An old honeſt countryman.
Who, expos'd to other's eyes,
Into his own heart never prys,
Death to him's a ſtrange ſurprize.

A DIA-

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL, AND CREATED PLEASURE.

COURAGE my ſoul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal ſhield.
Cloſe on thy head thy helmet bright;
Balance thy ſword againſt the fight.
See where an army, ſtrong as fair,
With ſilken banners ſpread the air.
Now, if thou be'ſt that thing divine,
In this day's combat let it ſhine;
And ſhew that nature wants an art
To conquer one reſolved heart.

PLEASURE.

Welcome the creation's gueſt,
Lord of earth, and heaven's heir;
Lay aſide that warlike creſt,
And of nature's banquet ſhare:
Where the ſouls of fruits and flow'rs,
Stand prepar'd to heighten yours.

SOUL.

I ſup above, and cannot ſtay,
To bait ſo long upon the way.

PLEASURE.

On theſe downy pillows lye,
Whoſe ſoft plumes will thither fly:
On theſe roſes, ſtrew'd ſo plain
Leſt one leaf thy ſide ſhould ſtrain.

SOUL.

SOUL.

My gentler reſt is on a thought,
Conſcious of doing what I ought.

PLEASURE.

If thou be'ſt with perfumes pleas'd,
Such as oft the Gods appeas'd,
Thou in fragrant clouds ſhalt ſhow,
Like another God below.

SOUL.

A ſoul that knows not to preſume,
Is heaven's, and its own, perfume.

PLEASURE.

Every thing does ſeem to vye
Which ſhould firſt attract thine eye:
But ſince none deſerves that grace,
In this cryſtal view thy face.

SOUL.

When the Creator's ſkill is priz'd,
The reſt is all but earth diſguis'd.

PLEASURE.

Hark how muſick then prepares,
For thy ſtay, theſe charming airs;
Which the poſting winds recall,
And ſuſpend the river's fall.

SOUL.

Had I but any time to loſe,
On this I would it all diſpoſe.
Ceaſe tempter. None can chain a mind,
Whom this ſweet cordage cannot bind.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

Earth cannot ſhew ſo brave a ſight,
As when a ſingle ſoul does fence
The batt'ry of alluring ſenſe,
And heaven views it with delight.
Then perſevere; for ſtill new charges ſound;
And if thou overcom'ſt thou ſhalt be crown'd.

PLEASURE.

All that's coſtly, fair, and ſweet,
Which ſcatteringly doth ſhine,
Shall within one beauty meet,
And ſhe be only thine.

SOUL.

If things of ſight ſuch heavens be,
What heav'ns are thoſe we cannot ſee?

PLEASURE.

Whereſoe'er thy foot ſhall go
The minted gold ſhall lye;
Till thou purchaſe all below,
And want new worlds to buy.

SOUL.

Wer't not for price who'd value gold?
And that's worth nought that can be ſold.

PLEASURE.

Wilt thou all the glory have
That war or peace commend?
Half the world ſhall be thy ſlave,
The other half thy friend.

SOUL.

What friends, if to myſelf untrue?
What ſlaves, unleſs I captive you?

PLEASURE.

Thou ſhalt know each hidden cauſe;
And ſee the future time:
Try what depth the centre draws;
And then to heaven climb.

SOUL.

None thither mounts by the degree
Of knowledge, but humility.

CHORUS.

Triumph, triumph, victorious ſoul;
The world has not one pleaſure more:
The reſt does lye beyond the pole,
And is thine everlaſting ſtore.

ON THE VICTORY OBTAINED BY BLAKE OVER THE SPANIARDS, IN THE BAY OF SANCTACRUSE IN THE ISLAND OF TENERIF, 1657.

NOW does Spain's fleet her ſpacious wings unfold,
Leaves the new world, and haſtens for the old;
But tho' the wind was fair, they ſlowly ſwum,
Freighted with acted guilt, and guilt to come;
For this rich load, of which ſo proud they are,
Was rais'd by tyranny, and rais'd for war.

Every

Every capacious gallion's womb was fill'd
With what the womb of wealthy kingdoms yield;
The new world's wounded entrails they had tore,
For wealth wherewith to wound the old once more.
Wealth which all other's avarice might cloy,
But yet in them caus'd as much fear, as joy.
For now upon the main themſelves they ſaw,
That boundleſs empire, where you give the law;
Of wind's and water's rage they fearful be,
But much more fearful are your flags to ſee.
Day, that to thoſe who ſail upon the deep,
More wiſh'd for, and more welcome, is than ſleep,
They dreaded to behold, leſt the ſun's light,
With Engliſh ſtreamers, ſhould ſalute their ſight:
In thickeſt darkneſs they would chooſe to ſteer,
So that ſuch darkneſs might ſuppreſs their fear:
At length it vaniſhes, and fortune ſmiles:
For they behold the ſweet Canary iſles;
One of which doubtleſs is by nature bleſs'd
Above both worlds, ſince 'tis above the reſt.
For leſt ſome gloomyneſs might ſtain her ſky,
Trees there the duty of the clouds ſupply:
O noble truſt which heaven on this iſle pours,
Fertile to be, yet never need her ſhow'rs.
A happy people, which at once do gain
The benefits, without the ills, of rain.
Both health and profit fate cannot deny;
Where ſtill the earth is moiſt, the air ſtill dry.
The jarring elements no diſcord know,
Fewel and rain together kindly grow;

And coolneſs there with heat does never fight,
This only rules by day, and that by night.
Your worth to all theſe iſles a juſt right brings,
The beſt of lands ſhould have the beſt of kings,
And theſe want nothing heaven can afford,
Unleſs it be, the having you their lord;
But this great want will not a long one prove,
Your conqu'ring ſword will ſoon that want remove;
For Spain had better, ſhe'll ere long confeſs,
Have broken all her ſwords, than this one peace;
Caſting that league off, which ſhe held ſo long,
She caſt off that which only made her ſtrong.
Forces and art, ſhe ſoon will feel, are vain,
Peace, againſt you, was the ſole ſtrength of Spain;
By that alone thoſe iſlands ſhe ſecures,
Peace makes them hers, but war will make them yours.
There the rich grape the ſoil indulgent breeds,
Which of the gods the fancy'd drink exceeds.
They ſtill do yield, ſuch is their precious mould,
All that is good, and are not curs'd with gold;
With fatal gold, for ſtill where that does grow
Neither the ſoil, nor people, quiet know;
Which troubles men to raiſe it when 'tis ore,
And when 'tis rais'd does trouble them much more.
Ah, why was thither brought that cauſe of war,
Kind nature had from thence remov'd ſo far!
In vain doth ſhe thoſe iſlands free from ill,
If fortune can make guilty what ſhe will.
But whilſt I draw that ſcene, where you, ere long,
Shall conqueſts act, you preſent are unſung.

For

For Sanctacruze the glad fleet takes her way,
And ſafely there caſts anchor in the bay.
Never ſo many, with one joyful cry,
That place ſaluted, where they all muſt dye.
Deluded men! Fate with you did but ſport,
You ſcap'd the ſea, to periſh in your port.
'Twas more for England's fame you ſhould dye there,
Where you had moſt of ſtrength and leaſt of fear.
The Peek's proud height the Spaniards all admire,
Yet in their breaſts carry a pride much higher.
Only to this vaſt hill a power is given,
At once both to inhabit earth and heaven.
But this ſtupendous proſpect did not near
Make them admire, ſo much as they did fear.

For here they met with news, which did produce
A grief, above the cure of grape's beſt juice.
They learn'd with terror, that nor ſummer's heat,
Nor winter's ſtorms, had made your fleet retreat.
To fight againſt ſuch foes, was vain, they knew,
Which did the rage of elements ſubdue;
Who on the ocean, that does horror give
To all beſides, triumphantly do live.

With haſte they therefore all their gallions moor,
And flank with cannon from the neighbouring ſhore.
Forts, lines, and ſconces, all the bay along,
They build, and act all that can make them ſtrong.

Fond men! who knew not whilſt ſuch works they raiſe,
They only labour to exalt your praiſe.

Yet

Yet they by reſtleſs toil became at length,
So proud and confident of their made ſtrength,
That they with joy their boaſting general heard
Wiſh then for that aſſault he lately fear'd.
His wiſh he had, for now undaunted Blake,
With winged ſpeed, for Sanctacruze does make.
For your renown, the conquering fleet does ride,
O'er ſeas as vaſt as is the Spaniard's pride.
Whoſe fleet and trenches view'd, you ſoon did ſay,
We to their ſtrength are more oblig'd than they.
Wer't not for that, they from their fate would run,
And a third world ſeek out, our arms to ſhun.
Thoſe forts, which there ſo high and ſtrong appear,
Do not ſo much ſuppreſs, as ſhew their fear.
Of ſpeedy victory let no man doubt,
Our worſt work paſs'd, now we have found them out.
Behold their navy does at anchor lye,
And they are ours, for now they cannot fly.

This ſaid, the whole fleet gave it their applauſe,
And all aſſume your courage, in your cauſe.
That bay they enter, which unto them owes
The nobleſt wreaths which victory beſtows.
Bold Stainier leads, this fleet's deſign'd by fate
To give him laurel, as the laſt did plate.

The thund'ring cannon now begins the fight,
And, tho' it be at noon, creates a night.
The air was ſoon, after the fight begun,
Far more enflam'd by it, than by the ſun.

Never

Never ſo burning was that climate known;
War turn'd the temperate, to the torrid zone.

Fate theſe two fleets, between both worlds, had brought,
Who fight, as if for both thoſe worlds they fought.
Thouſands of ways, thouſands of men there dye,
Some ſhips are ſunk, ſome blown up in the ſky.
Nature ne'er made cedars ſo high aſpire
As oaks did then, urg'd by the active fire;
Which, by quick powder's force, ſo high was ſent;
That it return'd to its own element.
Torn limbs ſome leagues into the iſland fly,
Whilſt other's lower, in the ſea, do lye.
Scarce ſouls from bodys ſever'd are ſo far
By death, as bodys there were by the war.
Th' all-ſeeing ſun ne'er gaz'd on ſuch a ſight,
Two dreadful navys there at anchor fight,
And neither have, or power, or will, to fly,
There one muſt conquer, or there both muſt dye.
Far diff'rent motives yet engag'd them thus,
Neceſſity did them, but choice did us:
A choice which did the higheſt worth expreſs,
And was attended by as high ſucceſs.
For your reſiſtleſs genius there did reign,
By which we laurels reap'd e'en on the main.
So proſp'rous ſtars, though abſent to the ſenſe,
Bleſs thoſe they ſhine for by their influence.

Our cannon now tears every ſhip and ſconce,
And o'er two elements triumphs at once.

Their

Their gallions ſunk, their wealth the ſea does fill,
The only place where it can cauſe no ill.

Ah! would thoſe treaſures which both Indias have
Were buryed in as large, and deep a grave!
War's chief ſupport with them would buryed be,
And the land owe her peace unto the ſea.
Ages to come your conqu'ring arms will bleſs,
There they deſtroy'd what had deſtroy'd their peace;
And in one war the preſent age may boaſt,
The certain ſeeds of many wars are loſt.

All the foe's ſhips deſtroy'd by ſea or fire,
Victorious Blake does from the bay retire.
His ſiege of Spain he then again purſues,
And there firſt brings of his ſucceſs the news;
The ſaddeſt news that e'er to Spain was brought,
Their rich fleet ſunk, and our with laurel fraught,
Whilſt fame in every place her trumpet blows,
And tells the world how much to you it owes.

ON MILTON's PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,
In ſlender book his vaſt deſign unfold,
Meſſiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heav'n, hell, earth, Chaos, all; the argument
Held me a while miſdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I ſaw him ſtrong)
The ſacred truths to fable and old ſong;
So Sampſon groap'd the temple's poſts in ſpight,
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his ſight.

Yet as I read, ſoon growing leſs ſevere,
I lik'd his project, the ſucceſs did fear;
Thro' that wide field how he his way ſhould find,
O'er which lame faith leads underſtanding blind;
Leſt he'd perplex the things he would explain,
And what was eaſy he ſhould render vain.

Or if a work ſo infinite he ſpan'd,
Jealous I was that ſome leſs ſkilful hand
(Such as diſquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excell)
Might hence preſume the whole creation's day
To change in ſcenes, and ſhow it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty poet, nor deſpiſe
My cauſeleſs, yet not impious, ſurmiſe,

But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a ſhare.
Thou haſt not miſs'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper doſt omit;
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

That majeſty which thro' thy work doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'ſt of in ſuch ſtate
As them preſerves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us ſeize,
Thou ſing'ſt with ſo much gravity and eaſe;
And above human flight doſt ſoar aloft,
With plume ſo ſtrong, ſo equal, and ſo ſoft:
The bird nam'd from that paradiſe you ſing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where couldſt thou words of ſuch a compaſs find?
Whence furniſh ſuch a vaſt expence of mind?
Juſt heav'n thee, like Tireſias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loſs of ſight.

Well might thou ſcorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhime, of thy own ſenſe ſecure;
While the Town-Bayes writes all the while and ſpells,
And like a pack-horſe tires without his bells.
Their fancys like our buſhy points appear:
The poets tag them; we for faſhion wear.
I too, tranſported by the mode, offend,
And while I meant to praiſe thee, muſt commend.
Thy verſe created like thy theme ſublime,
In number, weight, and meaſure, needs not rhime.

OCEANA AND BRITANNIA.

Non ego ſum vates, ſed priſci conſcius ævi.

OCEANA.

WHITHER, O whither, wander I forlorn?
Fatal to friends, and to my foes a ſcorn!
My pregnant womb is lab'ring to bring forth
Thy offspring, Archon, heir to thy juſt worth.
Archon, O Archon, hear my groaning crys!
Lucina, help, aſſuage my miſerys.
Saturnian ſpite purſues me through the earth,
No corner's left to hide my long wiſh'd birth.
Great queen of iſles yield me a ſafe retreat
From the crown'd Gods, who would my infants eat.
On me, O Delos, on my child-bed, ſmile,
My happy ſeed ſhall fix thy floating iſle;
I feel fierce pangs aſſault my teeming womb:
Lucina, O Britannia, mother come!

BRITANNIA.

What doleful ſhrieks pierce my affrighted ear!
Shall I ne'er reſt for this leud raviſher?
Rapes, burnings, murders, are his royal ſport,
Theſe modiſh monſters haunt his perjur'd court.
No tumbling player ſo oft e'er chang'd his ſhape,
As this goat, fox, wolf, timorous French ape.
True Proteſtants, in Roman habits dreſs'd,
With Scroggs * he baits, that rav'nous butcher's beaſt;

*Sir William Scroggs was a judge, of whom Biſhop Burnet gives this account. "In all "the tryals he ſet himſelf, even with indecent earneſtneſs, to get the priſoners to be al-, "ways caſt."

Treſilian Jones *, that fair fac'd crocodile,
Tearing their hearts, at once doth weep and ſmile:
Neronian flames at London do him pleaſe †,
At Oxford plots ‡, to act Agathocles.
His plots reveal'd, his mirth is at an end,
And's fatal hour ſhall know no foe nor friend.
Laſt martyr's day I ſaw a cherub ſtand
Acroſs my ſeas, one foot upon the land,
The other on th' enthralled Gallic ſhore,
Proclaiming loud their time ſhall be no more.
This mighty pow'r heaven's equal balance ſway'd,
And in one ſcale, crowns, croſiers, ſceptres, laid;
In th' other a ſweet ſmiling babe did lye,
Circled with glorys, deck'd with majeſty.
With ſteady hand he pois'd the golden pair;
The gilded gewgaws mounted in the air.
The pond'rous babe, deſcending in its ſcale,
Leap'd on my ſhore———
Nature triumph'd, joy echo'd through the earth,
The heav'ns bow down to ſee the bleſſed birth.
What's that I hear? A new born babe's ſoft crys,
And joyful mother's tender lullabys.
'Tis ſo, behold my daughter's paſs'd all harms,
Cradling an infant in her fruitful arms;

The

* One of the ſame principles with Scroggs. He was preferred when Jefferies was made Lord Chief Juſtice.

† The fire of London.

‡ In the time of the plague, in the year 1665, the court reſided at Oxford, where the parliament was then held. At which time were ſeveral private cabals, formed againſt the Proteſtants.

The very ſame th' angelic viſion ſhow'd,
In mien, in majeſty, how like a God!
What a firm health does on her viſage dwell!
Her ſparkling eyes immortal youth foretell.
Rome, Sparta, Venice, could not all bring forth
So ſtrong, ſo temperate, ſuch laſting worth.
Marpeſia, from the north with ſpeed advance,
Thy ſiſter's birth brings thy deliverance.
Ferguſian founders this juſt babe exceeds,
In the arts of peace, and mighty martial deeds.
Kneel, Panopeians, to your equal queen,
Safe from the foreign ſword, and barb'rous ſkeen.
Tranſports of joy divert my yearning heart,
For my dear child, my ſoul, my better part.
Heav'n ſhow'r her choiceſt bleſſings on thy womb,
Our preſent help, our ſtay in time to come.
Thou beſt of daughters, mothers, matrons, ſay
What forc'd thy birth, and got this glorious day?

OCEANA.

Scap'd the ſlow jaws o'th' grinding penſioners,
I fell i'th' trap of Rome's dire murderers;
Twice reſcu'd by my loyal ſenate's pow'r,
Twice I expected my babe's happy hour.
Malignant force twice check'd their pious aid;
And to my foes as oft my ſtate betray'd.
Great, full of pain, in a dark winter's night,
Threaten'd, purſu'd, I ſcap'd by ſudden flight.
Pale fear gave ſpeed to my weak trembling feet,
And far I fled ere day our world could greet.

That

That dear lov'd light, which the whole globe doth cheer,
Spur'd on my flight, and added to my fear;
Whilſt black conſpiracy, that child of night,
In royal purple clad, outdares the light;
By day herſelf the faith's defender ſtiles,
By night digs pits, and ſpreads her papal toils:
By day ſhe to the pompous chappel goes,
By night, with York, adores Rome's idol-ſhows.
Witneſs, ye ſtars, and ſilent pow'rs of night,
Her treacherys have forc'd my guiltleſs flight.
With the broad day my danger too drew near;
Of help, of counſel void, how ſhould I ſteer!
In pulpit damn'd, ſtrumpet at court proclaim'd,
Where ſhould I hide, where ſhould I reſt defam'd?
Tortur'd in thought, I rais'd my weeping eyes,
And ſobbing voice, to the all-helping ſkys.
As by heav'n ſent, a reverend ſire appears,
Charming my grief, ſtopping my flood of tears.
His buſy circling orbs, two reſtleſs ſpys,
Glanc'd to and fro, outranging Argos' eyes.
Like fleeting time, on's front one lock did grow,
From his glib tongue torrents of words did flow;
Propoſe, reſolve, Agrarian, forty one,
Lycurgus, Brutus, Solon, Harrington.
He ſaid he knew me in my ſwadling bands,
Had often danc'd me in his careful hands.
He knew Lord Archon too, then wept, and ſwore,
Inſhrin'd in me, his fame he did adore.
His name I aſk'd; he ſaid, Politico,
Deſcended from the divine Nicolo.

My

My ſtate he knew, my danger ſeem'd to dread,
And to my ſafety vow'd hand, heart, and head.
Grateful returns I up to heaven ſend,
That in diſtreſs had ſent me ſuch a friend.
I aſk'd him where I was? Pointing he ſhew'd
Oxford's old tow'rs, once the learn'd arts abode;
Once great in fame, now a pyratic port,
Where Romiſh prieſts, and elviſh monks, reſort.
He added; near a new built college ſtood,
Endow'd by Plato, for the public good;
Thither allur'd by learned honeſt men,
Plato vouchſaf'd once more to live again.
Securely there I might myſelf repoſe,
From my fierce griefs, and my more cruel foes.
Tir'd with long flights, e'en hunted down with fear,
The welcome news my drooping ſoul did chear.
His pleaſing words ſhort'ned the time and way,
And me beguil'd at Plato's houſe to ſtay.
When we came in, he told me after reſt,
He'd ſhew me Plato, and's Venetian gueſt:
I ſcarce reply'd, with wearyneſs oppreſs'd.
To my deſir'd apartment I repair'd,
Invoking ſleep, and heaven's almighty guard.
My waking cares, and ſtabbing frights recede,
And nodding ſleep drop'd on my drowſy head.
At laſt the ſummons of a buſy bell,
And glimm'ring lights did ſleep's kind miſts diſpel.
From bed I ſtole, and creeping by the wall,
Thro' a ſmall chink I ſpy'd a ſpacious hall;

Tapers,

Tapers, as thick as ſtars, did ſhed their light
Around the place, and made a day of night.
The curious art of ſome great maſter's hand
Adorn'd the room: Hyde, Clifford, Danby, ſtand
In one large piece; next them, the two Dutch wars
In bloody colours paint our fatal jars.
Here London flames in clouds of ſmoke aſpire,
Done to the life, I'd almoſt cry'd out fire.
But living figures did my eyes divert
From theſe, and many more of wondrous art.
There enter'd in three mercenary bands:
The diff'rent captains had diſtinct commands.
The beggar's deſp'rate troop did firſt appear,
Littleton led, proud S——re had the rear.
The diſguis'd papiſts under Garroway,
Talbot lieutenant, none had better pay.
Next greedy Lee led party-colour'd ſlaves;
Deaf fools i'th' right, i'th' wrong ſagacious knaves,
Brought up by M——: then a nobler train,
In malice mighty, impotent in brain,
The Pope's ſolicitors brought into th' hall,
Not guilty lay, much guilty ſpiritual.
I alſo ſpy'd behind a private ſkreen,
Colbert and Portſmouth, York and Mazarine.
Immediately in cloſe cabal they join,
And all applaud the glorious deſign.
'Gainſt me, and my lov'd ſenate's free born breath,
Dire threats I heard, the hall did echo death.
A curtain drawn, another ſcene appear'd,
A tinkling bell, a mumbling prieſt I heard.

At elevation every knee ador'd
The baker's craft, infallible's vain lord.
When Catiline with vipers did conſpire
To murder Rome, and bury it in fire,
A ſacramental bowl of human gore,
Each villain took, and as he drank he ſwore.
The cup deny'd, to make their plot compleat,
Theſe Catilines their conjur'd Gods did eat.
Whilſt to their breaden whimſys they did kneel,
I creep'd away, and to the door did ſteal.
As I got out by providence, I flew
To this cloſe wood; too late they did purſue:
That dreadful night my childbed throws brought or
My crys mov'd your, and heaven's compaſſion.

BRITANNIA.

O happy day! a jubilee proclaim;
Daughter adore th' unutterable name!
With grateful heart breathe out thyſelf in pray'r;
In the mean time the babe ſhall be my care.
There is a man, my iſland's hope and grace,
The chief delight, and joy, of human race,
Expos'd himſelf to war in tender age,
To free his country from the Gallic rage;
With all the graces bleſs'd his riper years,
And full blown virtue wak'd the tyrant's fears:
By's fire rejected, but by heaven he's call'd
To break my yoke, and reſcue the enthrall'd.
This, this is he, who, with a ſtretch'd out hand,
And matchleſs might, ſhall free my groaning land.
On earth's proud baſiliſks he'll juſtly fall,
Like Moſes' rod, and prey upon them all.

He'll guide my people thro' the raging ſeas,
To holy wars, and certain victorys.
His ſpotleſs fame, and his immenſe deſert,
Shall plead love's cauſe, and ſtorm this virgin's heart.
She, like Ægeria, ſhall his breaſt inſpire
With juſtice, wiſdom, and celeſtial fire.
Like Numa, he her dictates ſhall obey,
And by her oracles the world ſhall ſway.

BRITANNIA AND RALEIGH.

BRITANNIA.

AH! Raleigh, when thou didſt thy breath reſign
To trembling James, would I had quitted mine.
Cubs didſt thou call them? Hadſt thou ſeen this brood
Of earls, and dukes, and princes of the blood,
No more of Scottiſh race thou wouldſt complain,
Thoſe would be bleſſings in this ſpurious reign.
Awake, ariſe, from thy long bleſs'd repoſe,
Once more with me partake of mortal woes.

RALEIGH.

What mighty pow'r has forc'd me from my reſt?
Oh! mighty queen, why ſo untimely dreſs'd?

BRITANNIA.

Favour'd by night, conceal'd in this diſguiſe,
Whilſt the leud court in drunken ſlumber lys,
I ſtole away, and never will return,
Till England knows who did her city burn;

Till

Till cavaliers ſhall favourites be deem'd,
And loyal ſufferers by the court eſteem'd;
Till * Leigh and Galloway ſhall bribes reject;
Thus O——n's golden cheat I ſhall detect:
Till atheiſt Lauderdale ſhall leave this land,
And † Commons votes ſhall cut-noſe guards diſband:
Till Kate a happy mother ſhall become,
Till Charles loves parliaments, and James hates Rome.

RALEIGH.

What fatal crimes make you for ever fly
Your once lov'd court, and martyrs progeny?

BRITANNIA.

A colony of French poſſeſs the court;
Pimps, prieſts, buffoons, in privy-chamber ſport.
Such ſlimy monſters ne'er approach'd a throne,
Since Pharoah's days, nor ſo defil'd a crown.
In ſacred ear tyrannick arts they croak,
Pervert his mind, and good intentions choak;
Tell him of golden Indias, fairy lands,
Leviathan, and abſolute commands.
Thus, fairy like, they ſteal the king away,
And in his room a changeling Lewis lay.
How oft have I him to himſelf reſtor'd,
In's left the ſcale, in's right hand plac'd the ſword?
Taught him their uſe, what dangers would enſue
To them who ſtrive to ſeparate theſe two?

* Leigh and Galloway were ſuſpected to be bribed by Lord Danby, to ſide with the court.

† See letter the third to a friend.

The bloody Scottiſh chronicle read o'er,
Shew'd him how many kings, in purple gore,
Were hurl'd to hell, by cruel tyrant lore?

The other day fam'd Spencer I did bring,
In lofty notes Tudor's bleſs'd race to ſing;
How Spain's proud pow'rs her virgin arms control'd,
And golden days in peaceful order roll'd;
How like ripe fruit ſhe drop'd from off her throne,
Full of grey hairs, good deeds, and great renown.
As the Jeſſean hero did appeaſe
Saul's ſtormy rage, and ſtop'd his black diſeaſe;
So the learn'd bard, with artful ſong, ſuppreſs'd
The ſwelling paſſion of his canker'd breaſt,
And in his heart kind influences ſhed
Of country's love, by truth and juſtice bred.
Then to perform the care ſo well begun,
To him I ſhew'd this glorious ſetting ſun;
How, by her people's looks purſu'd from far,
She mounted on a bright celeſtial car,
Outſhining Virgo, or the Julian ſtar.
Whilſt in truth's mirror this good ſcene he ſpy'd,
Enter'd a dame, bedeck'd with ſpotted pride,
Fair flower-de-luce within an azure field,
Her left hand bears the antient Gallic ſhield,
By her uſurp'd; her right a bloody ſword,
Inſcrib'd Leviathan, our ſovereign Lord;
Her tow'ry front a fiery meteor bears,
An exhalation bred of blood and tears.

Around

Around her Jove's leud rav'nous curs complain,
Pale death, luſt, tortures, fill her pompous train;
She fro m the eaſy king truth's mirror took,
And on the ground in ſpiteful fall it broke;
Then frowning thus, with proud diſdain ſhe ſpoke:

Are thread-bare virtues ornaments for kings?
Such poor pedantic toys teach underlings.
Do monarchs riſe by virtue, or by ſword?
Who e'er grew great by keeping of his word?
Virtue's a faint green-ſickneſs to brave ſouls,
Daſtards their hearts, their active heat controls.
The rival gods, monarchs of t'other world,
This mortal poyſon among princes hurl'd;
Fearing the mighty projects of the great
Should drive them from their proud celeſtial ſeat,
If not o'eraw'd by this new holy cheat.
Thoſe pious frauds, too ſlight t'inſnare the brave,
Are proper arts the long-ear'd rout t'inſlave.
Bribe hungry prieſts to deify your might,
To teach your will's your only rule to right,
And ſound damnation to all dare deny't.
Thus heaven's deſigns 'gainſt heaven you ſhall turn,
And make them feel thoſe pow'rs they once did ſcorn.
When all the gobling intereſt of mankind,
By hirelings ſold to you, ſhall be reſign'd:
And by impoſtures, God and man betray'd,
The church and ſtate you ſafely may invade;
So boundleſs Lewis in full glory ſhines,
Whilſt your ſtarv'd power in legal fetters pines.

Shake

Shake off thoſe baby-bands from your ſtrong arms,
Henceforth be deaf to that old witch's charms.
Taſte the delicious ſweets of ſovereign pow'r,
'Tis royal game whole kingdoms to deflow'r.
Three ſpotleſs virgins to your bed I'll bring,
A ſacrifice to you their God, and king.
As theſe grow ſtale, we'll harraſs human kind,
Rack nature, till new pleaſures you ſhall find,
Strong as your reign, and beauteous as your mind.

When ſhe had ſpoke, a confus'd murmur roſe,
Of French, Scotch, Iriſh, all my mortal foes;
Some Engliſh too, O ſhame! diſguis'd I ſpy'd,
Led all by the wife ſon-in-law of Hyde.
With fury drunk, like bacchanals, they roar,
Down with that common *Magna Charta* whore!
With joint conſent on helpleſs me they flew,
And from my Charles to a baſe gaol me drew;
My reverend age expos'd to ſcorn and ſhame,
To prigs, bauds, whores, was made the public game.
Frequent addreſſes to my Charles I ſend,
And my ſad ſtate did to his care commend;
But his fair ſoul, transform'd by that French dame,
Had loſt all ſenſe of honour, juſtice, fame.
He in's ſeraglio like a ſpinſter ſits,
Beſiegd by whores, buffoons, and baſtard chits;
Lull'd in ſecurity, rolling in luſt,
Reſigns his crown to angel Carwell's truſt;
Her creature O——n the revenue ſteals;
Falſe F—h knave Ang—ſey miſguide the ſeals.

Mac-James the Iriſh bigots does adore,
His French and Teague command on ſea and ſhore.
The Scotch-ſcalado of our court two iſles,
Falſe Lauderdale, with ordure, all defiles.
Thus the ſtate's nightmar'd by this helliſh rout,
And no one left theſe furys to caſt out.
Ah! Vindex come, and purge the poiſon'd ſtate;
Deſcend, deſcend, ere the cure's deſperate.

RALEIGH.

Once more, great queen, thy darling ſtrive to ſave,
Snatch him again from ſcandal and the grave;
Preſent to's thoughts his long ſcorn'd parliament,
The baſis of his throne and government.
In his deaf ears ſound his dead father's name:
Perhaps that ſpell may's erring ſoul reclaim:
Who knows what good effects from thence may ſpring?
'Tis godlike good to ſave a falling king.

BRITANNIA.

Raleigh, no more, for long in vain I've try'd
The Stuart from the tyrant to divide;
As eaſily learn'd virtuoſos may
With the dog's blood his gentle kind convey
Into the wolf, and make him guardian turn
To th' bleating flock, by him ſo lately torn:
If this imperial juice once taint his blood,
'Tis by no potent antidote withſtood.
Tyrants, like lep'rous kings, for publick weal
Should be immur'd, leſt the contagion ſteal
Over the whole. Th' elect of th' Jeſſan line
To this firm law their ſcepter did reſign;

And ſhall this baſe tyrannic brood invade
Eternal laws, by God for mankind made?

To the ſerene Venetian ſtate I'll go,
From her ſage mouth fam'd principles to know;
With her the prudence of the ancients read,
To teach my people in their ſteps to tread;
By their great pattern ſuch a ſtate I'll frame,
Shall eternize a glorious laſting name.
Till then, my Raleigh, teach our noble youth
To love ſobriety, and holy truth.
Watch and preſide over their tender age,
Leſt court corruption ſhould their ſouls engage.
Teach them how arts, and arms, in thy young days,
Employ'd our youth, not taverns, ſtews, and plays.
Tell them the generous ſcorn their riſe does owe
To flattery, pimping, and a gaudy ſhow.
Teach them to ſcorn the Carwells, Portſmouths, Nells,
The Clevelands, O——ns, Berties, Lauderdales:
Poppæa, Tegoline, and Arteria's name,
All yield to theſe in lewdneſs, luſt, and fame.
Make them admire the Talbots, Sydneys, Veres,
Drake, Cav'ndiſh, Blake, men void of ſlaviſh fears;
True ſons of glory, pillars of the ſtate,
On whoſe fam'd deeds all tongues and writers wait.
When with fierce ardor their bright ſouls do burn,
Back to my deareſt country I'll return.
Tarquin's juſt judge, and Cæſar's equal peers,
With them I'll bring to dry my people's tears.
Publicola with healing hands ſhall pour
Balm in their wounds, and ſhall their life reſtore;

Greek arts, and Roman arms, in her conjoin'd,
Shall England raiſe, relieve oppreſs'd mankind.
As Jove's great ſon th' infeſted globe did free
From noxious monſters, hell-born tyranny,
So ſhall my England, in a holy war,
In triumph lead chain'd tyrants from afar;
Her true Cruſada ſhall at laſt pull down
The Turkiſh creſcent, and the Perſian ſun.
Freed by the labours, fortunate, bleſs'd iſle,
The earth ſhall reſt, the heaven ſhall on thee ſmile;
And this kind ſecret for reward ſhall give,
No poiſon'd tyrants on thy earth ſhall live.

THE LOYAL SCOT.

BY CLEVELAND's GHOST, UPON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN DOUGLAS, WHO WAS BURNED ON HIS SHIP AT CHATHAM.

OF the old heros when the warlike ſhades
Saw Douglas marching on th' Elyzium glades,
They all, conſulting, gather'd in a ring,
Which of the poets ſhould his wellcome ſing;
And, as a favourable penance, choſe
Cleveland, on whom they would that taſk impoſe.
He underſtood, but willingly addreſs'd
His ready muſe, to court that noble gueſt.
Much had he cur'd the tumour of his vein,
He judg'd more clearly now and ſaw more plain;

For thoſe ſoft airs had temper'd ev'ry thought,
Since of wiſe Lethe he had drunk a draught.
Abruptly he begun diſguiſing art,
As of his ſatyr this had been a part *.

Not ſo, brave Douglas, on whoſe lovely chin
The early down but newly did begin;
And modeſt beauty yet his ſex did veil,
While envious virgins hope he is a male.
His yellow locks curl back themſelves to ſeek,
Nor other courtſhip knew but to his cheek.
Oft' as he in chill Eſk, or Seyn, by night,
Hard'ned and cool'd his limbs, ſo ſoft, ſo white,
Among the reeds, to be eſpy'd by him,
The nymphs would ruſtle, he would forward ſwim.
They ſigh'd, and ſaid, fond boy, why ſo untame,
To fly love's fires, reſerv'd for other flame?
Firſt on his ſhip he fac'd that horrid day,
And wonder'd much at thoſe who ran away.
No other fear himſelf could comprehend,
Than leſt heaven fall ere thither he aſcend:
But entertains the while his time, too ſhort,
With birding at the Dutch, as if in ſport;
Or waves his ſword, and, could he them conjure
Within his circle, knows himſelf ſecure.
The fatal bark him boards with grappling fire,
And ſafely through its port the Dutch retire.

That

* Cleveland wrote a poem, in Latin and Engliſh, which he called, *Rebellis Scotus*, The Rebel Scot: A ſatire on the nation in general. He ends thus,

"A Scot, when from the gallows-tree got looſe,
"Drops into Styx, and turns a Soland gooſe."

That precious life he yet diſdains to ſave,
Or with known art to try the gentle wave.
Much him the honour of his ancient race
Inſpir'd, nor would he his own deeds deface;
And ſecret joy in his calm ſoul does riſe,
That Monk looks on to ſee how Douglas dyes.
Like a glad lover the fierce flames he meets,
And trys his firſt embraces in their ſheets;
His ſhape exact, which the bright flames infolds
Like the ſun's ſtatue ſtands of burniſh'd gold.
Round the tranſparent fire about him glows,
As the clear amber on the bees does cloſe.
And, as on angels heads their glorys ſhine,
His burning locks adorn his face divine.
But when in his immortal mind he felt
His alt'ring form and ſoder'd limbs to melt,
Down on the deck he lay'd himſelf, and dy'd,
With his dear ſword repoſing by his ſide:
And on the flaming plank ſo reſts his head,
As one that warm'd himſelf, and went to bed.
His ſhip burns down, and with his relicks ſinks,
And the ſad ſtream beneath his aſhes drinks.
Fortunate boy! if either pencil's fame,
Or if my verſe can propagate thy name,
When Æta and Alcides are forgot,
Our Engliſh youth ſhall ſing the valiant Scot.

Ship-ſaddles, Pegaſus, thou needſt not brag,
Sometimes the galloway proves the better nag.

Shall not a death ſo generous, when told,
Unite our diſtance, fill our breaches old?
So in the Roman forum, Curtius brave
Galloping down, clos'd up the gaping cave.
No more diſcourſe of Scotch and Engliſh race,
Nor chant the fabulous hunt of Chevy-chace.
Mix'd in Corinthian metal at thy flame,
Our nations melting thy Coloſſus frame.
Prick down the point, whoever has the art,
Where nature Scotland does from England part.
Anatomiſts may ſooner fix the cells
Where life reſides, and underſtanding dwells.
But this we know, tho' that exceeds our ſkill,
That whoſoever ſeparates them does ill.
Will you the Tweed that ſullen bounder call,
Of ſoil, of wit, of manners, and of all?
Why draw you not, as well, the thrifty line
From Thames, from Humber, or at leaſt the Tine?
So may we the ſtate-corpulence redreſs,
And little England, when we pleaſe, make leſs.
What ethic river is this wond'rous Tweed,
Whoſe one bank virtue, t'other vice, does breed?
Or what new perpendicular does riſe,
Up from her ſtreams, continu'd to the ſkys,
That between us the common air ſhould bar,
And ſplit the influence of every ſtar?
But who conſiders right, will find indeed,
'Tis Holy Iſland parts us, not the Tweed.
Nothing but clergy could us two ſeclude,
No Scotch was ever like a biſhop's feud.

All Litanys in this have wanted faith,
There's no *deliver us from a biſhop's wrath.*
Never ſhall Calvin pardon'd be for ſales,
Never, for Burnet's ſake, the Lauderdales;
For Becket's ſake, Kent always ſhall have tales.
Who ſermons e'er can pacify and pray'rs?
Or to the joint ſtools reconcile the chairs?
Tho' kingdoms join, yet church will kirk oppoſe;
The mitre ſtill divides, the crown does cloſe;
As in Rogation week they whip us round,
To keep in time the Scotch and Engliſh bound.
What th' ocean binds is by the biſhops rent,
As ſeas make iſlands in the continent.
Nature in vain us in one land compiles,
If the cathedral ſtill ſhall have its iſles.
Nothing, not bogs, nor ſands, nor ſeas, nor Alps,
Separate the world ſo as the biſhops ſcalps;
Stretch for the line their circingle alone,
'Twill make a more inhabitable zone.
The friendly loadſtone has not more combin'd,
Than biſhops cramp'd the commerce of mankind.
Had it not been for ſuch a biaſs ſtrong,
Two nations ne'er had miſs'd the mark ſo long.
The world in all doth but two nations bear,
The good, the bad, and theſe mix'd every where;
Under each pole place either of theſe two,
The bad will baſely, good will bravely, do.
And few, indeed, can parallel our climes,
For worth heroic, or heroic crimes.

The trial would, however, be too nice,
Which ſtronger were, a Scotch or Engliſh vice;
Or whether the ſame virtue would reflect,
From Scotch or Engliſh heart, the ſame effect.
Nation is all but name, a Shibboleth,
Where a miſtaken accent cauſes death.
In Paradiſe names only nature ſhow'd,
At Babel names from pride and diſcord flow'd;
And ever ſince men, with a female ſpight,
Firſt call each other names, and then they fight.
Scotland and England cauſe a juſt uproar;
Do man and wife ſignify rogue and whore?
Say but a Scot and ſtraight we fall to ſides,
That ſyllable like a Picts wall divides.
Rational men's words pledges are of peace,
Perverted, ſerve diſſention to increaſe.
For ſhame extirpate from each loyal breaſt
That ſenſeleſs rancour, againſt intereſt.
One king, one faith, one language, and one iſle,
Engliſh and Scotch, 'tis all but croſs and pile.
Charles, our great ſoul, this only underſtands;
He our affections both, and wills, commands;
And where twin-ſympathys cannot alone,
Knows the laſt ſecret, how to make us one.

Juſt ſo the prudent huſbandman, that ſees
The idle tumult of his factious bees,
The morning dews, and flow'rs, neglected grown,
The hive a combcaſe, every bee a drone,
Powders them o'er, till none diſcerns his foes,
And all themſelves in meal and friendſhip loſe;

The inſect kingdom ſtrait begins to thrive,
And all work honey for the common hive.

Pardon, young hero, this ſo long tranſport,
Thy death more noble did the ſame extort.
My former ſatyr for this verſe forget,
My fault againſt my recantation ſet.
I ſingle did againſt a nation write,
Againſt a nation thou didſt ſingly fight.
My differing crimes do more thy virtue raiſe,
And, ſuch my raſhneſs, beſt thy valour praiſe.

Here Douglas ſmiling ſaid, he did intend,
After ſuch frankneſs ſhewn, to be his friend,
Forewarn'd him therefore, leſt in time he were
Metempſychos'd to ſome Scotch Preſbyter.

NOSTRADAMUS' PROPHECY.

FOR faults and follys London's doom ſhall fix;
And ſhe muſt ſink in flames in ſixty-ſix.
Fire-balls ſhall fly, but few ſhall ſee the train,
As far as from Whitehall to Pudding-Lane,
To burn the city, which again ſhall riſe,
Beyond all hopes, aſpiring to the ſkys,
Where vengeance dwells. But there is one thing more,
Tho' its walls ſtand, ſhall bring the city lower.
When legiſlators ſhall their truſt betray,
Saving their own, ſhall give the reſt away;

And

And thoſe falſe men, by th' eaſy people ſent,
Give taxes to the king by parliament.
When bare-fac'd villains ſhall not bluſh to cheat;
And chequer-doors ſhall ſhut up Lombard-ſtreet*.
When players come to act the part of queens,
Within the curtains, and behind the ſcenes †.
When ſodomy ſhall be prime min'ſter's ſport;
And whoring ſhall be the leaſt crime at court.
When boys ſhall take their ſiſters for their mate,
And practiſe inceſt between ſeven and eight.
When no man knows in whom to put his truſt;
And e'en to rob the chequer ſhall be juſt.
When declarations, lyes, and every oath,
Shall be in uſe at court, but faith and troth.
When two good kings ſhall be at Brentford town;
And when in London there ſhall not be one.
When the ſeat's given to a talking fool,
Whom wiſe men laugh at, and whom women rule:
A miniſter able only in his tongue,
To make harſh empty ſpeeches two hours long.

When

* In the year 1672, the court reſolving on a war, looked out for money to carry it on. The method they took to get it was this. The King had agreed with ſome bankers, with whom he had contracted a debt of near a million and a half, to aſſign over the revenue to them; and he payed them at the rate of eight per cent. and in ſome proclamations promiſed he would make good all his aſſignments, till the whole debt was payed; but, in order for a ſupply, the payments were ſtopped for a year. This was a great ſhock to the bankers; for many of the nobility and gentry, who were in the ſecret, took their money, before the deſign was publickly known, out of the hands of their bankers.

† Reflecting on the King for taking Mrs. Gwyn from the ſtage.

When an old Scotch covenanter ſhall be
The champion for the Engliſh hierarchy *.
When biſhops ſhall lay all religion by,
And ſtrive by law t' eſtabliſh tyranny.
When a lean treaſurer ſhall in one year
Make himſelf fat, his king and people bare.
When th' Engliſh prince ſhall Engliſhmen deſpiſe,
And think French only loyal, Iriſh wiſe.
When wooden ſhoon ſhall be the Engliſh wear;
And Magna Charta ſhall no more appear.

Then th' Engliſh ſhall a greater tyrant know,
Than either Greek or Latin ſtory ſhow;
Their wives to's luſt expos'd, their wealth to's ſpoil,
With groans, to fill his treaſury, they toil;
But like the Belides muſt ſigh in vain,
For that ſtill fill'd flows out as faſt again;
Then they with envious eyes ſhall Belgium ſee,
And wiſh in vain Venetian liberty.

The frogs too late, grown weary of their pain,
Shall pray to Jove to take him back again.

* Lauderdale, who was at firſt a noted Diſſenter.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

OF a tall ſtature, and of ſable hue,
Much like the ſon of Kiſh, that lofty Jew;
Twelve years compleat he ſuffer'd in exile,
And kept his father's aſſes all the while.
At length, by wonderful impulſe of fate,
The people call him home to help the ſtate;
And, what is more, they ſend him money too,
And cloath him all, from head to foot, anew.
Nor did he ſuch ſmall favours then diſdain,
Who in his thirteenth year began his reign:
In a ſlaſh'd doublet then he came aſhore,
And dub'd poor * Palmer's wife his royal whore.
Biſhops, and deans, peers, pimps, and knights, he made;
Things highly fitting for a monarch's trade!
With women, wine, and viands of delight,
His jolly vaſſals feaſt him day and night.
But the beſt times have ever ſome allay,
His † younger brother dy'd by treachery.
Bold James ſurvives, no dangers make him flinch,
He marrys ſeignior Fal——h's pregnant wench.
The pious mother queen, hearing her ſon
Was thus enamour'd with a butter'd bun,

And

* Mrs. Palmer, afterwards ducheſs of Cleveland, whom the king took from her huſband.

† The duke of Glocester, third brother to the king. He was much more loved than the duke of York.

And that the fleet was gone, in pomp and ſtate,
To fetch, for Charles, the flow'ry Liſbon Kate,
She chants *Te Deum*, and ſo comes away,
To wiſh her hopeful iſſue timely joy.
Her moſt uxorious mate ſhe rul'd of old,
Why not with eaſy youngſters make as bold?
From the French court ſhe haughty topics brings,
Deludes their plyant nature with vain things;
Her miſchief-breeding breaſt did ſo prevail,
The new-got Flemiſh town was ſet to ſale;
For theſe, and Germain's ſins, ſhe founds a church,
So ſlips away, and leaves us in the lurch.
Now the court-ſins did every place defile,
And plagues and war fall heavy on the iſle;
Pride nouriſh'd folly, folly a delight,
With the Batavian common-wealth to fight,
But the Dutch fleet fled ſuddenly with fear,
Death and the duke ſo dreadful did appear.
The dreadful victor took his ſoft repoſe,
Scorning purſuit of ſuch mechanic foes.

But now York's genitals grew over hot,
With D—ham's and Carneige's infected plot,
Which, with religion ſo inflam'd his ire,
He left the city when 'twas ſet on fire.
So Philip's ſon, inflamed with a miſs,
Burn'd down the palace of Perſepolis.
Toil'd thus by Venus, he Bellona woos,
And with the Dutch a ſecond war renews.
But here his French-bred proweſs prov'd in vain,
De Ruyter claps him in Solebay again.

This iſle was well reform'd, and gain'd renown,
Whilſt the brave Tudors wore th' imperial crown:
But ſince the royal race of Stuarts came,
It was recoil'd to popery and ſhame;
Miſguided monarchs, rarely wiſe and juſt,
Tainted with pride, and with impetuous luſt.

Should we the Blackheath project here relate,
Or count the various blemiſhes of ſtate,
My muſe would on the reader's patience grate.
The poor Priapus king, led by the noſe,
Looks as a thing ſet up to ſcare the crows;
Yet, in the mimics of the ſpinſtrian ſport,
Outdoes Tiberius, and his goatiſh court.
* In love's delights none did them e'er excel,
Not Tereus with his ſiſter Philomel.
As they at Athens, we at Dover meet,
And gentlier far the Orleans ducheſs treat.
What ſad event attended on the ſame,
We'll leave to the report of common fame.
The ſenate, which ſhould headſtrong princes ſtay,
Let looſe the reins, and gave the realm away;
With laviſh hands they conſtant tributes give,
And annual ſtipends for their guilt receive.
Corrupt with gold, they wives and daughters bring
To the black idol for an offering.

All

* The king's ſiſter, the ducheſs of Orléans, was a woman of great intrigue. In the year 1671, ſhe and her brother met at Dover. When ſhe returned into France, the duke of Orleans, who had received very ſtrange accounts of her behaviour in England, ordered a great doſe of ſublimate to be given her in a glaſs of ſuccory water, of which ſhe dyed in great torment.

All but religious cheats might juſtly ſwear,
He true vicegerent to old Moloch were.

Prieſts were the firſt deluders of mankind,
Who with vain faith made all their reaſon blind;
Not Lucifer himſelf more proud than they,
And yet perſwade the world they muſt obey;
Of avarice and luxury complain,
And practiſe all the vices they arraign.
Riches and honour they from laymen reap,
And with dull crambo feed the ſilly ſheep.
As Killigrew buffoons his maſter, they
Droll on their god, but a much duller way.
With hocus pocus, and their heavenly fight,
They gain on tender conſciences at night.
Whoever has an over zealous wife,
Becomes the prieſt's Amphitryo during life.
Who would ſuch men heaven's meſſengers believe,
Who from the ſacred pulpit dare deceive?
Baal's wretched curates legerdemain'd it ſo,
And never durſt their tricks above-board ſhow.

When our firſt parents Paradiſe did grace,
The ſerpent was the prelate of the place.
Fond Eve did, for this ſubtle tempter's ſake,
From the forbidden tree the pippin take.
His God and Lord this preacher did betray,
To have the weaker veſſel made his prey.
Since death and ſin did human nature blot,
The chiefeſt bleſſings Adam's chaplain got.

Thrice wretched they, who nature's laws deteſt,
To trace the ways fantaſtic of a prieſt,
Till native reaſon's baſely forc'd to yield,
And hoſts of upſtart errors gain the field.

My muſe preſum'd a little to digreſs,
And touch their holy function with my verſe.
Now to the ſtage again ſhe tends direct,
And does on giant Lauderdale reflect.
This haughty monſter, with his ugly claws,
Firſt temper'd poyſon to deſtroy our laws;
Declares the council's edicts are beyond
The moſt authentic ſtatutes of the land;
Sets up in Scotland *a la mode de* France;
Taxes, exciſe, and armys does advance.
This Saracen his country's freedom broke,
To bring upon their necks the heavyer yoke.
This is the ſavage pimp, without diſpute,
Firſt brought his mother for a proſtitute.
Of all the miſcreants e'er went to hell,
This villain rampant bears away the bell.

Now muſt my muſe deplore the nation's fate,
Like a true lover for her dying mate.
The royal evil ſo malignant grows,
Nothing the dire contagion can oppoſe.
In our weal-publick ſcarce one thing ſucceeds,
For one man's weakneſs a whole nation bleeds,
Ill-luck ſtarts up, and thrives like evil weeds.
Let Cromwell's ghoſt ſmile with contempt, to ſee
Old England ſtruggling under ſlavery.

His

His meagre highneſs, now he's got aſtride,
Does on Britannia, as on Churchill, ride.

White-liver'd D—— calls for his ſwift Jack-all
To hunt down's prey, and hopes to maſter all.

Clifford and Hyde before had loſt the day;
One hang'd himſelf, and t'other ran away.
'Twas want of wit and courage made them fail,
But C———n, and the duke, muſt needs prevail.
The duke now vaunts with Popiſh myrmidons;
Our fleets, our ports, our cities and our towns,
Are man'd by him, or by his Holyneſs,
Bold Iriſh ruffians to his court addreſs.
This is the colony to plant his knaves,
From hence he picks and culls his murdering braves.
Here for an enſign, or lieutenant's place,
They'll kill a judge or juſtice of the peace.
At his command Mac will do any thing:
He'll burn a city, or deſtroy a king.
From Tiber came th' advice-boat monthly home,
And brought new leſſons to the duke from Rome.
Here with curs'd precepts, and with councils dire,
The godly cheat-king (would be) did inſpire;
Heaven had him chieftain of Great-Britain made,
Tells him the holy church demands his aid;
Bad him be bold, all dangers to defy,
His brother, ſneaking heretick, ſhould die.
A prieſt ſhould do it, from whoſe ſacred ſtroke
All England ſtrait ſhould fall beneath his yoke.

God did renounce him, and his cauſe diſown,
And in his ſtead had plac'd him on his throne.
From Saul the land of promiſe thus was rent,
And Jeſſe's ſon plac'd in the government.
The Holy Scripture vindicates his cauſe,
And monarchs are above all human laws.

Thus ſaid the ſcarlet whore to her gallant,
Who ſtrait deſign'd his brother to ſupplant:
Fiends of ambition here his ſoul poſſeſs'd,
And thirſt of empire calentur'd his breaſt.

Hence ruin and deſtruction had enſu'd,
And all the people been in blood imbru'd,
Had not Almighty Providence drawn near,
And ſtop'd his malice in his full career.

Be wiſe, ye ſons of men, tempt God no more;
To give you kings in's wrath to vex you ſore:
If a king's brother can ſuch miſchiefs bring,
Then how much greater miſchiefs ſuch a king?

ON BLOOD's STEALING THE CROWN.

WHEN daring Blood, his rent to have regain'd,
Upon the Engliſh diadem diſtrain'd;
He choſe the caſſock, circingle, and gown,
The fitteſt maſk for one that robs the crown:
But his lay-pity underneath prevail'd,
And whilſt he ſav'd the keeper's life he fail'd.
With the prieſt's veſtment had he but put on
The prelate's cruelty, the crown had gone *.

CLARENDON's HOUSE-WARMING.

WHEN Clarendon had diſcern'd beforehand
(As the cauſe can eaſily foretell the effect)
At once three deluges threat'ning our land †,
'Twas the ſeaſon he thought to turn architect.

Us Mars, and Apollo, and Vulcan conſume;
While he the betrayer of England and Flanders,
Like the king's-fiſher chuſeth to build in the broom,
And neſtles in flames like the ſalamander.

* His family having ſuffered very much by being of the royal party, and he finding no marks of favour from King Charles the Second, carryed his reſentment ſo far, as to attempt carrying off the crown. He had got it out of the Tower, in the habit of a prieſt. See Letter to a friend in Perſia.

† The Dutch war, the plague, and the fire of London.

But obſerving that mortals run often behind,
(So unreaſonable are the rates they buy at)
His omnipotence therefore much rather deſign'd,
How he might create a houſe with a fiat.

He had read of Rhodope, a lady of Thrace,
Who was dig'd up ſo often ere ſhe did marry;
And wiſh'd that his daughter had had as much grace,
To erect him a pyramid out of her quarry.

But then recollecting how the harper Amphion
Made Thebes dance aloft while he fiddled and ſung,
He thought as an inſtrument he was moſt free on
To build with the Jew's-trump of his own tongue.

Yet a precedent fitter in Virgil he found,
Of African Poultney, and Tyrian Dide;
That he beg'd for a palace ſo much of his ground*,
As might carry the meaſure and name of an Hyde.

Thus daily his gouty inventions him pain'd,
And all for to ſave the expences of brickbat;
That engine ſo fatal which Denham had brain'd,
And too much reſembled this wife's chocolat.

But while theſe devices he all doth compare,
None ſolid enough ſeem'd for his ſtrong caſtor;
He himſelf would not dwell in a caſtle of air,
Tho' he 'ad built full many a one for his maſter.

Already

* The Earl of Clarendon had a grant from King Charles the Second, for a piece of ground near St. James's, to build a houſe on.

Already he 'ad got all our money and cattle,
To buy us for ſlaves, and purchaſe our lands;
What Joſeph by famine, he wrought by ſea battel;
Nay ſcarce the prieſt's portion could ſcape from his hands.

And hence like Pharaoh that Iſrael preſs'd
To make mortar and brick, yet allow'd 'em no ſtraw,
He car'd not tho' Egypt's ten plagues us diſtreſs'd,
So he could to build but make policy law.

The Scotch forts and Dunkirk, but that they were ſold,
He would have demoliſh'd to raiſe up his walls;
Nay e'en from Tangier have ſent back for the mould,
But that he had nearer the ſtones of St. Paul's *.

His woods would come in at the eaſyer rate,
So long as the yards had a deal or a ſpar:
His friend in the navy would not be ingrate,
To grudge him ſome timber, who fram'd him the war.

To proceed in the model, he call'd in his Allons,
The two Allons when jovial, who ply him with gallons;
The two Allons who ſerv'd his blind juſtice for balance,
The two Allons who ſerv'd his injuſtice for talons.

They approve it thus far, and ſaid it was fine;
Yet his lordſhip to finiſh it would be unable,
Unleſs all abroad he divulg'd the deſign,
For his houſe then would grow like a vegetable.

* There was then a deſign of repairing St Paul's, which was afterwards layed aſide, and the ſtones intended for that, were bought by the Lord Clarendon to build his houſe with.

His rent would no more in arrear run to Wor'ſter;
He ſhould dwell more noble and cheap too at home,
While into a fabrick the preſents would muſter;
As by hook and by crook the world cluſter'd of atom.

He lik'd the advice and then ſoon it eſſay'd,
And preſents croud headlong to give good example,
So the bribes overlaid her that Rome once betray'd;
The tribes ne'er contributed ſo to the temple.

Strait judges, prieſts, biſhops, true ſons of the ſeal,
Sinners, governors, farmers, bankers, patentees,
Bring in the whole mite of a year at a meal,
As the chedder clubs dairy to the incorporate cheeſe.

Bulteales, Beak'ns, Morley, Wren's fingers with telling
Were ſhrivel'd, and Clutturbuck, Eagers, and Kips;
Since the act of oblivion was never ſuch ſelling,
As at this benevolence out of the ſnips.

'Twas then that the chimney contractors he ſmok'd,
Nor would take his beloved canary in kind:
But he ſwore that the patent ſhould ne'er be revok'd,
No, would the whole parliament kiſs him behind.

Like Jove under Ætna o'erwhelming the giant,
For foundation the Briſtol ſunk in the earth's bowel;
And St. John muſt now for the leads be compliant,
Or his right hand ſhall be cut off with a trowel.

For ſurveying the building 'twas Prat did the feat;
But for the expence he rely'd on Worſtenholm,
Who ſat heretofore at the king's receit,
But receiv'd now and paid the Chancellor's cuſtom.

By ſubſidies thus both cleric and laic,
And with matter profane cemented with holy;
He finiſh'd at laſt his palace moſaic,
By a model more excellent than Leſly's folly.

And upon the terras, to conſummate all,
A lanthorn like Faux's, ſurveys the burnt town,
And ſhews on the top by the regal gilt ball,
Where you are to expect the ſcepter and crown.

Fond city its rubbiſh and ruins that builds,
Like vain chymiſts, a flow'r from its aſhes returning,
Your metropolis houſe is in St. James's fields,
And till there you remove, you ſhall never leave burning.

This temple of war and of peace is the ſhrine,
Where this idol of ſtate ſits ador'd and accurs'd
To handſel his altar and noſtrils divine,
Great Buckingham's ſacrifice muſt be the firſt.

Now ſome (as all builders muſt cenſure abide)
Throw duſt in its front, and blame ſituation:
And others as much reprehend his back-ſide,
As too narrow by far for his expatiation.

But do not conſider how in proceſs of times,
That for name ſake he may with Hyde-Park it enlarge,
And with that convenience he ſoon for his crimes
At Tyburn may land and ſpare the Tow'r-barge.

Or rather how wiſely his ſtall was built near,
Leſt with driving too far his tallow impair;
When like the good ox, for publick good-chear,
He comes to be roaſted next St. James's fair.

UPON HIS HOUSE.

HERE lie the ſacred bones
Of Paul beguiled of his ſtones:
Here lie golden briberies,
The price of ruin'd families;
The cavalier's debenter wall,
Fix'd on an eccentrick baſis:
Here's Dunkirk-Town and Tangier-Hall *,
The Queen's marriage and all,
The Dutchman's *templum pacis* †.

* Some call it Dunkirk houſe, intimating that it was builded by his ſhare of the price of Dunkirk. Tangier was part of Queen Catherine's portion, the match between whom and the King he was ſuſpected to have a hand in making.

† It was ſaid he had money of the Dutch, to treat of a peace.

ROYAL RESOLUTIONS.

I.

WHEN plate was at pawn, and fob at an ebb,
And ſpider might weave in bowels its web,
And ſtomach as empty as brain;
Then Charles without acre,
Did ſwear by his Maker,
If e'er I ſee England again,
I'll have a religion all of my own,
Whether Popiſh or Proteſtant ſhall not be known;
And if it prove troubleſome, I will have none.

II.

I'll have a long parliament always to friend,
And furniſh my treaſure as faſt as I ſpend,
And if they will not, they ſhall have an end.

III.

I'll have a council ſhall ſit always ſtill,
And give me a licence to do what I will;
And two ſecretaries ſhall piſs thro' a quill.

IV.

My inſolent brother ſhall bear all the ſway;
If parliaments murmur, I'll ſend him away,
And call him again as ſoon as I may.

V.

I'll have a rare ſon, in marrying tho' marr'd,
Shall govern (if not my kingdom) my guard,
And ſhall be ſucceſſor to me or Gerrard.

VI. I'll

VI.

I'll have a new London inſtead of the old,
With wide ſtreets and uniform to my own mould
But if they build too faſt, I'll bid 'em hold.

VII.

The ancient nobility I will lay by,
And new ones create their rooms to ſupply,
And they ſhall raiſe fortunes for my own fry.

VIII.

Some one I'll advance from a common deſcent,
So high that he ſhall hector the parliament,
And all wholeſome laws for the public prevent,

IX.

And I will aſſert him to ſuch a degree
That all his foul treaſons, tho' daring and high,
Under my hand and ſeal ſhall have indemnity.

X.

And, whate'er it coſt me, I'll have a French whore,
As bold as Alice Pierce, and as fair as Jane Shore;
And when I am weary of her, I'll have more.

XI.

Which if any bold commoner dare to oppoſe,
I'll order my bravos to cut off his noſe *,
Tho' for't I a branch of prerogative loſe.

XII.

My pimp ſhall be my miniſter primier,
My bauds call embaſſadors far and near,
And my wench ſhall diſpoſe of Conge d'Elire.

XIII. I'll

* Alluding to the barbarity acted on Sir John Coventry.

XIII.

I'll wholly abandon all publick affairs,
And paſs all my time with buffoons and players,
And ſaunter to Nelly when I ſhould be at prayers.

XIV.

I'll have a fine pond with a pretty decoy,
Where many ſtrange fowl ſhall feed and enjoy,
And ſtill in their language quack Vive le Roy.

ON THE LORD MAYOR, AND COURT OF ALDERMEN, PRESENTING THE KING AND THE DUKE OF YORK, EACH WITH A COPY OF HIS FREEDOM, ANNO DOM. 1674.

A BALLAD.

I.

THE Londoners Gent
To the King do preſent,
In a box, the City maggot;
'Tis a thing full of weight,
That requires all the might
Of whole Guild-Hall team to drag it.

II.

Whilſt their churches unbuilt,
And their houſes undwelt,
And their orphans want bread to feed 'em;
Themſelves they've bereft
Of the little wealth they had left,
To make an offering of their freedom.

III.

O ye addle-brain'd cits!
Who henceforth, in their wi..,
Would intruſt their youth to your heeding?
When in diamonds and gold
You have him thus enroll'd?
Ye know both his friends and his breeding!

IV.

Beyond ſea he began,
Where ſuch a riot he ran,
That every one there did leave him;
And now he's come o'er
Ten times worſe than before,
When none but ſuch fools would receive him.

V.

He ne'er knew, not he,
How to ſerve or be free,
Tho' he has paſs'd thro' ſo many adventures;
But e'er ſince he was bound,
(That is, he was crown'd)
He has every day broke his indentures.

VI.

He ſpends all his days
In running to plays,
When he ought in his ſhop to be poring;
And he waſtes all his nights
In his conſtant delights,
Of revelling, drinking, and whoreing.

VII.

Throughout Lombard-ſtreet,
Each man he did meet,
He would run on the ſcore with and borrow;
When they aſk'd for their own,
He was broke and was gone,
And his creditors all left to ſorrow.

VIII.

Tho' oft bound to the peace,
Yet he never would ceaſe
To vex his poor neighbours with quarrels;
And when he was beat,
He ſtill made his retreat
To his Clevelands, his Nells, and his Carwells.

IX.

Nay, his company leud
Were twice grown ſo rude,
That had not fear taught him ſobriety,
And the houſe being well bar'd,
With guard upon guard,
They'd rob'd us of all our propriety.

X.

Such a plot was lay'd,
Had not Aſhley betray'd,
As had cancel'd all former diſaſters;
And your wives had been ſtrumpets
To his highneſs's trumpets,
And footboys had all been your maſters.

XI.

So many are the debts,
And the baſtards he gets,
Which muſt all be defray'd by London;
That notwithſtanding the care
Of Sir Thomas Player,
The chamber muſt needs be undone.

XII.

His words or his oath
Cannot bind him to troth,
And he values not credit or hiſtory;
And though he has ſerved thro'
Two 'prenticeſhips now,
He knows not his trade nor his myſtery.

XIII.

Then London rejoice
In thy fortunate choice
To have him made free of thy ſpices;
And do not miſtruſt,
He may once grow more juſt,
When he'as worn off his follys and vices.

XIV.

And what little thing
Is that which you bring
To the Duke, the kingdom's darling?
Ye hug it, and draw
Like ants at a ſtraw,
Tho' too ſmall for the griſtle of ſterling.

XV.

Is it a box of pills
To cure the Duke's ills?
He is too far gone to begin it!
Or does your fine ſhow
In proceſſioning go,
With the pix and the hoſt within it?

XVI.

The very firſt head
Of the oath you him read,
Shew you all how fit he's to govern,
When in heart, you all knew,
He ne'er was, nor will be, true
To his country or to his ſovereign.

XVII.

And who pray could ſwear,
That he would forbear
To cull out the good of an alien,
Who ſtill doth advance
The government of France
With a wife and religion Italian?

XVIII.

And now, worſhipful ſirs,
Go fold up your furs,
And Viners turn again, turn again;
I ſee whoe'er's freed,
You for ſlaves are decreed,
Until you burn again, burn again.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO HORSES, 1674.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WE read, in profane and ſacred records,
Of beaſts, which have utter'd articulate words.
When magpies and parrots cry, walk knaves, walk,
It is a clear proof that birds too may talk.
And ſtatues, without either wind-pipes or lungs,
Have ſpoken as plainly as men do with tongues.
Livy tells a ſtrange ſtory, can hardly be fellow'd,
That a ſacrific'd ox, when his guts were out, bellow'd.
Phalaris had a bull, which, as grave authors tell ye,
Would roar like a Devil with a man in his belly.
Friar Bacon had a head that ſpake, made of braſs;
And Balaam the prophet was reprov'd by his aſs.
At Delphos and Rome ſtocks and ſtones, now and then, ſirs,
Have to queſtions returned articulate anſwers.
All Popiſh believers think ſomething divine,
When images ſpeak, poſſeſſeth the ſhrine;
But they who faith catholick ne'er underſtood,
When ſhrines give an anſwer, a knave's on the rood.
Thoſe idols ne'er ſpoke, but are miracles done
By the devil, a prieſt, a friar, or a nun.
If the Roman church, good chriſtians, oblige ye
To believe man and beaſt have ſpoke in effigie,
Why ſhould we not credit the public diſcourſes,
In a dialogue between two inanimate horſes?

The

The horſes I mean of Wool-Church and Charing,
Who told many truths worth any man's hearing.
Since Viner and Oſborn did buy, and provide 'em
For the two mighty monarchs who now do beſtride 'em,
The ſtately braſs ſtallion, and the white marble ſteed,
The night came together, by all 'tis agreed.
When both kings were weary of ſitting all day,
They ſtole off, incognito, each his own way;
And then the two jades, after mutual ſalutes,
Not only diſcours'd, but fell to diſputes.

THE DIALOGUE.

QUOTH the marble horſe,

WOOL-CHURCH.

It would make a ſtone ſpeak,
To ſee a lord-mayor and a Lombard-ſtreet break †;
Thy founder and mine to cheat one another,
When both knaves agreed to be each others brother,

Here Charing broke forth, and thus he went on,

CHARING.

My braſs is provoked as much as thy ſtone,
To ſee church and ſtate bow down to a whore ‡,
And the king's chief miniſter holding the door;

The

* The ſtatue at Charing Croſs was erected by the Lord Danby; that at Wool-Church by Sir Robert Viner, then lord-mayor.

† Alluding to the failure of the bankers.

‡ See letter to a friend in Perſia.

The money of widows and orphans imploy'd,
And the bankers quite broke to maintain the whore's pride.

WOOL-CHURCH.

To ſee *Dei Gratia* writ on the throne,
And the king's wicked life ſay, God there is none.

CHARING.

That he ſhould be ſtil'd defender of the faith,
Who believes not a word what the word of God ſaith.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That the duke ſhould turn papiſt, and that church defy,
For which his own father a martyr did die.

CHARING.

Tho' he chang'd his religion, I hope he's ſo civil,
Not to think his own father is gone to the Devil.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That bondage and beggary ſhould be in a nation
By a curs'd Houſe of Commons, and a bleſs'd Reſtoration.

CHARING.

To ſee a white ſtaff make a beggar a lord,
And ſcarce a wiſe man at a long council-board.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That the bank ſhould be ſeiz'd, yet the Chequer ſo poor;
Lord have mercy, and a croſs might be ſet on the door.

CHARING.

That a million and half ſhould be the revenue,
Yet the king of his debts pay no man a penny.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That the king ſhould conſume three kingdoms' eſtates,
And yet all the court be as poor as church rats.

CHARING.

CHARING.

That of four ſeas dominion, and of all their guarding,
No token ſhould appear, but a poor copper farthing.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Our worm eaten ſhips to be lay'd up at Chatham,
Not our trade to ſecure, but for fools to come at 'em

CHARING.

And our few ſhips abroad become Tripoli's ſcorn,
By pawning for victuals their guns at Leghorn.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That making us ſlaves by horſe and foot guards,
For reſtoring the king, ſhall be all our reward.

CHARING.

The baſeſt ingratitude ever was heard!
But tyrants ungrateful are always afear'd.

WOOL-CHURCH.

On Harry the Seventh's head he who plac'd the crown,
Was after rewarded by loſing his own.

CHARING.

That parliament-men ſhould rail at the court,
And get good preferments immediately for't.
To ſee them who ſuffered for father and ſon,
And helped to bring the latter to his throne,
Who with lives and eſtates did loyally ſerve,
And yet for all this can nothing deſerve;
The king looks not on 'em, preferments deny'd 'em,
The round-heads inſult, and the courtiers deride 'em,
And none get preferments, but who will betray
Their country to ruin, 'tis that opes the way

* Alluding to our ſhips being burned by the Dutch.

Of the bold talking members.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Of the baſtards you add,
What a number of raſcally lords have been made.

CHARING.

That traitors to a country, in a brib'd Houſe of Commons,
Should give away millions at every ſummons.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Yet ſome of thoſe givers, ſuch beggarly villains,
As not to be truſted for twice fifty ſhillings.

CHARING.

No wonder that beggars ſhould ſtill be for giving,
Who out of what's given do get a good living.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Four knights and a knave, who were burgeſſes made,
For ſelling their conſciences were liberally pay'd.

CHARING.

How baſe are the ſouls of ſuch low-prized ſinners,
Who vote with the country for drink and for dinners.

WOOL-CHURCH.

'Tis they who brought on us this ſcandalous yoke,
Of exciſing our cups, and taxing our ſmoke.

CHARING.

But thanks to the whores who made the king dogged,
For giving no more the rogues are prorogued.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That a king ſhould endeavour to make a war ceaſe,
Which augments and ſecures his own profit and peace.

CHA-

CHARING.

And plenipotentiarys ſent into France,
With an addle-headed knight, and a lord without brains.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That the king ſhould ſend for another French whore,
When one already had made him ſo poor.

CHARING.

The miſſes take place, each advanc'd to be dutcheſs,
With pomp great as queens in their coach and ſix horſes.
Their baſtards made dukes, earls, viſcounts, and lords,
And all the high titles that honour affords.

WOOL-CHURCH.

While theſe brats and their mothers do live in ſuch plenty,
The nation's empoveriſh'd, and the Chequer quite empty:
And though war was pretended when the money was lent,
More on whores, than in ſhips, or in war hath been ſpent.

CHARING.

Enough, my dear brother, altho' we ſpeak reaſon;
Yet truth many times being puniſh'd for treaſon,
We ought to be wary, and bridle our tongue,
Bold ſpeaking hath done both men and beaſts wrong.
When the aſs ſo boldly rebuked the prophet,
Thou knoweſt what danger had like to come of it;
Tho' the beaſt gave his maſter ne'er an ill word,
Inſtead of a cudgel Balaam wiſh'd for a ſword.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Truth's as bold as a lyon, I am not afraid,
I'll prove every tittle of what I have ſaid.
Our riders are abſent, who is't that can hear?
Let's be true to ourſelves, who then need we fear?

Where is thy king gone?

CHARING.

To ſee biſhop Laud.

WOOL-CHURCH.

To cuckold a ſcrivener, mine's in maſquerade;
For on ſuch occaſions he oft ſteals away,
And returns to remount me about break of day.
In very dark nights ſometimes you may find him,
With a harlot got up on my crupper behind him.

CHARING.

Pauſe brother awhile, and calmly conſider
What thou haſt to ſay againſt my royal rider.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Thy prieſt-ridden king turn'd deſperate fighter
For the ſurplice, lawn-ſleeves, the croſs, and the mitre;
Till at laſt on the ſcaffold he was left in the lurch,
By knaves, who cry'd up themſelves for the church
Archbiſhops and biſhops, archdeacons and deans.

CHARING.

Thy king will ne'er fight unleſs for his queans.

WOOL-CHURCH.

He that dys for ceremonys, dys like a fool.

CHARING.

The king on thy back is a lamentable tool.

WOOL-CHURCH.

The goat and the lyon I equally hate,
And freemen alike value life and eſtate;
Tho' the father and ſon be different rods,
Between the two ſcourgers we find little odds;

Both

Both infamous ſtand in three kingdoms' votes,
This for picking our pockets, that for cutting our throats.

CHARING.

More tolerable are the lyon king's ſlaughters,
Than the goat making whores of our wives and our daughters.
The debauched and cruel ſince they equally gall us,
I had rather bear Nero than Sardanapalus.

WOOL-CHURCH.

One of the two tyrants muſt ſtill be our caſe,
Under all who ſhall reign of the falſe Stuart's race.
De Wit and Cromwel had each a brave ſoul,
I freely declare it, I am for old Noll;
Though his government did a tyrant reſemble,
He made England great, and his enemys tremble.

CHARING.

Thy rider puts no man to death in his wrath,
But is bury'd alive in luſt and in ſloth.

WOOL-CHURCH.

What is thy opinion of James Duke of York?

CHARING.

The ſame that the frogs had of Jupiter's ſtork.
With the Turk in his head, and the Pope in his heart,
Father Patrick's diſciples will make England ſmart.
If e'er he be king, I know Britain's doom,
We muſt all to a ſtake, or be converts to Rome.
Ah! Tudor, ah! Tudor, of Stuarts enough;
None ever reign'd like old Beſs in the ruff.
Her Walſingham could dark counſels unriddle,
And our Sir Joſeph write news books, and fiddle.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Truth, brother, well ſaid, but that's ſomewhat bitter,
His perfum'd predeceſſor was never more fitter:
Yet we have one ſecretary honeſt and wife;
For that very reaſon, he's never to riſe.
But can'ſt thou deviſe when things will be mended?

CHARING.

When the reign of the line of the Stuarts is ended.

CONCLUSION.

If ſpeeches from animals in Rome's firſt age,
Prodigious events did ſurely preſage,
That ſhould come to paſs, all mankind may ſwear,
That which two inanimate horſes declare.
But I ſhould have told you before the jades parted,
Both gallop'd to Whitehall, and there humbly farted;
Which tyranny's downfal portended much more,
Than all that the beaſts had ſpoken before.
If the Delphick Sibyl's oracular ſpeeches
(As learned men ſay) came out of their breeches,
Why might not our horſes, ſince words are but wind,
Have the ſpirit of prophecy likewiſe behind?
Tho' tyrants make laws, which they ſtrictly proclaim,
To conceal their own faults and to cover their ſhame;
Yet the beaſts in the field, and the ſtones in the wall,
Will publiſh their faults and prophecy their fall;
When they take from the people the freedom of words,
They teach them the ſooner to fall to their ſwords.
Let the city drink coffee, and quietly groan,
(They who conquer'd the father won't be ſlaves to the ſon).

For

For wine and ſtrong drink make tumults encreaſe,
Chocolate, tea, and coffee, are liquors of peace;
No quarrels, or oaths are among thoſe who drink them,
'Tis Bacchus and the brewer, ſwear damn 'em and ſink 'em.
Then Charles thy edict againſt coffee recall,
There's ten times more treaſon in brandy and ale.

HODGE's VISION FROM THE MONUMENT, DECEMBER 1675.

A country clown call'd HODGE, *went up to view*
The pyramid; pray mark what did enſue.

WHEN Hodge had number'd up how many ſcore
The airy pyramid contain'd, he ſwore
No mortal wight e'er climb'd ſo high before.
To the beſt vantage plac'd, he views around
Th' imperial town, with lofty turrets crown'd;
That wealthy ſtore-houſe of the bounteous flood,
Whoſe peaceful tides o'erflow our land with good;
Confuſed forms flit by his wandring eyes,
And his rap'd ſoul's o'erwhelm'd with extaſys.
Some God it ſeems has enter'd his plain breaſt,
And with's abode the ruſtick manſion bleſs'd;
A mighty change he feels in every part,
Light ſhines in's eyes, and wiſdom rules his heart.

So when her pious ſon fair Venus ſhew'd
His flaming Troy, with ſlaughter'd Dardans ſtrew'd;
She purg'd his opticks, fill'd with mortal night,
And Troy's ſad doom he read by heaven's light.
Such light divine broke on the clouded eyes
Of humble Hodge.
Regions remote, courts, councils, policys,
The circling wiles of tyrants' treacherys
He views, diſcerns, uncyphers, penetrates,
From Charles's Dukes, to Europe's armed ſtates.
Firſt he beholds proud Rome and France combin'd,
By double vaſſalage t'enſlave mankind;
That wou'd the ſoul, this wou'd the body ſway,
Their bulls and edicts none muſt diſobey.
For theſe with war ſad Europe they enflame,
Rome ſays for God, and France declares for fame.
See ſons of Satan, how religion's force
Is gentleneſs, fame bought with blood a curſe.
He whom all ſtil'd "delight of human kind,"
Juſtice and mercy, truth with honour join'd:
His kindly rays cheriſh'd the teeming earth,
And ſtruggling virtue bleſs'd with proſperous birth.
Like Chaos you the tott'ring globe invade,
Religion cheat, and war ye make a trade.
Next the leud palace of the plotting King,
To's eyes new ſcenes of frantick folly bring.
Behold (ſays he) the fountain of our woe,
From whence our vices and our ruin flow.
Here parents their own off-ſpring proſtitute,
By ſuch vile arts t'obtain ſome viler ſuit.

Here blooming youth adore Priapus' ſhrine,
And prieſts pronounce him ſacred and divine.
The goatiſh God behold in his alcove,
(The ſecret ſcene of damn'd inceſtuous love)
Melting in luſt, and drunk like Lot, he lys
Betwixt two bright daughter-divinitys.
Oh! that like Saturn he had eat his brood,
And had been thus ſtain'd with their impious blood,
He had in that leſs ill, more manhood ſhew'd.
Ceaſe, ceaſe, (O Charles) thus to pollute our iſle,
Return, return, to thy long wiſh'd exile;
There with thy court defile thy neighbour-ſtates,
And with their crimes precipitate their fates.
See where the Duke in damn'd divan does ſit,
To's vaſt deſigns wracking his pigmy wit;
Whilſt a choice ſenate of th' Ignatian crew,
The ways to murder, treaſon, conqueſt ſhew.
Diſſenters they oppreſs with law ſevere,
That whilſt to wound thoſe innocents we fear,
Their curſed ſect we may be forc'd to ſpare.
Twice the reform'd muſt fight a bloody prize,
That Rome and France may on their ruin riſe.
Old Bonner ſingle hereticks did burn,
Theſe reform'd citys into aſhes turn,
And every year new fires do make us mourn.
Ireland ſtands ready for his cruel reign;
Well fatned once, ſhe gapes for blood again,
For blood of Engliſh martyrs baſely ſlain.
Our valiant youth abroad muſt learn the trade
Of unjuſt war, their country to invade,

Whilſt others here do guard us, to prepare
Our gauled necks his iron yoke to bear.
Lo how the Wight already is betray'd,
And Baſhaw Holmes does the poor iſle invade.
T'enſure the plot, France muſt her legions lend,
Rome to reſtore, and to enthrone Rome's friend.
'Tis in return, James does our fleet betray,
(That fleet whoſe thunder made the world obey).
Ships once our ſafety, and our glorious might,
Are doom'd with worms and rotteneſs to fight;
Whilſt France rides ſovereign o'er the Britiſh main,
Our merchants robb'd, and our brave ſeamen ta'en.
Thus the raſh Phaeton with fury hurl'd,
And rapid rage, conſumes our Britiſh world.
Blaſt him, O heavens! in his mad career,
And let this iſle no more his frenzy fear.
Curs'd James, 'tis he that all good men abhor,
Falſe to thy ſelf, and to thy friend much more;
To him who did thy promis'd pardon hope *,
Whilſt with pretended joy he kiſs'd the rope:
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, and gaſping out a lye,
Deceived and unprepared, thou let'ſt him dye,
With equal gratitude and charity.
In ſpight of Jermin, and of black-mouth'd fame;
This Stuart's trick legitimates thy name.
With one conſent we all her death deſire,
Who durſt her huſband's and her king's conſpire †.
And now juſt heaven's prepar'd to ſet us free,
Heaven and our hopes are both oppos'd by thee.

Thus

* Coleman.

† Queen Catherine was ſuſpected to be in a plot againſt the king's life.

Thus fondly thou doſt Hyde's old treaſon own,
Thus make thy new ſuſpected treaſon known.

Bleſs me! What's that at Weſtminſter I ſee?
That piece of legiſlative pageantry!
To our dear James has Rome her conclave lent?
Or has Charles bought the Paris parliament?
None elſe James would promote with ſo much zeal,
Who by proviſo hopes the crown to ſteal.
See how in humble guiſe the ſlaves advance,
To tell a tale of army, and of France,
Whilſt proud prerogative in ſcornful guiſe,
Their fear, love, duty, danger, does deſpiſe.
There, in a brib'd committee, they contrive
To give our birth-rights to prerogative:
Give, did I ſay? They ſell, and ſell ſo dear
That half each tax Danby diſtributes there.
Danby, 'tis fit the price ſo great ſhall be,
They ſell religion, ſell their liberty.
Theſe vipers have their mother's entrails torn,
And would by force a ſecond time be born.
They haunt the place to which you once was ſent,
This ghoſt of a departed parliament.
Gibbets and halters countrymen prepare,
Let none, let none their renegadoes ſpare.
When that day comes, we'll part the ſheep and goats,
The ſpruce brib'd monſieurs from the true grey coats.
New parliaments, like manna, all taſtes pleaſe,
But kept too long, our food turns our diſeaſe.
From that loath'd ſight, Hodge turn'd his weeping eyes,
And London thus alarms with loyal cries.

Tho' common danger does approach ſo nigh,
This ſtupid town ſleeps in ſecurity.
Out of your golden dreams awake, awake,
Your all, tho' you ſee not, your all's at ſtake.
More dreadful fires approach your falling town,
Than thoſe which burn'd your ſtately ſtructures down,
Such fatal fires as once in Smithfield ſhone.
If then he ſtay till Edwards orders give *,
No mortal arm your ſafety can retrieve.
See how with golden baits the crafty Gaul
Has brib'd our geeſe to yield the capitol.
And will ye tamely ſee yourſelves betray'd?
Will none ſtand up in our dear country's aid?

Self-preſervation, nature's firſt great law,
All the creation, except man, does awe:
'Twas in him fix'd, till lying prieſts defac'd
His heav'n-born mind, and nature's tablets raſ'd.
Tell me, ye forging crew, what law reveal'd,
By God, to kings the *jus divinum* ſeal'd?
If to do good, ye *jus divinum* call,
It is the grand prerogative of all:
If to do ill, unpuniſh'd be their right,
Such power's not granted that great king of night.
Man's life moves on the poles of hope and fear,
Reward and pain all orders do revere.
But if your dear lord ſov'reign you would ſpare,
Admoniſh him in his blood-thirſty heir.
So when the royal lyon does offend,
The beaten cur's example makes him mend.

This

* Edwards, then lord-mayor.

This ſaid, poor Hodge, then in a broken tone,
Cry'd out, Oh Charles! thy life, thy life, thy crown!
Ambitious James, and bloody prieſts conſpire,
Plots, papiſts, murders, maſſacres, and fire;
Poor Proteſtants! with that his eyes did roll,
His body fell, out fled his frighted ſoul.

NSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER, ABOUT THE DUTCH WARS, 1667.

AFTER two ſittings *, now our Lady State,
To end her picture, does the third time wait;
But ere thou fall'ſt to work, firſt painter ſee,
Is it too ſlight grown or too hard for thee?
Canſt thou paint without colours? Then 'tis right:
For ſo we too without a fleet can fight.
Or can'ſt thou daub a ſign-poſt, and that ill?
'Twill ſuit our great debauch, and little ſkill.
Or haſt thou mark'd how antick maſters limn
The ally-roof with ſnuff of candle dim,
Sketching in ſhady ſmoke prodigious tools?
'Twill ſerve this race of drunkards, pimps, and fools.
But if to match our crimes thy ſkill preſumes,
As th' Indians draw our luxury in plumes,
Or if to ſcore out our compendious fame,
With Hooke then thro' your microſcope take aim,
Where like the new comptroller all men laugh,
To ſee a tall louſe brandiſh a white ſtaff,

Elſe

* See Waller's, and Denham's, poems.

Elſe ſhalt thou oft' thy guiltleſs pencil curſe,
Stamp on thy pallet, not perhaps the worſe.
The painter having ſo long vex'd his cloth,
Of his hounds mouth to feign the raging froth,
His deſperate pencil at the work did dart;
His anger reach'd that rage which paſs'd his art.
Chance finiſh'd that, which art could not begin,
And he ſat ſmiling as his dog did grin.
So may'ſt thou perfect by a lucky blow,
What all thy ſofteſt touches cannot do.

Paint then St. Alban's full of ſoop and gold,
The new court's pattern, ſtallion of the old.
Him neither wit nor courage did exalt,
But fortune choſe him for her pleaſure's ſalt.
Paint him with dray-man's ſhoulders, butcher's mein,
Member'd like mule, with elephantine chin.
Well he the title of St. Albans bore;
For never Bacon ſtudyed nature more;
But age, allaying now that youthful heat,
Fits him in France to play at cards, and cheat.

Draw no commiſſion, leſt the court ſhould lye,
And, diſavowing treaty, aſk ſupply.
He needs no ſeal but to St. James's leaſe,
Whoſe breeches were the inſtruments of peace;
Who, if the French diſpute his power, from thence
Can ſtrait produce them a plenipotence.
Nor fears he the Moſt Chriſtian ſhould trapan
Two ſaints at once, St. German and Alban;

But thought the golden age was now reſtor'd,
When men and women took each other's word.

Paint then again her highneſs to the life,
Philoſopher beyond Newcaſtle's wife.
She naked can Archimede's ſelf put down,
For an experiment upon the crown.
She perfected that engine oft' eſſay'd,
How after child-birth to renew a maid;
And found how royal heirs might be matur'd
In fewer months than mothers once endur'd.
Hence Crowder made the rare inventreſs free
Of's Highneſs's Royal Society.
Happyeſt of women if ſhe were but able
To make her glaſſen Duke once malleable!
Paint her with oyſter-lip, and breath of fame,
Wide mouth, that ſparagus may well proclaim;
With chancellor's belly, and ſo large a rump,
Where (not behind the coach) her pages jump.
Expreſs her ſtudying now, if China clay
Can, without breaking, venom'd juice convey:
Or how a mortal poyſon ſhe may draw
Out of the cordial meal of the coca.
Witneſs ye ſtars of night, and thou the pale
Moon, that o'ercome with the ſick ſteam, didſt fail:
Ye neighb'ring elms, which your green leaves did ſhed,
And fawns which from the womb abortive fled.
Not unprovok'd ſhe trys forbidden arts,
But in her ſoft breaſt love's hid cancer ſmarts:
While ſhe reſolves at once Sydney's diſgrace,
And herſelf ſcorn'd for emulous Denham's face *;

And

* The Duke of York was thought to have an intrigue with Sir John Denham's lady.

And nightly hears the hated guard, away
Galloping with the Duke to other prey.

Paint Caſtlemain in colours which will hold
Her, not her picture, for ſhe now grows old.
She thro' her lacquey's drawers, as he ran,
Diſcern'd love's cauſe, and a new flame began.
Her wonted joys thenceforth, and court, ſhe ſhuns,
And ſtill within her mind the footman runs;
His brazen calves, his brawny thighs, (the face
She ſlights) his feet ſhap'd for a ſmoother race!
Then, poring with her glaſs, ſhe re-adjuſts;
Her locks, and oft-try'd beauty now diſtruſts;
Fears leſt he ſcorn'd a woman once aſſay'd,
And now firſt wiſh'd ſhe e'er had been a maid.
Great love! how doſt thou triumph, and how reign,
That to a groom couldſt humble her diſdain!
Strip'd to her ſkin, ſee how ſhe ſtooping ſtands,
Nor ſcorns to rub him down with thoſe fair hands,
And waſhing (leſt the ſcent her crime diſcloſe)
His ſweaty hoofs, tickles him betwixt the toes.
But envious fame too ſoon began to note
More gold in's fob, more lace upon his coat;
And he unweary, and of tongue too fleet,
No longer could conceal his fortune ſweet.
Juſtly the rogue was whip'd in Porter's den,
And Jermain ſtrait has leave to come again.
Ah painter! now could Alexander live,
And this Campaſpe the Apelles give *!

* Campaſpe was Alexander's miſtreſs, whom Apelles, by Alexander's command, painted naked, and fell violently in love with her. Alexander perceived it, and, for fear of any fatal conſequence to Apelles, gave her to him.

Draw next a pair of tables opening, then
The Houſe of Commons clattering like the men.
Deſcribe the court and country both ſet right
On oppoſite points, the black againſt the white.
Thoſe having loſt the nation at tick-tack,
Theſe now adventuring how to win it back.
The dice betwixt them muſt the fate divide,
As chance does ſtill in multitudes decide.
But here the court doth its advantage know,
For the cheat, Turner, for them both muſt throw;
As ſome from boxes, he ſo from the chair
Can ſtrike the dice, and ſtill with them have ſhare.

Here painter reſt a little and ſurvey
With what ſmall arts the publick game they play:
For ſo too, Rubens, with affairs of ſtate,
His labouring pencil oft would recreate.

The cloſe cabal mark'd how the navy eats,
And thought all loſt that goes not to the cheats:
So therefore ſecretly for peace decrees,
Yet for a war the parliament would ſqueeze;
And fix to the revenue ſuch a ſum
Should Goodrick ſilence, and make Paſton dumb,
Should pay land armys, ſhould diſſolve the vain
Commons, and ever ſuch a court maintain;
Hyde's avarice, Bennet's luxury, ſhould ſuffice,
And what can theſe defray but the exciſe?
Exciſe, a monſter worſe than e'er before
Frighted the midwife, and the mother tore.

A thouſand hands ſhe has, a thouſand eyes,
Breaks into ſhops, and into cellars prys;
With hundred rows of teeth the ſhark exceeds,
And on all trades, like Caſawar, ſhe feeds;
Chops off the piece where-e'er ſhe cloſe the jaw,
Elſe ſwallows all down her indented maw.
She ſtalks all day in ſtreets, conceal'd from ſight,
And flys like bats with leathern wings by night;
She waſtes the country, and on citys preys.
Her, of a female harpy in dog-days,
Black Birch, of all the earth-born race moſt hot,
And moſt rapacious, like himſelf begot;
And of his brat enamour'd, as ſh' increas'd,
Bugger'd in inceſt with the mungrel beaſt.

Say muſe, for nothing can eſcape thy ſight,
And painter, wanting other, draw this fight,
Who in an Engliſh ſenate fierce debate
Could raiſe ſo long, for this new whore of ſtate.

Of early witalls firſt the troop march'd in,
For diligence renown'd, and diſcipline.
In loyal haſte they left your wives in bed,
And Denham theſe with one conſent did head.

Of the old courtiers next a ſquadron came,
Who ſold their maſter, led by Aſhburnham.

To them ſucceeds a deſpicable rout,
But knew the word, and well could face about;
Expectants pale, with hopes of ſpoil allur'd,
Tho' yet but pioneers, and led by Steward.

Then damning cowards rang'd the vocal plain;
Wood theſe commands, knight of the horn and cane:
Still his hook-ſhoulder ſeems the blow to dread,
And under's arm-pit he defends his head.
The poſture ſtrange men laugh at, of his poll
Hid with his elbow like the ſpice he ſtole:
Headleſs St. Dennis ſo his head does bear,
And both of them alike French martyrs were.

Court officers, as us'd, the next place took,
And follow'd F———x, but with diſdainful look:
His birth, his youth, his brokage all diſpraiſe
In vain; for always he commands that pays.

Then the procurers under Progers fil'd,
Gentleſt of men, and his lieutenant mild;
Bronkard, love's ſquire, thro' all the field array'd,
No troop was better clad, nor ſo well pay'd.

Then march'd the troop of Clarendon, all full,
Haters of fowl, to teal preferring bull;
Groſs bodys, groſſer minds, and groſſer cheats:
And bloated Wren conducts them to their ſeats.

Charlton advances next (whoſe wife does awe
The mitred troop) and with his looks gives law.
He march'd with beaver cock'd of biſhop's brim,
And hid much fraud under an aſpect grim.

Next do the lawyers, ſordid band, appear,
Finch in the front, and Thurland in the rear.

The troop of privilege, a rabble bare,
Of debtors deep, fell to Trelawney's care;
Their fortune's error they ſupply'd in rage,
Nor any farther would than theſe engage.

Then march'd the troop, whoſe valiant acts before
Their public acts, oblig'd them to do more.
For chimney's ſake they all Sir Pool obey'd,
Or, in his abſence, him that firſt it lay'd.

Then came the thrifty troop of privateers,
Whoſe horſes each with other interferes:
Before them Higgins rides with brow compact,
Mourning his counteſs, anxious for his act.

Sir Frederick and Sir Solomon draw lots,
For the command of politicks and Scots;
Thence fell to words; but quarrels to adjourn,
Their friends agreed they ſhould command by turn.

Carteret the rich did the accountants guide,
And in ill Engliſh all the world defy'd.

The papiſts (but of thoſe the houſe had none,
Elſe) Talbot offer'd to have led them on.

Bold Duncomb next, of the projectors chief,
And old Fitz Harding of the eaters beef.

Late and diſorder'd out the drunkards drew,
Scarce them their leaders, they their leaders knew.

Before them enter'd, equal in command,
Apſley and Brotherick marching hand in hand.

Laſt

Laſt then but one, Powel, that could not ride,
Left the French ſtandard weltring in his ſtride;
He, to excuſe his ſlowneſs, truth confeſs'd,
That 'twas ſo long before he could be dreſs'd.

The lords' ſons laſt all theſe did reinforce,
Cornbury before them manag'd hobby-horſe.

Never before nor ſince an hoſt ſo ſteel'd
Troop'd on to muſter in the Tuttle-field.

Not the firſt cock-horſe that with cork was ſhod
To reſcue Albemarle from the ſea-cod:
Nor the late feather-man, whom Tomkins fierce
Shall with one breath like thiſtle down diſperſe.
All the two Coventrys their generals choſe,
For one had much, the other nought to loſe.
Not better choice all accidents could hit,
While hector Harry ſteers by Will the wit.
They both accept the charge with merry glee,
To fight a battel from all gunſhot free.
Pleas'd with their numbers, yet in valour wiſe,
They feign'd a parley, better to ſurprize;
They who ere long ſhall the rude Dutch upbraid,
Who in a time of treaty dare invade.

Thick was the morning, and the houſe was thin,
The ſpeaker early, when they all fell in.
Propitious heavens! had not you them croſs'd,
Exciſe had got the day, and all been loſt:
For t'other ſide all in cloſe quarters lay
Without intelligence, command or pay;

A ſcat-

A ſcatter'd body, which the foe ne'er try'd,
But often did among themſelves divide.
And ſome run o'er each night, while others ſleep,
And undeſcry'd return'd 'fore morning peep.
But Strangeways, who all night ſtill walk'd the round,
For vigilance and courage both renown'd,
Firſt ſpy'd the enemy, and gave th' alarm,
Fighting it ſingle till the reſt might arm;
Such Roman Cocles ſtood before the foe,
The falling bridge behind, the ſtreams below *.
Each ran as chance him guides to ſeveral poſt,
And all to pattern his example, boaſt;
Their former trophys they recall to mind,
And now, to edge their anger, courage grind.

Firſt enter'd forward Temple, conqueror
Of Iriſh cattel, and ſolicitor.

Then daring S—r, that with ſpear and ſhield
Had ſtretch'd the monſter patent on the field.
Keen Whoorwood next in aid of damſel frail,
That pierc'd the giant Mordaunt thro' his mail;
And ſurly Williams the accountant's bane,
And Lovelace young of chimny-men the cane.
Old Waller, trumpet general, ſwore he'd write
This combat truer than the naval fight.
Of birth, ſtate, wit, ſtrength, courage, Howard preſumes,
And in his breaſt wears many Montezumes †.

Theſe,

* Cocles, a noble Roman, maintained a paſs alone, and kept back a whole army, till the bridge behind him was broke down, and then threw himſelf into the Tiber, and ſwam to land.

† Montezuma is the hero of the Indian Queen, a tragedy written by Mr. Dryden and Sir Robert Howard.

Theſe, with ſome more, with ſingle valour ſtay
The adverſe troops, and hold them all at bay.
Each thinks his perſon repreſents the whole,
And with that thought does multiply his ſoul;
Believes himſelf an army; there's one man,
As eaſily conquer'd; and believing, can
With heart of bees ſo full and head of mites,
That each, tho' duelling, a battel fights.
So once Orlando, famous in romance,
Broach'd whole brigades like larks upon his lance.

But ſtrength at laſt ſtill under number bows,
And the faint ſweat trickling down Temple's brows;
Even iron Strangeway chafing yet gave back,
Spent with fatigue to breath a while toback;
When marching in a ſeaſonable recruit
Of citizens and merchants held diſpute;
And charging all their pipes, a ſullen band
Of Preſbyterian Switzers made a ſtand.

Nor could all theſe the field have long maintain'd,
But for the unknown reſerve that ſtill remain'd;
A groſs of Engliſh gentry, nobly born,
Of clear eſtates, and to no faction ſworn,
Dear lovers of their king, and death to meet
For country's cauſe, that glorious thing and ſweet;
To ſpeak not forward, but in action brave,
In giving generous, but in council grave;
Candidly credulous for once, nay twice;
But ſure the devil cannot cheat them thrice.

The van in battel, tho' retiring, falls
Without diſorder in their intervals;
Then cloſing all, in equal front, fall on,
Led by great Garraway, and great Littleton.
Lee equal to obey, or to command,
Adjutant-general was ſtill at hand.
The marſhal ſtandard, Sands diſplaying, ſhows
St. Dunſtan in it tweaking Satan's noſe.
See ſudden chance of war, to paint or write,
Is longer work, and harder than to fight:
At the firſt charge the enemy give out,
And the exciſe receives a total rout.

Broken in courage, yet the men the ſame,
Reſolve henceforth upon their other game:
Where force had fail'd, with ſtratagem to play,
And what haſte loſt, recover by delay.
St. Albans ſtrait is ſent too, to forbear,
Leſt the ſure peace (forſooth) too ſoon appear.
The ſeamen's clamours to three ends they uſe,
To cheat their pay, feign want, and th' houſe accuſe.
Each day they bring the tale and that too true,
How ſtrong the Dutch their equipage renew.
Mean time thro' all the yards their orders run,
To lay the ſhips up, ceaſe the keels begun.
The timber rots, the uſeleſs ax does ruſt;
Th' unpractiſed ſaw lies buryed in its duſt;
The buſy hammer ſleeps, the ropes untwine,
The ſtore and wages all are mine and thine.
Along the coaſts and harbours they take care
That money lacks, nor forts be in repair.

Long thus they could againſt the houſe conſpire,
Load them with envy, and with ſitting tire;
And the lov'd king, that's never yet deny'd,
Is brought to beg in publick, and to chide:
But when this fail'd, and months enough were ſpent,
They with the firſt day's proffer ſeem content;
And to land-tax from the exciſe turn round,
Bought off with eighteen hundred thouſand pound.
Thus like fair thieves, the Commons' purſe they ſhare,
But all the members lives conſulting ſpare.

Blither than hare that hath eſcap'd the hounds,
The houſe prorogu'd, the chancellor rebounds.
Not ſo decrepid Æſon, haſh'd and ſtew'd *
With magick herbs, roſe from the pot renew'd;
And with freſh age felt his glad limbs unite,
His gout (yet ſtill he curs'd) had left him quite.
What froſts to fruits, what arſnick to the rat,
What to fair Denham mortal chocolat;
What an account to Carteret, that and more,
A parliament is to the chancellor.
So the ſad tree ſhrinks from the morning's eye,
But blooms all night and ſhoots its branches high.
So at the ſun's receſs, again returns
The comet dread, and earth and heaven burns.

Now Mordaunt may within his caſtle tower
Impriſon parents, and their child deflower.

The Iriſh herd is now let looſe, and comes
By millions over, not by hecatombs;

* Æſon, the father of Jaſon, was, at Jaſon's requeſt, reſtored to his youth, by Medea.

And now, now the Canary patent may
Be broach'd again for the great Holy-day.
See how he reigns in his new palace culminant,
And ſits in ſtate divine like Jove the fulminant.
Firſt Buckingham that durſt 'gainſt him rebel,
Blaſted with lightning, ſtruck with thunder fell,
Next the twelve commons are condemn'd to groan,
And roll in vain at Siſyphus's ſtone.
But ſtill he car'd, whilſt in revenge he brav'd,
That peace ſecur'd, and money might be ſav'd.
Gain and revenge, revenge and gain, are ſweet;
United moſt, when moſt by turns they meet.
France had St. Albans promis'd (ſo they ſing)
St. Albans promis'd him, and he the king.
The court forthwith is order'd all to cloſe,
To play for Flanders, and the ſtake to loſe:
While chain'd together, two embaſſadors
Like ſlaves ſhall beg for peace at Holland's doors.
This done, among his Cyclops he retires
To forge new thunder, and inſpect their fires.

The court, as once of war, now fond of peace,
All to new ſports their wonted fears releaſe.
From Greenwich (where intelligence they hold)
Comes news of paſtime martial and old.
A puniſhment invented firſt to awe
Maſculine wives tranſgreſſing nature's law;
Where when the brawny female diſobeys,
And beats the huſband, till for peace he prays,
No concern'd jury damage for him finds,
Nor partial juſtice her behaviour binds;

But the juſt ſtreet does the next houſe invade,
Mounting the neighbour couple on lean jade.
The diſtaff knocks, the grains from kettle fly,
And boys and girls in troops run hooting by.
Prudent antiquity! that knew by ſhame,
Better than law, domeſtick broils to tame;
And taught the youth by ſpectual innocent:
So thou and I, dear painter, repreſent
In quick effigy, others' faults; and feign,
By making them ridic'lous, to reſtrain;
With homely ſight they choſe thus to relax
The joys of ſtate for the new peace and tax.
So Holland with us had the maſtery try'd,
And our next neighbours, France and Flanders, ride.

But a freſh news the great deſignment nips.
Off, at the iſle of Candy, Dutch and ſhips.
Bab May, and Arlington did wiſely ſcoff,
And thought all ſafe if they were ſo far off.
Modern geographers! 'twas there they thought,
Where Venice twenty years the Turks had fought,
(While the firſt year the navy is but ſhown,
The next divided, and the third we've none).
They by the name miſtook it for that iſle,
Where pilgrim Palmer travel'd in exile,
With the bull's horn to meaſure his own head,
And on Paſiphae's tomb to drop a bead.
But Morrice learn'd demonſtrates by the poſt,
This iſle of Candy was on Eſſex coaſt.

Freſh meſſengers ſtill the ſad news aſſure,
More timorous now we are than firſt ſecure.

Falſe terrors our believing fears deviſe,
And the French army one from Calais ſpies.
Bennet and May, and thoſe of ſhorter reach,
Change all for guineas, and a crown for each
But wiſer men, and men foreſeen in chance,
In Holland theirs had lodg'd before, and France.
Whitehall's unſafe, the court all meditates
To fly to Windſor, and mure up the gates.
Each doth the other blame and all diſtruſt,
But Mordaunt new oblig'd would ſure be juſt.
Not ſuch a fatal ſtupefaction reign'd
At London flames, nor to the court complain'd.
The Bloodworth Chanc'lor gives (then does recall)
Orders, amaz'd, at laſt gives none at all.

St. Albans writ too, that he may bewail
To Monſieur Lewis, and tell coward tale,
How that the Hollanders do make a noiſe,
Threaten to beat us and are naughty boys.
Now Doleman's diſobedient, and they ſtill
Uncivil, his unkindneſs would us kill:
Tell him our ſhips unrig'd, our forts unman'd,
Our money ſpent, elſe 'twere at his command;
Summon him therefore of his word, and prove
To move him out of pity, if not love;
Pray him to make De Wit and Ruyter ceaſe,
And whip the Dutch unleſs they hold their peace.
But Lewis was of memory but dull,
And to St. Albans too undutiful;
Nor word nor near relation did revere,
But aſk'd him bluntly for his character.

The

The gravel'd count did with this anſwer faint,
(His character was that which thou didſt paint)
And ſo enforc'd like enemy or ſpy,
Truſſes his baggage, and the camp does fly:
Yet Lewis writes, and leſt our heart ſhould break,
Condoles us morally out of Senec.

Two letters next unto Breda are ſent,
In cypher one to Harry Excellent.
The firſt entruſts (our verſe that name abhors)
Plenipotentiary embaſſadors;
To prove by Scripture, treaty does imply
Ceſſation, as the look adultery;
And that by law of arms, in martial ſtrife,
Who yields his ſword, has title to his life.
Preſbyter Hollis the firſt point ſhould clear,
The ſecond Coventry the cavalier:
But would they not be argu'd back from ſea,
Then to return home ſtrait *infecta re.*
But Harry's order'd, if they won't recall
Their fleet, to threaten. We will give them all.
The Dutch are then in proclamation ſhent,
For ſin againſt the eleventh commandment.
Hyde's flippant ſtile there pleaſantly curvets,
Sill his ſharp wit on ſtates and princes whets:
So Spain could not eſcape his laughter's ſpleen,
None but himſelf muſt chuſe the king and queen.
But when he came the odious clauſe to pen,
That ſummons up the parliament agen,
His writing-maſter many times he ban'd,
And wiſh'd himſelf the gout to ſeize his hand.

Never

Never old lecher more repugnant felt,
Conſenting for his rupture to be gelt.
But ſtill in hope he ſolac'd, ere they come
To work the peace, and ſo to ſend them home;
Or in their haſty call to find a flaw,
Their acts to vitiate, and them overawe:
But more rely'd upon this Dutch pretence,
To raiſe a two edg'd army for's defence.

Firſt then he march'd our whole militia's force,
(As if, alas! we ſhips, or Dutch had horſe)
Then from the uſual common place he blames
Theſe, and in ſtanding armies praiſe declaims;
And the wiſe court, that always lov'd it dear,
Now thinks all but too little for their fear.
Hyde ſtamps, and ſtrait upon the ground the ſwarms
Of current myrmidons appear in arms:

And for their pay he writes as from the king,
With that curs'd quill pluck'd from a vulture's wing,
Of the whole nation now to aſk a loan;
The eighteen hundred thouſand pounds are gone.
This done, he pens a proclamation ſtout
In reſcue of the bankers banquerout.
His minion imps, which in his ſecret part
Lie nuzzling at the ſacramental wart;
Horſe-leeches ſucking at the hæm'roy'd vein;
He ſucks the king, they him, he them again.
The kingdom's farm he lets to them bids leaſt;
(Greater the bribe) and cheats at intereſt.

Here

Here men induc'd by ſafety, gain, and eaſe,
Their money lodge, confiſcate when he pleaſe;
Theſe can at need, at inſtant with a ſcrip,
(This lik'd him beſt) his caſh beyond ſea whip.
When Dutch invade, and parliament prepare;
How can he engines ſo convenient ſpare?
Let no man touch them, or demand his own,
Pain of diſpleaſure of great Clarendon.

The ſtate affairs thus marſhal'd, for the reſt,
Monk in his ſhirt againſt the Dutch is preſs'd.
Often, dear painter, have I ſat and mus'd
Why he ſhould be on all adventures us'd;
Do they for nothing ill, like aſhen wood,
Or think him, like Herb-John, *for nothing good?*
Whether his valour they ſo much admire,
Or that for cowardice they all retire,
As heaven in ſtorms they call in guſts of ſtate
On Monk and Parliament, yet both do hate.
All cauſes ſure concur, but moſt they *think*
Under Herculean labours he may ſink.
Soon then the independent troops would cloſe,
And Hyde's laſt project of his place diſpoſe.

Ruyter the while*, that had our ocean curb'd,
Sail'd now amongſt our rivers undiſturb'd;
Survey'd their chryſtal ſtreams and banks ſo green,
And beautys ere this never naked ſeen:
Thro' the vain ſedge the baſhful nymphs he ey'd,
Boſoms, and all which from themſelves they hide.

The

* The Dutch Admiral who burned our ſhips at Chatham.

The ſun much brighter, and the ſky more clear,
He finds, the air and all things ſweeter here.
The ſudden change, and ſuch a tempting ſight,
Swells his old veins with freſh blood, freſh delight.
Like am'rous victors he begins to ſhave,
And his new face looks in the Engliſh wave.
His ſporting navy all about him ſwim,
And witneſs their complacence in their trim.
Their ſtreaming ſilks play thro' the weather fair,
And with inveigling colours court the air:
While the red flags breathe on their topmaſts high
Terror and war, but want an enemy.
Among the ſhrouds the ſeamen ſit and ſing,
And wanton boys on every rope do cling:
Old Neptune ſprings the tides, and waters lent,
(The Gods themſelves do help the provident)
And where the deep keel on the ſhallow cleaves,
With trident's leaver and great ſhoulder heaves.
Æolus their ſails inſpires with eaſtern wind,
Puffs them along, and breathes upon them kind.
With pearly ſhell the Tritons all the while
Sound the ſea-march, and guide to Sheppy iſle.

So have I ſeen in April's bud ariſe
A fleet of clouds ſailing along the ſkys;
The liquid region with their ſquadrons fill'd,
Their airy ſterns the ſun behind does gild,
And gentle gales them ſteer, and heaven drives,
When all on ſudden their calm boſom rives,
With thunder and lightning from each armed cloud;
Shepherds themſelves in vain in buſhes ſhroud:

So up the ſtream the Belgick navy glides,
And at Sheerneſs unloads its ſtormy ſides.

Sprag there, tho' practis'd in the ſea-command,
With panting heart lay like a fiſh on land,
And quickly judg'd the fort was not tenable,
Which if a houſe, yet were not tenantable.
No man can ſit there ſafe, the cannon pours
Thro' walls untight, and thro' the bullets ſhowers.
The neighbourhood ill, and an unwholſome ſeat,
He at the firſt ſalute reſolves retreat;
And ſwore that he would never more dwell there,
Until the city put it in repair.
So he in front, his garriſon in rear,
March'd ſtrait to Chatham to increaſe their fear.

There our ſick ſhips unrig'd in ſummer lay,
Like moulting fowl, a weak and eaſy prey:
For whoſe ſtrong bulk earth ſcarce could timber find,
The ocean water, or the heavens wind.
Thoſe oaken giants of the ancient race,
That rul'd all ſeas, and did our channel grace.
The conſcious ſtag, tho' once the foreſt's dread,
Flys to the wood, and hides his armleſs head.
Ruyter forthwith a ſquadron does untack,
They ſail ſecurely thro' the river's track.
An Engliſh pilot too (oh ſhame! oh ſin!)
Cheated of's pay, was he that ſhew'd them in.

Our wretched ſhips within their fate attend,
And all our hopes now on frail chain depend.

(Engine ſo ſlight to guard us from the ſea,
It fitter ſeem'd to captivate a flea.)
A ſkipper rude ſhocks it without reſpect,
Filling his ſails more force to recollect.
Th' Engliſh from ſhore the iron deaf invoke
For its laſt aid, hold chain, or we are broke!
But with her ſailing weight the Holland keel,
Snaping the brittle links, does thorow reel,
And to the reſt the opening paſſage ſhew,*
Monk from the bank that diſmal ſight does view.
Our feather gallants, who came down that day
To be ſpectators ſafe of the new play,
Leave him alone when firſt they hear the gun,
Corn'bry the fleeteſt, and to London run.

Our ſeamen, whom no danger's ſhape could fright,
Unpay'd, refuſe to mount their ſhips for ſpite;
Or to their fellows ſwim on board the Dutch,
Who ſhew the tempting metal in their clutch.
Oft had he ſent, of Duncomb and of Legg,
Cannon and powder, but in vain, to beg;
And Upnor's caſtle's ill deſerted wall,
Now needful does for ammunition call.
He finds, where'er he ſuccour might expect,
Confuſion, folly, treachery, fear, neglect.

But when the Royal Charles (what rage! what grief!)
He ſaw ſeiz'd, and could give her no relief;
That ſacred keel that had, as he, reſtor'd
It's exil'd ſovereign on its happy board;

And thence the Britiſh Admiral became
Crown'd for that merit with his maſter's name:
That pleaſure-boat of war, in whoſe dear ſide
Secure, ſo oft he had this foe defy'd,
Now a cheap ſpoil, and the mean victor's ſlave,
Taught the Dutch colours from its top to wave,
Of former glorys the reproachful thought,
With preſent ſhame compar'd, his mind diſtort.

Such from Euphrates' bank, a tygreſs fell
After her robbers for her whelps does yell,
But ſees enrag'd the river flow between,
Fruſtrate revenge, and love by loſs more keen;
At her own breaſt her uſeleſs claws does arm,
She tears herſelf, 'cauſe him ſhe cannot harm.

The guards, plac'd for the chain's and fleet's defence,
Long ſince were fled on many a feign'd pretence.

Daniel had there adventur'd, man of might;
Sweet painter, draw his picture while I write.
Paint him of perſon tall, and big of bone,
Large limbs like ox, not to be kill'd but ſhown.
Scarce can burn'd iv'ry feign a hair ſo black,
Or face ſo red; thine oker and thy lack,
Mix a vain terror in his martial look,
And all thoſe lines by which men are miſtook.
But when by ſhame conſtrain'd to go on board,
He heard how the wild cannon nearer roar'd,
And ſaw himſelf confin'd like ſheep in pen,
Daniel then thought he was in lyon's den.

But when the fireſhips terrible he ſaw,
Pregnant with ſulphur, nearer to him draw,
Captain, Lieutenant, Enſign, all make haſte,
Ere in the fiery furnace they be caſt;
Three children tall, unſing'd, away they row,
Like Shadrach, Meſhech, and Abednego.
Each doleful day ſtill with freſh loſs returns,
The Loyal London now a third time burns;
And the true Royal Oak, and Royal James,
Ally'd in fate, increaſe with theirs her flames.
Of all our navy none ſhould now ſurvive,
But that the ſhips themſelves were taught to dive,
And the kind river in its creek them hides,
Fraughting their pierced keels with ouzy ſides;
Up to the brige contagious terror ſtruck,
The Tow'r itſelf with the near danger ſhook;
And were not Ruyter's maw with ravage cloy'd,
Ev'n London's aſhes had been then deſtroy'd.
Officious fear, however to prevent
Our loſs, does ſo much more our loſs augment.
The Dutch had rob'd thoſe jewels of the crown;
Our merchant-men, leſt they ſhould burn, we drown:
So when the fire did not enough devour,
The houſes were demoliſh'd near the Tow'r.
Thoſe ſhips that yearly from their teeming-hole
Unloaded here the birth of either pole,
Fir from the north, and ſilver from the weſt,
From the ſouth perfumes, ſpices from the eaſt;
From Gambo gold, and from the Ganges gems,
Take a ſhort voyage underneath the Thames:

Once

Once a deep river, now with timber floor'd,
And ſhrunk, leſs navigable, to a ford.

Now nothing more at Chatham's left to burn,
The Holland ſquadron leiſurely return;
And ſpite of Rupert's and of Albemarle's,
To Ruyter's triumph led the captive Charles.
The pleaſing ſight he often does prolong,
Her maſt erect, tough cordage, timber ſtrong,
Her moving ſhape, all theſe he doth ſurvey,
And all admires, but moſt his eaſy prey.
The ſeamen ſearch her all within, without;
Viewing her ſtrength, they yet their conqueſt doubt.
Then with rude ſhouts, ſecure, the air they vex,
With gameſome joy inſulting on her decks.
Such the fear'd Hebrew captive, blinded, ſhorn,
Was led about in ſport the publick ſcorn.

Black day accurs'd! on thee let no man hale
Out of the port, or dare to hoiſt a ſail;
Or row a boat in thy unlucky hour!'
Thee, the year's monſter, let thy dam devour,
And conſtant time, to keep his courſe yet right,
Fill up thy ſpace with a redoubled night.
When aged Thames was bound with fetters baſe,
And Medway chaſte raviſh'd before his face,
And their dear offspring murder'd in their ſight,
Thou and thy fellows ſaw the odious light.
Sad chance, ſince firſt that happy pair was wed,
With all the rivers grac'd their nuptial bed;

And father Neptune promis'd to reſign
His empire old to their immortal line;
Now with vain grief their vainer hopes they rue,
Themſelves diſhonour'd, and the gods untrue;
And to each other, helpleſs couple, moan,
As the ſad tortoiſe for the ſea does groan:
But moſt they for their darling Charles complain,
And were it burn'd, yet leſs would be their pain.
To ſee that fatal pledge of ſea-command,
Now in the raviſher De Ruyter's hand,
The Thames roar'd, ſwooning Medway turn'd her tide,
And were they mortal, both for grief had dy'd.

The court in flattering yet itſelf doth pleaſe,
(And female Stewart there rules the four ſeas.)
But fate does ſtill accumulate our woes,
And Richmond her commands, as Ruyter thoſe.

After this loſs, to reliſh diſcontent,
Some one muſt be accus'd by parliament.
All our miſcarriages on Pett muſt fall,
His name alone ſeems fit to anſwer all.
Whoſe counſel firſt did this mad war beget?
Who all commands ſold thro' the navy? Pett.
Who would not follow when the Dutch were beat?
Who treated out the time at Bergen? Pett.
Who the Dutch fleet with ſtorms diſabled met?
And rifling prizes, them neglected? Pett.
Who with falſe news prevented the Gazette,
The fleet divided, writ for Rupert? Pett.

Who

Who all our ſeamen cheated of their debt,
And all our prizes who did ſwallow? Pett.
Who did adviſe no navy out to ſet?
And who the forts left unprepared? Pett.
Who to ſupply with powder did forget
Languard, Sheerneſs, Graveſend, and Upnor? Pett.
Who all our ſhips expos'd in Chatham net?
Who ſhould it be but the fanatick Pett?
Pett, the ſea-architect in making ſhips,
Was the firſt cauſe of all theſe naval ſlips.
Had he not built, none of theſe faults had been;
If no creation, there had been no ſin;
But his great crime, one boat away he ſent,
That loſt our fleet and did our flight prevent.
Then that reward might in its turn take place
And march with puniſhment in equal pace,
Southampton dead, much of the treaſure's car
And place in council, fell to Duncomb's ſhare
All men admir'd, he to that pitch could fly.
Powder ne'er blew man up ſo ſoon, ſo high;
But ſure his late good huſbandry in petre,
Shew'd him to manage the Exchequer meeter
And who the forts would not vouchſafe a corn,
To laviſh the king's money more would ſcorn.
Who hath no chimneys, to give all, is beſt,
And ableſt ſpeaker, who of law hath leaſt.
Who leſs eſtate for treaſurer moſt fit,
And for a chanc'lor he that has leaſt wit:
But the true cauſe was, that in's brother May,
Th' Exchequer might the privy-purſe obey.

And

And now draws near the parliament's return;
Hyde and the court again begin to mourn;
Frequent in council, earneſt in debate,
All arts they try how to prolong its date.
Grave Primate Sheldon (much in preaching there)
Blames the laſt ſeſſion, and this more does fear:
With Boynton or with Middleton 'twere ſweet,
But with a parliament abhors to meet;
And thinks 'twill ne'er be well within this nation,
Till it be govern'd by a Convocation.

But in the Thames mouth ſtill De Ruyter lay'd,
The peace not ſure, new army muſt be pay'd.
Hyde ſaith he hourly waits for a diſpatch,
Harry came poſt juſt as he ſhew'd his watch.
All to agree the articles were clear,
The Holland fleet and parliament ſo near.
Yet Harry muſt job back and all mature,
Binding, ere th' houſes meet, the treaty ſure;
And 'twixt neceſſity and ſpite, till then
Let them come up, ſo to go down again.
Up ambles country juſtice on his pad,
And veſt beſpeaks to be more ſeemly clad.
Plain gentlemen are in ſtage coach o'erthrown,
And deputy-lieutenants in their own.
The portly burgeſs, thro' the weather hot,
Does for his corporation ſweat and trot;
And all with ſun and choler come aduſt,
And threaten Hyde to raiſe a greater duſt.

But freſh, as from the mint, the courtiers fine
Salute them, ſmiling at their vain deſign;

And

And Turner gay up to his perch doth march,
With face new bleach'd, ſmoothed, and ſtiff with ſtarch;
Tells them he at Whitehall had took a turn,
And for three days thence moves them to adjourn.
Not ſo, quoth Tomkins, and ſtrait drew his tongue,
Truſty as ſteel that always ready hung;
And ſo proceeding in his motion warm,
Th' army ſoon rais'd, he doth as ſoon diſarm.
True Trojan! whilſt this town can girls afford,
And long as cyder laſts in Hereford,
The girls ſhall always kiſs thee, tho' grown old,
And in eternal healths thy name be troul'd.

Mean while the certain news of peace arrives
At court, and ſo reprieves their guilty lives.

Hyde orders Turner that he ſhould come late,
Leſt ſome new Tomkins ſpring a freſh debate.
The king that early rais'd was from his reſt,
Expects, as at a play, till Turner's dreſs'd.
At laſt together Eaton came and he,
No dial more could with the ſun agree.
The Speaker ſummon'd to the Lords repairs,
Nor gave the Commons leave to ſay their pray'rs,
But like his pris'ners to the bar them led,
Where mute they ſtand to hear their ſentence read:
Trembling with joy and fear, Hyde them prorogues,
And had almoſt miſtook, and call'd them rogues.

Dear painter, draw this Speaker to the foot:
Where pencil cannot, there my pen ſhall do't.

That may his body, this his mind explain;
Paint him in golden gown with mace's train;
Bright hair, fair face, obſcure, and dull of head,
Like knife with iv'ry haft, and edge of lead:
At prayers his eyes turn up the pious white,
But all the while his private bill's in ſight:
In chair he ſmoking ſits like maſter cook,
And a poll-bill does like his apron look.
Well was he ſkill'd to ſeaſon any queſtion,
And make a ſauce fit for Whitehall's digeſtion,
Whence every day, the prelate more to tickle,
Court-muſhrooms ready are ſent in to pickle.
When grieveances urg'd, he ſwells like ſquatted toad,
Friſks like a frog to croak a tax's load:
His patient piſs he could hold longer than
An urinal, and ſit like any hen;
At table jolly as a country hoſt,
And ſoaks his ſack with Norfolk like a toaſt;
At night than Chanticleer more briſk and hot,
And ſerjeant's wife ſerves him for Partelott.

Paint laſt the king, and a dead ſhade of night,
Only diſpers'd by a weak taper's light;
And thoſe bright gleams which dart along and glare
From his clear eyes, (yet theſe too dart with care).
There, as in the calm horror all alone,
He wakes and muſes of th' uneaſy throne.
Raiſe up a ſudden ſhape with virgin's face,
Tho' ill agree her poſture, hour or place;
Naked as born, and her round arms behind,
With her own treſſes interwove and twin'd:

Her mouth lock'd up, a blind before her eyes,
Yet from beneath her veil her bluſhes riſe,
And ſilent tears her ſecret anguiſh ſpeak,
Her heart throbs, and with very ſhame would break.
The object ſtrange in him no terror mov'd,
He wonders firſt, then pityed, then he lov'd:
And with kind hand does the coy viſion preſs,
Whoſe beauty greater ſeem'd by her diſtreſs:
But ſoon ſhrunk back, chill'd with a touch ſo cold,
And th' airy picture vaniſh'd from his hold.
In his deep thoughts the wonder did increaſe,
And he divin'd 'twas England, or the peace.
Expreſs him ſtartling next, with liſt'ning ear,
As one that ſome unuſual noiſe doth hear;
With cannons, trumpets, drums, his door ſurround,
But let ſome other painter draw the ſound.
Thrice he did riſe, thrice the vain tumult fled,
But again thunders when he lys in bed.
His mind ſecure does the vain ſtroke repeat,
And finds the drums Lewis's march did beat.
Shake then the room, and all his curtains tear,
And with blue ſtreaks infect the taper clear,
While the pale ghoſt his eyes doth fix'd admire
Of grandſire Harry, and of Charles his ſire.
Harry ſits down, and in his open ſide
The griſly wound reveals of which he dy'd:
And ghoſtly Charles, turning his collar low,
The purple thread about his neck doth ſhew:
Then whiſpering to his ſon in words unheard,
Thro' the lock'd door both of them diſappear'd.

The wondrous night the penſive king revolves,
And riſing ſtraight, on Hyde's diſgrace reſolves.
At his firſt ſtep he Caſtlemain does find,
Bennet and Coventry as 'twas deſign'd;
And they not knowing, the ſame thing propoſe
Which his hid mind did in his depths incloſe.
Thro' their feign'd ſpeech their ſecret hearts he knew,
To her own huſband Caſtlemain untrue;
Falſe to his maſter Briſtol, Arlington,
And Coventry falſer than any one,
Who to his brother, brother would betray,
Nor therefore truſts himſelf to ſuch as they.
His father's ghoſt too whiſper'd him one note,
That who does cut his purſe will cut his throat:
But he'n wiſe anger does their crimes forbear,
As thieves repriev'd from executioner.
While Hyde, provok'd, his foaming tuſk does whet,
To prove them traitors, and himſelf the Pett.

Painter adjourn. How well our arts agree!
Poetick picture, painted poetry!
But this great work is for our monarch fit,
And henceforth Charles only to Charles ſhall ſit;
His maſter-hand the ancients ſhall outdo,
Himſelf the painter, and the poet too.

TO

TO THE KING.

SO his bold tube man to the ſun apply'd,
And ſpots unknown in the bright ſtar deſcry'd,
Shew'd they obſcure him, while too near they pleaſe,
And ſeem his courtiers are but his diſeaſe.
Thro' optick trunk the planet ſeem'd to hear,
And hurls them off e'er ſince in his career.

And you, great Sir, that with him empire ſhare,
Sun of our world, as he the Charles is there;
Blame not the muſe that brought thoſe ſpots to ſight,
Which, in your ſplendor hid, corrode your light;
(Kings in the country oft have gone aſtray,
Nor of a peaſant ſcorn'd to learn the way).
Would ſhe the unattended throne reduce,
Baniſhing love, truſt, ornament, and uſe;
Better it were to live in cloyſter's lock,
Or in fair fields to rule the eaſy flock:
She blames them only who the court reſtrain,
And where all England ſerves, themſelves would reign.

Bold and accurs'd are they who all this while
Have ſtrove to iſle this monarch from this iſle,
And to improve themſelves by falſe pretence,
About the common prince have rais'd a fence;
The kingdom from the crown diſtinct would ſee,
And peel the bark to burn at laſt the tree.
As Ceres corn, and Flora is the ſpring,
As Bacchus wine, the country is the king.

Not

Not ſo does ruſt inſinuating wear,
Nor powder ſo the vaulted baſtion tear,
Nor earthquakes ſo an hollow iſle o'erwhelm,
As ſcratching courtiers undermine a realm:
And thro' the palace's foundations bore,
Burrowing themſelves to hoard their guilty ſtore.
The ſmalleſt vermin make the greateſt waſte,
And a poor warren once a city ras'd.
But they whom born to vertue and to wealth,
Nor guilt to flatt'ry binds, nor want to ſtealth;
Whoſe gen'rous conſcience, and whoſe courage high,
Does with clear counſels their large ſouls ſupply;
Who ſerve the king with their eſtates and care,
And as in love on parliaments can ſtare:
Where few the number, choice is there leſs hard;
Give us this court, and rule without a guard.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

INSTRUC-

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.

PART II.

SPREAD a large canvas, painter, to contain
The great aſſembly, and the num'rous train;
Where all about him ſhall in triumph ſit,
Abhorring wiſdom, and deſpiſing wit;
Hating all juſtice, and reſolv'd to fight,
To rob their native country of their right.

Firſt draw his highneſs proſtrate to the ſouth,
Adoring Rome, this label in his mouth.
" Moſt holy father! being join'd in league
" With father Patrick, Danby, and with Teague;
" Thrown at your ſacred feet, I humbly bow,
" I, and the wiſe aſſociates of my vow;
" A vow, nor fire nor ſword ſhall ever end,
" Till all this nation to your footſtool bend.
" Thus arm'd with zeal, and bleſſing, from your hands,
" I'll raiſe my Papiſts, and my Iriſh bands;
" And by a noble well-contrived plot,
" Manag'd by wiſe Fitz-Gerald, and by Scott,
" Prove to the world, I'll make old England know,
" That common ſenſe is my eternal foe.
" I ne'er can fight in a more glorious cauſe,
" Than to deſtroy their liberty and laws.
" Their Houſe of Commons, and their Houſe of Lords,
" Their parchment precedents, and dull records,

" Shall

" Shall theſe e'er dare to contradict my will,
" And think a prince o'th' blood can e'er do ill?
" It is our birth-right to have pow'r to kill.
" Shall they e'er dare to think they ſhall decide
" The way to heaven? and who ſhall be my guide?
" Shall they pretend to ſay, that bread is bread,
" If we affirm it is a God indeed?
" Or there's no Purgatory for the dead?
" That extreme unction is but common oil?
" And not infallible the Roman ſoil?
" I'll have thoſe villains in our notions reſt:
" And I do ſay it, therefore it's the beſt."

Next, painter, draw his Mordaunt by his ſide,
Conveying his religion and his bride:
He who long ſince abjur'd the royal line,
Does now in popery with his maſter join.
Then draw the princeſs with her golden locks,
Haſt'ning to be envenom'd with the pox;
And in her youthful veins receive a wound,
Which ſent N. H. before her under ground;
The wound of which the tainted C——ret fades,
Lay'd up in ſtore for a new ſet of maids.
Poor princeſs, born under a ſullen ſtar,
To find ſuch welcome when you came ſo far!
Better ſome jealous neighbour of your own
Had call'd you to a ſound, tho' petty throne;
Where 'twixt a wholeſome huſband and a page,
You might have linger'd out a lazy age,
Than on dull hopes of being here a queen,
Ere twenty dye, and rot before fifteen.

Now, painter, ſhew us in the blackeſt dye,
The counſellors of all this villany.
Clifford, who firſt appear'd in humble guiſe,
Was always thought too gentle, meek, and wiſe;
But when he came to act upon the ſtage,
He prov'd the mad Cethegus of our age.
He and his Duke had both too great a mind,
To be by juſtice or by law confin'd:
Their broiling heads can bear no other ſounds,
Than fleets and armies, battels, blood and wounds:
And to deſtroy our liberty they hope,
By Iriſh fools, and an old doting Pope.

Next, Talbot muſt by his great maſter ſtand,
Laden with folly, fleſh, and ill-got land;
He's of a ſize indeed to fill a porch,
But ne'er can make a pillar of the church.
His ſword is all his argument, not his book;
Altho' no ſcholar he can act the cook,
And will cut throats again, if he be pay'd;
In th' Iriſh ſhambles he firſt learn'd the trade.

Then, painter, ſhew thy ſkill, and in fit place
Let's ſee the nuncio Arundel's ſweet face;
Let the beholders by thy art eſpy
His ſenſe and ſoul, as ſquinting as his eye.

Let Ballaſis' autumnal face be ſeen,
Rich with the ſpoils of a poor Algerine:
Who, truſting in him, was by him betray'd,
And ſo ſhall we, be his advice obey'd.

The hero once got honour by his ſword,
He got his wealth by breaking of his word;
And now his daughter he hath got with child,
And pimps to have his family defil'd,

Next, painter, draw the rabble of the plot;
Jermain, Fitz-Gerald, Loftus, Porter, Scot:
Theſe are fit heads indeed to turn a ſtate,
And change the order of a nation's fate.
Ten thouſand ſuch as theſe ſhall ne'er controul
The ſmalleſt atom of an Engliſh ſoul.

Old England on its ſtrong foundation ſtands,
Defying all their heads and all their hands.
Its ſteady baſis never could be ſhook,
When wiſer men her ruin undertook:
And can her guardian angel let her ſtoop
At laſt to madmen, fools, and to the Pope?
No, painter, no; cloſe up the piece, and ſee
This croud of traitors hang'd in effigy.

TO THE KING.

GREAT Charles, who full of mercy might'ſt command,
In peace and pleaſure, this thy native land;
At laſt take pity of thy tottering throne,
Shook by the faults of others, not thine own.
Let not thy life and crown together end,
Deſtroy'd by a falſe brother and falſe friend.
Obſerve the danger that appears ſo near,
That all your ſubjects do each minute fear:

One

One drop of poyſon, or a popiſh knife,
Ends all the joys of England with thy life.
Brothers, 'tis true, by nature ſhould be kind;
But a too zealous and ambitious mind,
Brib'd with a crown on earth, and one above,
Harbours no friendſhip, tenderneſs, or love.
See in all ages what examples are
Of monarchs murder'd by th' impatient heir.
Hard fate of princes, who will ne'er believe,
Till the ſtroke's ſtruck which they can ne'er retrieve!

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.

PART III.

PAINTER, once more thy pencil re-aſſume,
And draw me in one ſcene London and Rome:
Here holy Charles, there good Aurelius, ſat,
Weeping to ſee their ſons degenerate;
His Romans taking up the teemer's trade,
The Britons jiging it in maſquerade:
While the brave youths, tir'd with the toil of ſtate,
Their weary minds and limbs to recreate,
Do to their more belov'd delights repair,
One to his —, the other to his player.

Then change the ſcene, and let the next preſent
A landſkip of our motley parliament;
And place hard by the bar on the left-hand,
Circean Clifford with his charming wand:
Our pig-ey'd———on his—faſhion,
Set by the worſt attorney of our nation,
This great triumvirate that can divide
The ſpoils of England; and along that ſide
Place Falſtaff's regiment of thread bare coats,
All looking this way, how to give their votes.
And of his dear reward let none deſpair,
For money comes when Sey——r leaves the chair.
Change once again, and let the next afford
The figure of a motley council board
At Arlington's, and round about it ſet
Our mighty maſters in a warm debate.
Full bowls of luſty wine make them repeat,
To make the other council-board forget,
That while the King of France with pow'rful arms,
Gives all his fearful neighbours ſtrange alarms,
We in our glorious bacchanals diſpoſe
The humbled fate of a plebeian noſe*.
Which to effect, when thus it was decreed,
Draw me a champion mounted on a ſteed;
And after him a brave brigade of horſe,
Arm'd at all points, ready to reinforce
His; this aſſault upon a ſingle man.
* * * * * *
'Tis this muſt make Obrian great in ſtory,
And add more beams to Sands's former glory.

Draw

* See letter the third to a friend, concerning Sir John Coventry.

Draw our Olympia next, in council ſet
With Cupid, S——r, and the tool of ſtate:
Two of the firſt recanters of the houſe,
That aim at mountains, and bring forth a mouſe:
Who make it by their mean retreat appear,
Five members need not be demanded here.
Theſe muſt aſſiſt her in her countermines,
To overthrow the Derby-Houſe deſigns:
Whilſt Poſitive walks, like Woodcock in the park,
Contriving projects with a brewer's clerk *.
Thus all employ themſelves, and, without pity,
Leave Temple ſingly to be beat i'th' city.

* Sir Robert Howard, and Sir William Bucknell the brewer.

THE END OF THE THIRD PART.

CARMINA MISCELLANEA.

ROS.

CERNIS, ut Eoi deſcendat gemmula Roris,
Inque roſas roſeo transfluat orta ſinu.
Sollicitâ flores ſtant ambitione ſupini,
Et certant foliis pellicuiſſe ſuis.
Illa tamen patriæ luſtrans faſtigia ſphæræ,
Negligit hoſpitii limina picta novi.
Inque ſui nitido concluſa voluminis orbe,
Exprimit ætherei, quà licet, orbis aquas.
En, ut odoratum ſpernat generoſior Oſtrum,
Vixque premat caſto mollia ſtrata pede;
Suſpicit at longis diſtantem obtutibus axem,
Inde & languenti lumine pendet amans,
Triſtis, & in liquidum mutata dolore dolorem,
Marcet, uti roſeis lachrymâ fuſa genis.
Ut pavet, & motum tremit irrequieta cubile,
Et, quoties zephyri fluctuat aura, fugit,
Qualis inexpertam ſubeat formido puellam,
Sicubi nocte redit incomitata domum;
Sic & in horridulas agitatur gutta procellas,
Dum pro virgineo cuncta pudore timet;
Donec oberrantem radio clemente vaporet,
Inque jubar reducem ſol genitale trahat.
Talis, in humano ſi poſſit flore videri,
Exul ubi longas mens agit uſque moras;

Hæc quoque natalis meditans convivia cœli,
Evertit calices, purpureoſque toros;
Fontis ſtilla ſacri, lucis ſcintilla perennis,
Non capitur Tyriâ veſte, vapore Sabæ;
Tota ſed in proprii ſecedens luminis arcem,
Colligit in gyros ſe ſinuoſa breves;
Magnorumq; ſequens animo convexa deorum,
Sydereum parvo fingit in orbe globum.
Quam bene in averſæ modulum contracta figuræ
Oppoſitum mundo claudit ubique latus;
Sed bibit in ſpeculum radios ornata rotundum,
Et circumfuſo ſplendet aperta die.
Quà ſuperos ſpectat rutilans, obſcurior infra,
Cætera dedignans, ardet amore poli.
Subſilit, hinc agili poſcens diſcedere motu,
Undique cœleſti cincta ſoluta viæ.
Totaque in aëreos extenditur orbita curſus;
Hinc punctim carpens, mobile ſtringet ite
Haud aliter menſis exundans manna beatis
Deſerto jacuit ſtilla gelata ſolo;
Stilla gelata ſolo, ſed ſolibus hauſta benignis,
Ad ſua, quà cecidit, purior aſtra redit.

TRANS-

TRANSLATED.

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE, how the orient dew,
Shed from the boſom of the morn,
Into the blowing roſes,
Yet careleſs of its manſion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round in itſelf incloſes:
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flow'r does ſlight,
Scarce touching where it lys;
But gazing back upon the ſkys,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Becauſe ſo long divided from the ſphere
Reſtleſs it rolls, and unſecure,
Trembling, leſt it grows impure;
Till the warm ſun pitys its pain,
And to the ſkys exhales it back again.
So the ſoul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flow'r be ſeen,
Remem'bring ſtill its former height,
Shuns the ſweet leaves, and bloſſoms green;
And, recollecting its own light,

Does,

Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, expreſs
The greater heaven in an heaven leſs.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day.
Dark beneath, but bright above;
Here diſdaining, there in love.
How looſe and eaſy hence to go;
How girt and ready to aſcend;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's ſacred dew diſtil,
White and entire, although congeal'd and chill;
Congeal'd on earth; but does, diſſolving, run
Into the glorys of th' almighty ſun.

HORTUS.

QUISNAM adeo, mortale genus! præcordia verſat?
Heu palmæ, laurique furor, vel ſimplicis herbæ!
Arbor ut indomitus ornet vix una labores;
Tempora nec foliis præcingat tota malignis;
Dum ſimul implexi, tranquillæ ad ſerta quietis,
Omnigeni coëunt flores, integraque ſylva.

Alma Quies, teneo te! & te, germana Quietis,
Simplicitas! vos ergo diu per templa, per urbes,

Quæſivi, regum perque alta palatia, fruſtra:
Sed vos hortorum per opaca ſilentia, longè
Celârunt plantæ virides, & concolor umbra.

O! mihi ſi veſtros liceat violâſſe receſſus,
Erranti, laſſo, & vitæ melioris anhelo,
Municipem ſervate novum; votoque potitum,
Frondoſæ cives optate in florea regna.

Me quoque, vos Muſæ, & te, conſcie, teſtor, Apollo,
Non armenta juvant hominum, circive boatus,
Mugituſve fori: ſed me penetralia veris,
Horroreſque trahunt muti, & conſortia ſola.

Virgineæ quem non ſuſpendit gratia formæ?
Quam, candore nives vincentem, oſtrumque rubore,
Veſtra tamen viridis ſuperet (me judice) virtus?
Nec foliis certare comæ, nec brachia ramis,
Nec poſſint tremulos voces æquare ſuſurros.

Ah! quoties ſævos vidi (quis credat?) amantes,
Sculpentes dominæ potiori in cortice nomen!
Nec puduit truncis inſcribere vulnera ſacris.
Aſt ego, ſi veſtras unquam temeravero ſtirpes,
Nulla Neæra, Chloe, Fauſtina, Corynna, legetur;
In proprio ſed quæque libro ſignabitur arbos.
O charæ Platanus, Cypariſſus, Populus, Ulmus!

Hic Amor, exutis, crepidatus inambulat, alis,
Enerves arcus, & ſtridula tela reponens,
Invertitque faces, nec ſe cupit uſque timeri;
Aut exporrectus jacet, indormitque pharetræ;

Non auditurus, quanquam Cytherea vocârit.
Nequitias referunt, nec ſomnia vana, priores.

Lætantur Superi, deferveſcente tyranno,
Et licet experti toties Nymphaſque Deaſque,
Arbore nunc melius potiuntur quiſque cupita.
Jupitur annoſam, neglectâ conjuge, quercum
Deperit; haud aliâ doluit ſic pellice Juno.
Lemniacum temerant veſtigia nulla cubile,
Nec Veneris Mavors meminit, ſi Fraxinus abſit.
Formoſæ preſſit Daphnes veſtigia Phœbus
Ut fieret laurus; ſed nil quæſiverat ultra.
Capripes & peteret quòd Pan Syringa fugacem,
Hoc erat, ut calamum poſſet reperire ſonorum.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Nec tu, Opifex horti, grato ſine carmine abibis;
Qui brevibus plantis, & læto flore, notâſti
Creſcentes horas, atque intervalla diei.
Sol ibi candidior fragrantia ſigna pererrat;
Proque truci Tauro, ſtricto pro forcipe Cancri,
Securis violæque roſæque allabitur umbris.
Sedula quin & apis, mellito intenta labori,
Horologo, ſua penſa, thymo, ſignare videtur.
Temporis O ſuaves lapſus! O otia ſana!
O herbis dignæ numerari, & floribus, horæ!

TRANSLATED.

THE GARDEN.

HOW vainly men themſelves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays:
And their inceſſant labours ſee
Crown'd from ſome ſingle herb, or tree,
Whoſe ſhort and narrow verged ſhade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flow'rs, and trees, do cloſe,
To weave the garlands of repoſe.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy ſiſter dear!
Miſtaken long, I ſought you then
In buſy companys of men.
Your ſacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious ſolitude.

No white, nor red was ever ſeen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in theſe trees their miſtreſs' name.
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far theſe beautys her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name ſhall but your own be found.

When

When we have run our paſſion's heat
Love hither makes his beſt retreat.
The Gods, who mortal beauty chaſe,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne ſo,
Only that ſhe might laurel grow:
And Pan did after Syrinx ſpeed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wond'rous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head.
The luſcious cluſters of the vine
Upon my mouth do cruſh their wine.
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themſelves do reach.
Stumbling on melons, as I paſs,
Inſnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on graſs.

Mean while the mind, from pleaſure leſs
Withdraws into its happineſs:
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does ſtreight its own reſemblance find;
Yet it creates, tranſcending theſe,
Far other worlds, and other ſeas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green ſhade.

Here at the fountain's ſliding foot,
Or at ſome fruit tree's moſſy root,
Caſting the body's veſt aſide,
My ſoul into the boughs does glide:

There,

There, like a bird, it ſits and ſings,
Then whets, and claps its ſilver wings:
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-ſtate,
While man there walk'd without a mate:
After a place ſo pure and ſweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's ſhare
To wander ſolitary there:
Two paradiſes are in one,
To live in paradiſe alone.

How well the ſkilful gard'ner drew
Of flow'rs, and herbs, this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder ſun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, th' induſtrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could ſuch ſweet and wholſome hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs?

DIGNISSIMO SUO AMICO DOCTORI WITTY. DE TRANSLATIONE VULGI ERRORUM D. PRIMROSII.

NEMPE ſic innumero ſuccreſcunt agmine libri,
Sepia vix toto ut jam natet una mari.
Fortius aſſidui ſurgunt à vulnere preli;
Quoque magis preſſa eſt, auctior hydra redit.
Heu! quibus antieyris, quibus eſt ſanabilis herbis,
Improba ſcribendi peſtis, avarus amor!
India ſola tenet tanti medicamina morbi,
Dicitur & noſtris ingemuiſſe malis.
Utile tabacci dedit illa miſerta venenum,
Acri veratro quod meliora poteſt.
Jamque vides olidas libris fumare popinas,
Naribus O doctis quàm pretioſus odor!
Hâc ego præcipuâ credo herbam dote placere,
Hinc tuus has nebulas doctor in aſtra vehit.
Ah! mea quid tandem facies timidiſſima charta
Exequias ſiticen jam parat uſque tuas.
Hunc ſubeas librum ſancti ſeu limen aſyli,
Quem neque delebit flamma, nec ira Jovis.

IN ENUCHAM POETAM.

NEC ſterilem te crede, licet, mulieribus exul,
Falcem virgineæ nequeas immittere meſſi,
Et noſtro peccare modo. Tibi fama perenne
Prægnabit; rapieſque novem de monte ſorores;
Et pariet modulos echo repetita nepotes.

IN LEGATIONEM DOMINI OLIVERI ST. JOHN, AD PROVINCIAS FOEDERATAS.

INGENIOSA viris contingunt nomina magnis,
Ut dubites caſu vel ratione data.
Nam ſors, cæca licet, tamen eſt præſaga futuri;
Et ſub fatidico nomine vera premit.
Et tu, cui ſoli voluit reſpublica credi,
Fœdera ſeu Belgis ſeu nova bella feras;
Haud fruſtra cecidit tibi compellatio fallax,
Aſt ſcriptum ancipiti nomine munus erat;
Scilicet hoc Martis, ſed Pacis, nuntius, illo:
Clavibus his Jani ferrea clauſtra regis.
Non opus arcanos chartis committere ſenſus,
Et variâ licitos condere fraude dolos.
Tu quoque ſi taceas, tamen eſt Legatio nomen,
Et velut in ſcytale publica verba refert.
Vultis Oliverum, Batavi, Sanctumve Johannem?
Antiochus gyro non breviore ſtetit.

DOCTOR

DOCTORI INGELO, CUM DOMINO WHITLOCKE AD REGINAM SUECIÆ DELEGATO A PROTECTORE, RESIDENTI, EPISTOLA.

QUID facis, arctoi chariſſime transfuga cœli,
Ingele, proh ſerò cognite, rapte citò?
Num ſatis hybernum defendis pellibus aſtrum,
Qui modo tam mollis, nec bene firmus, eras?
Quæ gentes hominum, quæ ſit natura locorum,
Sint homines, potius dic ibi ſintne loca?
Num gravis horriſono polus obruit omnia lapſu,
Jungitur et præceps mundus utrâque nive?
An melius canis horreſcit campus ariſtis,
Annuus agricolis & redit orbe labor?
Incolit, ut fertur, ſævam gens mitior oram,
Pace vigil, bello ſtrenua, juſta foro.
Quin ibi ſunt urbes, atque alta palatia regum,
Muſarumque domus, & ſua templa Deo.
Nam regit imperio populum Chriſtina ferocem,
Et dare jura poteſt regia virgo viris.
Utque trahit rigidum Magnes aquilone metallum,
Gaudet eam ſoboles ferrea ſponte ſequi.
Dic quantum liceat fallaci credere famæ,
Invida num taceat plura, ſonetve loquax.
At, ſi vera fides, mundi melioris ab ortu,
Sæcula Chriſtinæ nulla tulere parem;
Ipſa licet redeat (noſtri decus orbis) Eliza,
Qualis noſtra tamen quantaque Eliza fuit.

Vidimus effigiem, miſtaſque coloribus umbras:
Sic quoque Sceptripotens, ſic quoque viſa Dea.
Auguſtum decorant (rarò concordia!) frontem
Majeſtas et Amor, Forma, Pudorque ſimul.
Ingens virgineo ſpirat Guſtavus in ore:
Agnoſcas animos, fulmineumque patrem.
Nulla ſuo nituit tam lucida ſtella ſub axe:
Non ea quæ meruit crimine Nympha polum.
Ah! quoties pavidum demiſit conſcia lumen,
Utque ſuæ timuit Parrhaſis ora Deæ?
Et, ſimulet falſâ ni pictor imagine vultus,
Delia tam ſimilis nec fuit ipſa ſibi.
Ni quod inornati Triviæ ſint forte capilli,
Huic ſed ſollicitâ diſtribuantur acu.
Scilicet ut nemo eſt illâ reverentior æqui;
Haud ipſas igitur fert ſine lege comas.
Gloria ſylvarum pariter communis utrique
Eſt, & perpetuæ virginitatis honos.
Sic quoque Nympharum ſupereminet agmina collo,
Fertque choros Cynthia per juga, perque nives.
Haud aliter pariles ciliorum contrahit arcus,
Acribus aſt oculis tela ſubeſſe putes.
Luminibus dubites an ſtraverit illa ſagittis,
Quæ foret exuviis ardua colla, feram.
Alcides, humeros coopertus pelle Nemæa,
Haud ita labentis ſuſtulit orbis onus.
Heu quæ cervices ſubnectunt pectora tales,
Frigidiora gelu, candidiora nive?
Cætera non licuit, ſed vix ea tota, videri;
Nam clauſi rigido ſtant adamante ſinus.

Seu chlamys artifici nimium ſuccurrerit auſo,
Sicque imperfectum fugerit impar opus;
Sive tribus ſpernat victrix certare Deabus,
Et pretium formæ, nec ſpoliata, ferat.
Junonis properans, & clara trophæa, Minervæ,
Mollia nam Veneris præmia nôſſe piget.
Hinc neque conſuluit fugitivæ prodiga formæ,
Nec timuit ſeris invigilâſſe labris.
Inſomnem quoties Nymphæ monuere ſequaces,
Decedit roſeis heu color ille genis.
Jamque vigil leni ceſſit Philomela ſopori,
Omnibus & ſylvis conticuere feræ:
Acrior illa tamen pergit, curaſque fatigat;
Tanti eſt doctorum volvere ſcripta virûm;
Et liciti quæ ſint moderamina diſcere regni,
Quid fuerit, quid ſit, noſcere, quicquid erit.
Sic quod in ingenuas Gothus peccaverit artes
Vindicat, & ſtudiis expiat una ſuis.
Exemplum dociles imitantur nobile gentes,
Et geminis infans imbuit ora ſonis.
Tranſpoſitos Suecis credas migrâſſe Latinos,
Carmine Romuleo ſic ſtrepit omne nemus.
Upſala nec priſcis impar memoratur Athenis,
Ægidaque & currus hìc ſua Pallas habet.
Illinc O quales liceat ſperâſſe liquores,
Quum Dea præſideat fontibus ipſa ſacris!
Illic lacte fluant, illic & flumina melle,
Fulvaque inauratam tingat arena * Salam.
Upſalides Muſæ nunc & majora canemus,
Quæque mihi famæ non levis aura tulit.

* Iſſel, vulgo dicta.

Creditur haud ulli Chriſtus ſignâſſe ſuorum
Occultam gemmâ de meliore notam.
Quemque tenet charo deſcriptum nomine ſemper,
Non minus exculptum pectore fide refert.
Sola hæc virgineas depaſcit flamma medullas,
Et licito pergit ſolvere corda foco.
Tu quoque Sanctorum faſtos, Chriſtina, ſacrabis,
Unica nec virgo Vôlſinienſis erit.
Diſcite nunc Reges (majeſtas proxima cœlo)
Diſcite, proh, magnos hinc coluiſſe Deos.
Ah! pudeat tantos puerilia fingere cœpta,
Nugas neſcio quas, & malè quærere opes;
Acer equo cunctos dum præterit ille Britanno,
Et pecoris ſpolium neſcit inerme ſequi;
Aſt aquilam poſcit Germano pellere nido,
Deque Palatino monte fugare lupam;
Vos etiam latos in prædam jungite campos,
Impiaque arctatis cingite luſtra plagis:
Victor Oliverus nudum caput exerit armis,
Ducere ſive ſequi nobile lætus iter;
Qualis jam Senior Solymæ Godfredus ad arces,
Spinaque cui canis floruit alba comis.
Et Lappos Chriſtina poteſt & ſolvere Finnos,
Ultima quos Boreæ carcere clauſtra premunt;
Æoliis quales venti fremuere ſub antris,
Et tentant montis corripuiſſe moras.
Hanc Dea ſi ſummâ demiſerit arce procellam,
Quam gravis Auſtriacis Heſperiiſque cadat?
Omnia ſed rediens olim narraveris ipſe;
Nec reditus ſpero tempora longa petit.

Non ibi lenta pigro ſtringuntur frigore verba,
Solibus & tandem vere liquanda novo;
Sed radiis hyemem Regina potentior urit;
Hæcque magis ſolvit, quam ligat illa polum:
Dicitur & noſtros mœrens audiſſe labores,
Fortis & ingenuam gentis amâſſe fidem.
Oblatæ Batavâ nec paci commodat aurem;
Nec verſat Danaos inſidioſa dolos.
Sed pia feſtinat mutatis fœdera rebus,
Et libertatem, quæ dominatur, amat.
Digna cui Salomon meritos retuliſſet honores,
Et Saba concretum thure cremâſſet iter.
Hanc tua, ſed melius, celebraverit, Ingele, Muſa;
Et labor eſt veſtræ debitus ille lyræ.
Nos ſine te fruſtra Thameſis ſaliceta ſubimus,
Sparſaque per ſteriles turba vagamur agros.
Et male tentanti querulam reſpondet avena:
Quin & Rogerio diſſiluere fides.
Hæc tamen abſenti memores dictamus amico,
Grataque ſperamus qualiacumque fore.

IN EFFIGIEM OLIVERI CROMWELL.

HÆC eſt quæ toties inimicos umbra fugavit,
At ſub quâ cives otia lenta terunt.

IN EANDEM
REGINÆ SUECIÆ
TRANSMISSAM.

BELLIPOTENS virgo, ſeptem Regina Trionum,
Chriſtina, arctoi lucida ſtella poli;
Cernis quas merui durâ ſub caſſide rugas;
Sicque ſenex armis impiger ora fero;
Invia fatorum dum per veſtigia nitor,
Exequor & populi fortia juſſa manu.
At tibi ſubmittit frontem reverentior umbra,
Nec ſunt hi vultus regibus uſque truces.

AD REGEM CAROLUM, DE SOBOLE, 1637.

I.

JAM ſatis peſtis, ſatis atque diri
Fulminis miſit Pater, & rubenti
Dexterâ noſtras jaculatus arces
Terruit urbem.

II.

Terruit cives, grave ne rediret
Priſtinum ſeclum nova monſtra queſtum,
Omne cum peſtis pecus egit altos
Viſere montes.

III. Cum

III.

Cum ſcholæ latis genus hæſit agris,
Nota quæ ſedes fuerat bubulcis;
Cum, togâ abjectâ, pavidus reliquit
Oppida doctus.

IV.

Vidimus Chamum fluvium, retortis
Littore à dextro violenter undis,
Ire plorantem monumenta peſtis,
Templaque clauſa.

V.

Granta dum ſemet nimium querenti
Miſcet uxori, vagus & ſiniſtrâ
Labitur ripa, Jove comprobante,
Triſtior amnis.

VI.

Audiit cœlos acuiſſe ferrum,
Quo graves Turcæ melius perirent;
Audiit mortes, vitio parentum,
Rara juventus.

VII.

Quem vocet Divûm populus ruentis
Imperî rebus? Prece quâ fatigent
Doctior cœtus minus audientes
Carmina cœlos?

VIII.

Cui dabit partes luis expiandæ
Jupiter? Tandem venias, precamur,
Nube candentes humeros amictus,
Auxiliator.

IX. Sive

IX.

Sive tu mavis, Erycina noſtra,
Quam Jocus circumvolat & Cupido,
Tuque neglectum genus & nepotes
Auxeris ipſa;

X.

Sola tam longam removere peſtem,
Quam juvat luctus, facieſque triſtis,
Proles, optatâ, reparare, mole,
Sola poteſque.

XI.

Sive felici Carolum figurâ
Parvulus princeps imitetur, almæ
Sive Mariæ decoret puellam
Dulcis imago.

XII.

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
Lætus interſis populo Britanno;
Neve te, noſtris vitiis iniquum,
Ocior aura

XIII.

Tollat. Hìc magnos potius triumphos,
Hìc ames dici pater atque princeps,
Et novâ mortes reparare prole,
Te patre, Cæſar.

CUIDAM,

CUIDAM, QUI, LEGENDO SCRIPTURAM, DESCRIPSIT FORMAM, SAPIENTIAM SORTEMQUE AUTHORIS.

ILLUTRISSIMO VIRO

DOMINO LANCELOTO JOSEPHO DE MANIBAN,

GRAMMATOMANTI.

QUIS poſthac chartæ committat ſenſa loquaci,
Si ſua crediderit fata ſubeſſe ſtylo?
Conſcia ſi prodat ſcribentis litera ſortem,
Quicquid & in vitâ plus latuiſſe velit?
Flexibus in calami tamen omnia ſponte leguntur:
Quod non ſignificant verba, figura notat.
Bellerophonteas ſignat ſibi quiſque tabellas;
Ignaramque manum ſpiritus intus agit.
Nil præter ſolitum ſapiebat epiſtola noſtra,
Exemplumque meæ ſimplicitatis erat:
Fabula jucundos qualis delectat amicos;
Urbe, lepore, novis, carmine, tota ſcatens.
Hic tamen interpres, quo non ſecurior alter.
(Non res, non voces, non ego notus ei.)
Rimatur fibras notularum cautus aruſpex,
Scripturæque inhians conſulit exta meæ.
Inde ſtatim vitæ caſus, animique receſſus,
Explicat (haud Genio plura liquere putem.)
Diſtribuit totum noſtris eventibus orbem,
Et quo me rapiat cardine ſphæra docet.

Quæ Sol oppoſitus, quæ Mars adverſa minetur,
Jupiter aut ubi me, Luna, Venuſve, juvet.
Ut trucis intentet mihi vulnera Cauda Draconis;
Vipereo levet ut vulnere more caput.
Hinc mihi præteriti rationes atque futuri
Elicit; Aſtrologus certior Aſtronomo.
Ut conjecturas nequeam diſcernere vero,
Hiſtoriæ ſuperet ſed genitura fidem.
Uſque adeo cœli reſpondet pagina noſtra,
Aſtrorum & nexus ſyllaba ſcripta refert.
Scilicet & toto ſubſunt oracula mundo,
Dummodo tot foliis una Sibylla foret.
Partum, fortunæ mater natura, propinquum
Mille modis monſtrat, mille per indicia;
Ingentemque uterum quâ mole puerpera ſolvat;
Vivit at in præſens maxima pars hominum.
Aſt tu, ſorte tuâ, gaude, celeberrime vatum:
Scribe, ſed haud ſupereſt qui tua fata legat.
Noſtra tamen ſi fas præſagia jungere veſtris,
Quo magis inſpexti ſydera ſpernis humum.
Et, niſi ſtellarum fueris divina propago,
Naupliada credam te Palamede ſatum;
Qui dedit ex avium ſcriptoria ſigna volatu,
Sydereâque idem nobilis arte fuit.
Hinc utriuſque tibi cognata ſcientia crevit,
Nec minus augurium litera, quam, dat, avis.

IN

IN DUOS MONTES, AMOSCLIVIUM ET BILBOREUM.

FARFACIO.

CERNIS ut ingenti diſtinguant limite campum
Montis Amoscliví Bilboreique juga!
Ille ſtat indomitus turritis undique ſaxis;
Huic lætum cingit fraxinus alta caput.
Illi petra minax rigidis cervicibus horret;
Huic quatiunt virides lenia colla jubas.
Fulcit Atlanteo rupes ea vertice cœlos;
Collis at hic humeros ſubjicit Herculeos.
Hic, ceu carceribus, viſum ſylvâque coercet;
Ille oculos alter dum, quaſi meta, trahit.
Ille giganteum ſurgit ceu Pelion Oſſa;
Hic agit, ut Pindi culmine, nympha choros.
Erectus, præceps, ſalebroſus, & arduus, ille;
Acclivis, placidus, mollis, amœnus, hic eſt.
Ac ſimilis domino coiit Natura ſub uno;
Farfaciâque tremunt ſub ditione pares.
Dumque triumphanti terras perlabitur axe,
Præteriens æquâ ſtringit utrumque rota.
Aſper in adverſos, facilis cedentibus idem;
Ut credas montes extimulâſſe ſuos.
Hi ſunt Alcidæ Borealis nempe columnæ,
Quas medio ſcindit vallis opaca freto.
An potius, longe ſic prona cacumina nutant,
Parnaſſus capiant eſſe, Maria, tuus!

JOANNIS TROTTII EPITAPHIUM.

CHARISSIMO FILIO, &c.
PATER & MATER, &c.
FUNEBREM TABULAM CURAVIMUS.

AGE, marmor, & pro ſolitâ tuâ humanitate,
(Ne, inter parentum dolorem & modeſtiam,
Supprimantur præclari juvenis meritæ laudes).
Effare Johannis Trottii breve elogium.
Erat ille totus candidus, politus, ſolidus,
Ultra vel Parii marmoris metaphoram,
Et gemmâ ſculpi dignus, non lapide.
E Scholâ Wintonienſi ad Academiam Oxonii,
Inde ad Interioris Templi Hoſpitium, gradum fecerat.
Summæ ſpei, ſummæ indolis, ubique veſtigia reliquit.
Supra ſexum venuſtus,
Supra ætatem doctus,
Ingenioſus ſupra fidem.
Et jam viceſimum tertium annum inierat,
Pulcherrimo undequaque vitæ proſpectu,
Quem mors immatura obſtruxit.
Ferales puſtulæ corpus, tam affabrè factum,
Ludibrio habuere, & vivo incruſtârunt ſepulchro,
Anima evaſit libera, æterna, fœlix,
Et morti inſultans,
Mortalem ſortem cum fœnore accipiet.
Nos interim, meri veſpillones,

Parentes

Parentes filio, extra ordinem, parentantes,
Subtus in gentilitiâ cryptâ reliquias compoſuimus,
Ipſi eandem ad Dei nutum ſubituri.
Natus eſt, &c.
Mortuus, &c.
Reviviſcet primo Reſurrectionis.

EDMUNDI TROTTII EPITAPHIUM.

CHARISSIMO FILIO,
EDMUNDO TROTTIO,
POSUIMUS PATER & MATER,
FRUSTRA SUPERSTITES.

LEGITE, parentes, vaniſſime hominum ordo,
Figuli filiorum, ſubſtructores hominum,
Fartores opum, longi ſperatores,
Et noſtro, ſi fas, ſapite infortunio.
Fuit Edmundus Trottius,
E quatuor maſculæ ſtirpis reſiduus,
Staturâ juſtâ, formâ virili, ſpecie eximiâ,
Medio juventutis robore ſimul & flore,
Aſpectu, inceſſu, ſermone, juxtà amabilis;
Et, ſi quid ultra cineri pretium addit,
Honeſtâ diſciplinâ domi imbutus;
Peregre profectus

Generoſis artibus animum,
Et exercitiis corpus, firmaverat.
Circæam inſulam, ſcopulos Sirenum,
Præternavigavit;
Et in hoc naufragio morum & ſæculi
Solus perdiderat nihil, auxit plurimum;
Hinc erga Deum pietate,
Erga nos amore & obſequio,
Comitate erga omnes, & intra ſe modeſtia
Inſignis; & quantævis fortunæ capax.
Deliciæ æqualium, ſenum plauſus,
Oculi parentum, nunc, ah! lachrymæ;
In eo tandem peccavit quòd mortalis.
Et fatali puſtularum morbo aſperſus,
Factus eſt
(Ut veræ laudis invidiam ficto convitio levemus)
Proditor amicorum, parricida parentum,
Familiæ ſpongia:
Et, naturæ invertens ordinem,
Noſtri ſuique contemptor,
Mundi deſertor, defecit ad Deum,
Undecimo Auguſti; Æræ Chriſti 1667.

Πρὸς

Πρὸς Κάρρολον τὸν Βασιλέα.

Ὦ Δισαριστοτόκος, πέντ' ὦ δύσποτμος ἀριθμός!
Ὦ πέντε στυγερὸν, πέντ' Ἄϊδαο πύλαι!
Ἀγγλῶν ὦ μέγ' ὄνειδος, ὦ ἐρανίοισιν ἀπεχθές!
Ἀλλ' ἀπελύμαινες Κάρρολε τοῦτον ἄνα.
Πέμπτον τέκνον ἔδωκε μογοστόκος Εἰλείθυα,
Πέντε δὲ πένταθλον τέκνα κακῇσι τεόν.
Εἰ δὲ θέλεις βίβλοις ταῖς ὀψιγόνοισι τίεσθαι,
Πεντήτευχον ἔχεις παιδία διογενῆ.
Ἢ ὅτι Θεσπεσίης φιλέεις Νήστωρας ἀοιδῆς,
Ἁρμονίην ποιεῖς τὴν διὰ πέντε Πάτερ.

JANÆ OXENBRIGIÆ EPITAPHIUM.

JUXTA hoc marmor, breve mortalitatis ſpeculum, exuviæ jacent Janæ Oxenbrigiæ. Quæ nobili, ſi id dixiſſe attinet, paterno Butleriorum, materno Claveringiorum genere orta, Joanni Oxenbrigio collegii hujus ſocio nupſit. Proſperorum deinceps & adverſorum ei conſors fideliſſima. Quem, religionis cauſâ oberrantem, uſque ad incertam Bermudæ Inſulam ſecuta: nec mare vaſtum, nec tempeſtates horridas exhorruit: ſed, delicato corpore, quos non labores exantlavit? Quæ, non obivit, itinera? Tantum mariti potuit amor, ſed magis Dei. Tandem cum (redeunte conſcientiarum libertate) in patriam redux, magnam partem Angliæ cum marito pervagata eſt; qui lætus undequaque de nova diſſeminabat Evangelium. Ipſa maximum miniſterii ſui decus, & antiquâ modeſtiâ eandem animarum capturam domi, quam ille foris exercens, hic tandem divino nutu cum illo conſedit; ubi pietatis erga Deum, conjugalis & materni affectûs, erga proximos charitatis, omnium denique virtutum Chriſtianarum exemplum degebat inimitabile; donec quinque annorum hydrope laborans, per lenta incrementa ultra humani corporis modum intumuit. Anima interim ſpei plena, fidei ingens, ſtagnanti humorum diluvio tranquillè vehebatur. Et tandem poſt 37 peregrinationis annos, 23 Apr. Anno 1658, evolavit ad cœlos, tanquam columba ex arcâ corporis; cujus ſemper dulci, ſemper amaræ memoriæ, mœrens maritus poſuit. Flentibus juxta quatuor liberis, Daniele, Bathſhua, Elizabetha, Maria.

THE

THE

LIFE

OF

THAT MOST EXCELLENT CITIZEN,

AND

UNCORRUPTED MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT,

ANDREW MARVELL.

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ANDREW MARVELL.

THE characters of great men ſeldom attain their meridian of renown while living; yet their excellent compoſitions aſſume a new luſtre after their deaths, though they may have been long buried under the ruſt and neglect of time. May I not with ſome propriety ſay, that as men are more or leſs mirrours to each other, ſuch was Mr. Marvell to the world, that all men might ſo clearly diſcern perfection in him, as to dreſs, and even ornament themſelves, by ſo compleat a pattern? But indeed, he hath given us ſo pure and ſo perfect an image of his own mind in the immortal monuments of his wit and writings, and in the incorruptibility of his life and actions, that all I can advance will not add to his character; which will ſtand an ornament to poſterity, and prove to ſucceeding generations,

how very neceſſary and glorious ſuch patriot virtues are under the baneful governments of arbitrary and abandoned princes. What I have to offer to the publick relative to Mr. Marvell, will be meerly an amuſing information, and the labour which I have beſtowed in gleaning new anecdotes of his character, will only prove a teſtimony of my zeal and veneration for one of the firſt patriots that this, or any other country hath produced. And if his memoirs are not delivered to poſterity with that high advantage which is due to his ſuperior merits, as they cannot add to his fame; yet I flatter myſelf, that the ardour with which I have purſued the recovery of many of his valuable anonymous compoſitions, will atone with more conſiderate readers for any ſmall neglects; for whatever errours are diſcovered in the courſe of theſe writings, ſhould not be the portion of Mr. Marvell, who learned to do every thing but err.

The reverend Andrew Marvell, father of our patriot, was a native of Cambridgeſhire, and in that univerſity he compleated his ſtudies. He was a ſtudent of Emanuel college, wherein he took the degree of maſter of arts in the year 1608 & he was afterwards elected * maſter of the publick

* Theſe circumſtances, intermixed with ſome ſuperſtition, are told by an anonymous author, in the Weſtminſter Magazine, for 1774, who bequeaths a fortune to young Mr. Marvell, of which I never heard before, as he was educated at Cambridge at the expence of the corporation of Hull, and was paid by them to the day of his death for attending his duty in parliament. Mr. Marvell's

publick grammar ſchool in Kingſton upon Hull, and was made lecturer of the Trinity church, 1624; wherein he performed the funeral ceremony over the remains of Mr. John Ramſden, at the time of the great plague in the year 1637. Mr. Ramſden * was twice mayor of the corporation, and a gentleman of great erudition, remarkable piety, and univerſal eſteem. His corpſe was borne by many perſons of diſtinction; and though the reverend Mr. Marvell had the epithet *facetious* † applied to him by Mr. Echard and others, yet at this ſickly period, to prove himſelf the good man, and the pious divine, he not only ventured to read the burial ſervice, unuſed ſome time before; but alſo delivered from the pulpit a moſt excellent funeral ſermon (afterwards printed) in moving and pathetick oratory. In the year 1640 an unhappy accident put an end to his days. When croſſing the river Humber in a ſmall boat, to Barrow in Lincolnſhire, (to accompany, through his great complaiſance, Mrs. Skinner, of Thornton college, and a beautiful young couple who were going to be married,) a heavy

Marvell's virtuous poverty is proverbial; if he had a fortune more than his father left him, it is ſcarce probable that he would have affected diſtreſs, and he never was a man of expence, and therefore it is not plauſible that he ſquandered it away in his travels; for Cooke aſſures us, when he died, that he left his ſmall paternal eſtate unimproved to his kindred.

* The father of that Mr. Ramſden, who ſat as member for the town of Hull with Mr. Marvell, in 1660.

† The reverend Andrew Marvell, the facetious Calviniſtical miniſter of Hull. Echard, p. 960.

heavy ſtorm came ſuddenly on, which overſet the boat, and put a period to all their lives. Mr. Marvell, who was remarkable for his chearful diſpoſition, convinced of the hazard of this enterprize, gave ſome faint ideas of it to his friends, who were walking upon the quay of the ſouth end, by calling to them in this whimſical manner, ho! ho! for heaven, ay ho! and threw his gold-headed cane to ſhore, which he recommended to his ſon. Thus expired Mr. Marvell, eminent for his learning and virtue, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, univerſally lamented by his friends, and the people of Hull in general; and in teſtimony of his ability, Mr. Marvell gives this character of his father, in the ſecond part of the Rehearſal Tranſproſed. "He died "before the war broke out, having lived with ſome repu-"tation both for piety and learning, and was moreover a "conformiſt to the eſtabliſhed rites of the church of "England, though I confeſs, none of the moſt over-run-"ning, or eager in them." At the time of this ſudden and melancholy cataſtrophe, our author was at Cambridge, and was born at Kingſton upon Hull, on the 15th of November, 1620, from whence, at fifteen years of age, he went to Cambridge, and was admitted in 1635 as a ſtudent of Trinity college; though Mr. Thomas Cooke, and ſome authors who have followed his errour, remove his firſt admiſſion back to the 14th of December, 1633. His genius and parts brought him forward with more bril-

liancy and rapidity than is uſual in youth of that age; and indeed you rarely meet with any young men who poſſeſs ſuch fire, but have more or leſs indiſcretion about them. Mr. Marvell at this excentrick period was not exempt from imprudence: the Jeſuits at that time were ſedulous every where to make proſelytes, particularly about the univerſities, and his great abilities were more worth their attention than thoſe of any common youths, as he might be made a great and uſeful ſupporter of their cauſe. In their attention to him they ſo far ſucceeded as to inveigle him to London, where his father purſued him, and met with him by accident in a bookſeller's ſhop, and there prevailed upon him to return to college.

On the 13th of April, 1638, it appears in his own hand writing in the admiſſion books of the college, that he was received on the foundation of fellows and ſcholars, as a bachelor of arts. From that time to the year 1640, he purſued his ſtudies with unremitting and indefatigable application, when his father's death gave a new turn to his mind, which happened in that year. Whether Mr. Marvell went down to Hull, to take poſſeſſion of the ſmall fortune which his father had left him, and by poſſeſſing that, grew negligent of his ſtudies, I cannot ſay; but it appears that he and four other ſtudents had abſented themſelves from their *exerciſes*, and had been guilty of other indiſcretions

and

and indecorums, which made the maſter and ſeniors come to a reſolution on the 24th of September, 1641 *, to refuſe them

* Theſe particulars are made clear by the following extract, and letter from the learned Dr. Michael Lort, of Cambridge.

" In the admiſſion book of ſcholars of Trinity College, Cambridge, is this " entry, p. 266. 13 of April, 1638. *Andreas Marvell juratus et admiſſus.*

" In the old concluſion book, p. 169. Sept. 24, 1641. It is agreed by " the maſter and ſeniors, that Mr. Carter, Dominus Wakefield, Dominus " Marvel, Dominus Waterhouſe, and Dominus Maye *, in regard that " ſome of them are reported to be married, and the others look not after " their *dayes* nor *acts*, ſhall receive no more benefit of the college, and ſhall be " out of their places, unleſs they ſhew juſt cauſe to the college for the contrary " in three months."

SIR, Trinity College, Cambridge, Nov. 25, 1765.

" After long ſearch in ſome of the old books belonging to the college, " I find the above particulars concerning Andrew Marvell, and thoſe only.

" On what authority the writer of his life in the *General Dictionary*, quotes " the college regiſter for the date of his admiſſion into the college in 1633, " I know not, ſince the earlieſt regiſter I can find of *ſuch admiſſion*, begins " in 1635.

" Of the admiſſion of fellows and ſcholars on the foundation, we have a " regiſter from the beginning; and from that I have extracted the firſt quo- " tation above, which is written in Marvell's own hand, and which I have " endeavoured to imitate as near as I could.

" The ſecond will explain the charge brought againſt him by *Parker*, and " take off any reflection on his character, if ſuch was intended thereby, for I " have not ſeen Parker's charge. From this extract it appears only that Marvell " was expelled for non-reſidence, then much more ſtrictly enjoined than it is " now. The *days* mentioned therein, being the certain number allowed by " ſtatute

* Who afterwards tranſlated Lucan.

them the benefits of the college; and gave them three months to vindicate themſelves againſt the charge. Whether Mr. Marvell obeyed their ſummons does not appear; but that he was expelled publickly for this juvenile indiſcretion, ſeems very clear by the particulars of Dr. Lort's letter, but for non-reſidence only. As this ſeduction from his ſtudies was produced by the artifice of the Jeſuits, it is more than probable that it encreaſed his natural hatred to the body, and in ſome reſpects it may have proved an univerſal good, as it ever after made him an inveterate and implacable enemy to the ſect of Loyola, which he frequently and ſeverely attacks both in his proſe and verſe compoſitions.

At Delphos and Rome ſtocks and ſtones, now and then, ſirs,
Have to queſtions returned articulate anſwers.

" ſtatute in the year to abſentees; and the *acts* means the exerciſes enjoyned " alſo by the ſtatutes to be performed.

" It does not appear by any ſubſequent entry, whether Marvell did, or did " not, comply with this order.

" I wiſh this account may come time enough for the purpoſe you wanted it: " why it did not ſooner, is of no great conſequence now to mention. If at any " time you, or any of your friends, ſhould have any enquiries to make that I " may be able to ſatisfy, I beg you will freely command,

" SIR,

" Your moſt obedient and moſt faithful ſervant,

" MICHAEL LORT."

As I could make no extracts from this ingenious epiſtle, equal to the letter itſelf, I hope it will plead my excuſe with Mr. Lort for the publication.

All popiſh believers think ſomething divine,
When images ſpeak—that poſſeſſeth the ſhrine:
Thoſe idols ne'er ſpoke, but the miracle's done,
By the devil, a prieſt, a friar, or nun.

From this circumſtance of collegial record, which cannot be erroneous, we may fairly conclude that he left Cambridge about 1642, and from thence purſued his travels into Holland, France and Italy. His poem of *Flecknoe*, though in ſlovenly metre, contains much humour and ſatire upon that incorrigible poetaſter, Richard Flecknoe; which was the happy means of giving title, and perhaps birth to the beſt ſatyrical poem in the Engliſh language, I mean M'Flecknoe, written by the firſt poet of this country (Mr. Dryden) againſt the lambent dullneſs of Thomas Shadwell.

"His brows thick fogs inſtead of glories grace,
"And *lambent* dullneſs plays around his face."

I am inclined to think, upon this excurſion to Italy, that our author made his firſt acquaintance with Milton, who was at that time abroad; and though twelve years older than Marvell, only left Chriſt's college four years before his admiſſion: for as ſoon as we hear of Mr. Marvell in England again, we find him appointed aſſiſtant Latin ſecretary to the Protector, under Milton, which friendſhip continued to the death of the latter; for we have a high teſtimony of Marvell's eſteem towards him, in his elegant poem upon the

the publication of *Paradiſe Loſt*. It is moſt probable that this intimacy was made abroad; it was natural that two ſuch native luminaries ſhould unite in Rome, when they obſerved the eyes of the conclave turned upon their learning, which Milton partially drew, by diſputing againſt the ſuperſtition of the church of Rome, within the very verge of the Vatican.

We hear little more of Mr. Marvell, either in Italy or France; and the ſmall guides that we have to ſteer and follow him by, are his own poetical ſtars. When he arrived in Paris, he heard much talk of one Lancelot Joſeph de Maniban *, an abbot of a whimſical character, who pretended to enter into the qualities of thoſe he had never ſeen, and to prognoſticate their good or evil fortune by their hand-writing. This romantick *etourdie* was ſeverely handled by Mr. Marvell, in a ſmart poem addreſſed to this ridiculous prognoſticator. *Illuſtriſſimo Viro Domino Lancelotæ Joſepho de Manibán, Grammatomanti.* From this circumſtance in France, we hear no more of Mr. Marvell until 1653, a ſpace of twelve years. To fill up this interval of time, the biographers have ſent him to Conſtantinople, and made

* Mr. Cooke hath certainly made a miſtake, when he ſays, Mr. Philips, in his papers of *The Free Thinker*, particularly No. 253 (though his laſt No. is only 159) and through the courſe of thoſe papers often quotes our author with reſpect. "I have diligently ſearched theſe papers, and can find no mention "of Mr. Marvell therein; and the late ingenious and correct Mr. Hollis hath "left a memorandum to the ſame purpoſe."

him ſecretary of the embaſſy. In thoſe confuſed times of the Commonwealth, though conducted by that great and able ſtateſman, Cromwell, I do not find we had any miniſter in Turkey; much more, that Mr. Marvell was his ſecretary. I am more inclined to believe, that the miſtake hath ariſen from his attending the Lord Carliſle afterwards in that capacity to Peterſburgh, which none of thoſe gentlemen notice who have written of our author; for he expreſsly ſays, "I never "had the remoteſt relation to publiſh matters till 1657." When we conſider the capability of Mr. Marvell, we have reaſon to lament that we know ſo little of him for ſo long a time; eſpecially when we reflect on the turn and diſpoſition of his mind, which was to improve every moment for the general good of mankind. Nothing proved ſo clearly the excellence and perſpicuity of the Protector's underſtanding, as fixing upon two ſuch men as Milton and Marvell to be his ſecretaries; though the latter was firſt made tutor to Mr. Dutton, as appears by an original * letter extant, to the Protector.

Nothing can ſo truely confirm the opinion, that Mr. Marvell had an appointment under the Protector, as the reply he makes to Dr. Parker, who violently charges and reproaches him for ſerving in thoſe times; when he tells us in

* If any gentleman is in poſſeſſion of this letter or the copy (as quoted in the Biographical Dictionary) I ſhall ever eſteem it a moſt particular favour, if he will allow me the tranſcript.

in the Second Part of the Rehearſal Tranſproſed, "I never "had any, not the remoteſt relation to publick matters, "nor correſpondence with the perſons then predominant, "till the year 1657, when, indeed, *I entered into an employ-* "*ment*, for which I was not altogether improper, and "which I conſidered to be the moſt innocent and inoffenſive "towards his majeſty's affairs, of any in that uſurped and "irregular government, to which all men were then ex-"poſed." Notwithſtanding Mr. Marvell makes this declaration of his appointment; yet, Mr. William Harris * declares this to be a miſtake, though he allows him to have been well paid with Milton and Needham, for writing in favour of Cromwell and the parliament, and not unrewarded for the diſcharge of his office by the Protector; and his reaſon for this is, becauſe both the Parkers were enriched with lucrative and honourable employs. But whatever were the profits of Mr. Marvell's office, he could not amaſs a great deal, for the † Protector did not live above a year

* Harris's Life of Oliver Cromwell, p. 305. "A. Marvell is, I know, "commonly ſaid to have been employed under Cromwell; but I ſuppoſe this "to be a miſtake, as will appear from his own account in the Rehearſal Tranſ-"proſed." Speaking of Milton and Needham, Mr. Harris ſays, "It muſt "not be forgotten that all theſe gentlemen found their account in writing for "the parliament and Cromwell. Both the Parkers were enriched with lucra-"tive and honourable employs; and Marvell, I ſuppoſe, was not unrewarded "for the diſcharge of his office by the Protector." Therefore he now allows an office and before no office.

† Cromwell died at Whitehall, Sept. 3, 1658.

a year and a half after his appointment; but this is ſuch a chaotic jumble of abſurdities, it is ſcarce worthy of notice or reply.

From the death of Cromwell, we have no account of our patriot till the parliament of the 25th of April, 1660, although he had been elected for the town of Hull in 1658. But notwithſtanding his punctuality of writing every poſt to his conſtituents the buſineſs of parliament, yet I have found no letters of an earlier date to the corporation, than November the 17th, 1660. Perhaps they might have been given up to him, or deſtroyed at his requeſt upon the Reſtoration, when things put on a very different, and indifferent countenance. I have heard of a very elegant, pathetic, and patriotic epiſtle which he wrote upon the beheading of *Charles the Firſt*; but though I ſearched and enquired with moſt unremitting diligence, I never was ſo fortunate as to obtain a ſight of it. I have many reaſons to think there are many valuable remains of Mr. Marvell's erudition, in the poſſeſſion of private families, if people knew where to lay their hands on them; but it requires high zeal and veneration for a character to hunt it through with that keenneſs which I have been obliged to exert, to even recover what I here preſent to the public. The inviolable friendſhip of the *Earl of Devonſhire* he was particularly honoured with; in ſo much ſo, that Mr. Marvell was the firſt of his council: ſuch an intimacy muſt have

have produced a long and extenſive correſpondence; and yet I have not been able to recover any papers from that noble family, though his preſent Grace, through the interpoſition of the pious and charitable major Labilliere, hath aſſured me of his good intentions, if he is ſo fortunate to diſcover any.

From this period Mr. Marvell comes forward in his patriot and parliamentary character, and with more dignity, honour, ſenſe, genius, fortitude, virtue and religion, than ever mixed up in one man, antient or modern. There is not an action of his life that deſerves the blot of cenſure; the part he took was moſt honourable to himſelf, and uſeful to his country; and though virtue was ever put to the bluſh by flattery, yet he maintained his ſincerity unſeduced, when truth and chaſtity were crimes in the lewd circle of Charles's Siren court; where, in poverty he held up the greatneſs of his ſoul, in ſpite of the cold diſadvantages of a narrow fortune, and the artful lures and temptations of the moſt agreeable devils, poſſeſſed of more than the golden apples. Nor were ſpirits inactive to ſeduce ſuch virtues, which might have been made ſo uſeful to the proſtituted purpoſes of that proſtituted court.

" ——Tempt not, he ſaid, and ſtood;
" But Satan, ſmitten with amazement, fell."

The

The firſt parliament before the Reſtoration, met upon the 25th of April, 1660, in which Mr. Marvell gave an early attendance; though the firſt letter that appears to his conſtituents is in the November following, after the adjournment; wherein he laments the abſence of his partner, Mr. John Ramſden *, and tells them he writes with but half a pen, which makes his account of the public affairs ſo imperfect; and yet he had rather expoſe his own defects to their good interpretation, than excuſe thereby a total neglect of his duty, and that truſt which is divided upon him. It was the unimportance of the buſineſs which ſeems to have occaſioned his ſilence: for he ſays, "I was preſent the "firſt day of the parliament's ſitting, ſince when we have "had little new, but only being making a progreſs in thoſe "things I then mentioned." He ſhews from the earlieſt period a high veneration for the town of Hull, and he takes a happy opportunity to pay a pleaſing compliment to the ladies † of the place upon their conjugal virtue, for which they have ever been famous, though they have not always had ſuch pens as Mr. Marvell's to paint and record their chaſtity. Mr. Marvell ſhews a ſtrong diſlike to forces in time of peace, as being heavy charges to the nation, having

* Mr. John Ramſden, I imagine, was the mayor's brother; he ſat but in this ſhort convention, but Mr. William Ramſden was afterwards twice member for Hull.

† See Letter I.

ing not loſt ſight of the fatal effects of a ſtanding army in a former reign; and therefore wiſhes them exchanged for a militia, in theſe pleaſing terms: "I doubt not ere we riſe, "to ſee the whole army diſbanded; and, according to the "act, hope to ſee your town once more ungarriſoned, in "which I ſhould be glad and happy to be inſtrumental to "the uttermoſt; for I cannot but remember, though then "a child, thoſe bleſſed days, when the youth of your own "town were trained for your militia, and did, methought, "become their arms much better than any ſoldiers that I "have ſeen there ſince." In the courſe of his parliamentary buſineſs, he was cautious, circumſpect and ſteady: ſlow to reſolve, but determined and firm when reſolved, he never took any momentous ſtep without the information and advice of his conſtituents, according to their ancient cuſtom, and what was the moſt deſirable to them; for he always aſſures them, though he can promiſe little, yet he intends all things for their ſervice.

He ſaw with a clear and diſcerning eye, the miſchief of that many-headed monſter, the *Exciſe*; for when the propoſition ſtarted up for a longer continuance of that bill, he very prophetically added, "I wiſh it prove not too long." In the ſame letter he apologizes with much delicacy, for writing ſo much of money; and wittily obſerves, "that "parliaments have ever been made uſe of to that purpoſe;

" and though we may buy gold too dear, yet we muſt, at " any rate, be glad of peace, freedom, and a good conſci- " ence." His indefatigable diligence in the Houſe is amazing; and though the long ſittings wearied him, yet he aſſures his conſtituents, that he finds refreſhment in making report of the debates to them. He ſeems very early in this young parliament to be diſſatisfied, though the king is more ready to give, than they to receive: but a negative being put on the bill of the king's declaration in religious matters, grieved him to think there was an end of ſo many excellent things which it contained; but, ſays he, " 'tis good to know " where we are, and the beſt and worſt."

It is impoſſible to avoid ſmiling at the difference between thoſe days and theſe; to ſee the conduct of members to their conſtituents, and the attention of the borough to the member. What would one of our members of parliament ſay now to a preſent of a caſk of ale? And we frequently find Mr. Marvell alone, and conjunctively with his colleague, thanking the corporation of Hull for a barrel of ale. " We muſt give you thanks for the " kind preſent you have pleaſed to ſend us, which will give " occaſion to us to remember you often; but the quantity " is ſo great, that it might make ſober men forgetful." Upon the 29th of December, 1660, the king having diſſolved the parliament, the town of Hull returned Mr. Mar-

vell again, with Colonel Gilby, for their repreſentatives in parliament. In this election there ſeems to have been ſome conteſted buſineſs and harſh words, which ever after made a difference between Mr. Marvell and Colonel Gilby. The poſt, about the month of March, 1661, being often interrupted by the ſervants of the crown, made Mr. Marvell more cautious in his publick correſpondence, to alter the direction of his letters, to William Popple, merchant, who was the peculiar friend he calls couſin, and to whom he writes his familiar letters.

In April, 1661, he acknowledges to the mayor of Hull, his ſenſe of their chuſing him to repreſent their borough, thus: "I perceive that you have again (as if it were grown "a thing of courſe) made choice of me, now the third time, "to ſerve for you in parliament; which, as I cannot attri- "bute to any thing but your conſtancy, ſo ſhall I, God "willing, *as in gratitude obliged*, with no leſs conſtancy and "vigour, continue to execute your commands, and ſtudy "your ſervice."

From the commiſſion which Colonel Gilby bore, it is not reaſonable to think that he would join Mr. Marvell, whoſe conduct was ſo upright, and ſteady in oppoſition to the young arbitrary ſtrides of the new ſettled court; for Mr. Marvell tells us in his 15th letter, "According as I write "to you, you muſt be very reſerved, and reſt very much

" upon your prudence. I would not have you ſuſpect any " miſintelligence betwixt my partner and me, becauſe we " write not to you jointly, as Mr. Ramſden and I uſed, for " there is all civility betwixt us; but it was the Colonel's ſenſe " we ſhould each be left to his own diſcretion for writing." Theſe things ſeem to deeply afflict him; for he ſays in the following letter, " I am ſomething bound up, that I cannot " write about your publick affairs; *but I aſſure you they* " *break my ſleep.*"

Nothing ſhews the ſweetneſs and honeſty of Mr. Marvell's diſpoſition, and his natural diſlike to clamour and faction, as the conſtruction he puts upon the difference between him and his colleague, inſtead of ſpiriting his friends to a reſentment. " Though perhaps we may ſometimes differ in our advice " concerning the way of proceeding, yet we have the ſame " good ends in general; and by this unlucky falling out, " we ſhall be provoked to a greater emulation of ſerving " you. I muſt beg your pardon for writing ſingly to you; " for if I wanted my right hand, yet I would ſcribble to " you with my left, rather than neglect your buſineſs. I " would not tell you any tales, becauſe there are naked- " neſſes which it becomes us to cover, if it be poſſible. In " the mean time, pity, I beſeech you, my weakneſs; for " there are ſome things which men ought not, others, that " they cannot patiently ſuffer."

We

We have now a great gap in Mr. Marvell's correſpondence, concluding in June 1661, and indeed a larger than I can any ways reconcile; though by a complaint from the lord Bellaſis to ſir Robert Hildyard, who is intreated by his lordſhip to make a regular report to the corporation * of Hull againſt Mr. Marvel, for his abſence from his duty in parliament, which had been upwards of a year and a half; whereby it ſeems that he had been long in Holland; nor did he ſhew any intentions of return, till lord Bellaſis requeſts the town to proceed to a new election of a member, in caſe of their burgeſs not appearing in his ſeat in the Houſe of Commons. The corporation † then thank his lordſhip for his care

* Lord Bellaſis was then high ſteward of Hull, and deputy governor under the duke of Monmouth.

† *A memorandum taken from the town's book of Hull, and the corporation's letter to lord Bellaſis.*

Sir Robert Hildyard did communicate from the right hon. John lord Bellaſis, that his lordſhip did take notice of the abſence of one of our burgeſſes in parliament, Mr. A. M. and thereupon the following letter was writt to his lordſhip, the copy whereof is as followeth, viz.

TO THE LORD BELLASIS.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

" It hath been communicated unto us by ſir Robert Hildyard, the abſence " of our burgeſs, Mr. Marvell, in his preſent attendance in the ſervice of the " parliament, and your lordſhip's care in making way of an opportunity of a " ſupply, of which we have a very high eſteeme, and ſhall endeavor accord- " ingly to improve. We have had two letters from Mr. Marvell, the one " wrote at his departure, that he was to goe into Holland not farre off, and " would be ready at our call. And in a late letter, dated at Vianden, in Hol- " land,

care of making a ſupply, and inform him, that they have had two letters from Mr. Marvell, who was not far off, and would be ready at their call. They therefore write him peremptorily to return, or they will embrace the expedient offered them by his lordſhip of chuſing another member. This ſummons brings Mr. Marvell back, as we find by his letter from Frankfort of March 12, 1663. "Had mine "own thoughts not been ſtrong enough to perſwade me to "ſlight any private concernments of mine, in reſpect to the "publick and your ſervice, your prudent and courteous "letter of the 3d of February would have brought me "over." And yet there is a year's difference of time between the corporation's anſwer to lord Bellaſis, and the arrival of Mr. Marvell, which he informs us himſelf, was upon the 2d of April, 1663; and therein glances at the courteous intentions of his lordſhip to have filled his place for him. Upon this expedition into Holland he frequently ſpeaks

"land, to remember us that he did not forget our ſervice; the copie of which "ſaid letter we ſend here encloſed, to which we wrote him our anſwer, that wee "conſidered it was his duty incumbent to attend the kingdom's ſervice in par-"liament, and according to the truſt repoſed in him, wee expected that he "would performe: if hee doe not very ſhortly, wee hope not to loſe your "lordſhip's favour to procure us that expedient; as wee may ſupply his "abſence by a new election of a burgeſs, which ſhall not want the teſti-"mony of our endeavours to place it, as wee are in noe kinde more obliged "then to your lordſhip's family.—Begging pardon for this ſhort accompt, wee "remaine

Hull, Feb. 27, 1662.

"Your lordſhip's very humble ſervants."

ſpeaks of his private concernments; but I can find no clue to lead me to the nature of them. Mr. Marvell does not ſeem ſettled this ſeſſion, and reaſons with his friends, that the vigilance and ſufficiency of his partner might have excuſed his abſence. Three months are ſcarce elapſed, before we find him laying his intentions before his conſtituents of going beyond ſea with lord Carliſle, who is appointed ambaſſador extraordinary to * Muſcovy, Sweden, and Denmark; and that his lordſhip hath uſed his power with him (which ought to be very great) to make him go with him ſecretary in theſe embaſſies. By accepting of this appointment, Mr. Marvell did not appear to be much at variance with government; though by the manner of his expreſſing himſelf, he ſeems in a great meaſure to be influenced by the power of lord Carliſle's friendſhip.

But when he argues with his conſtituents, he ſays, "It "is no new thing for members of our houſe to be diſpenſed "with for the ſervice of the king and the nation in forain "parts. However, I cannot but adviſe alſo with you, "deſiring to take your aſſent along with me. I ſhall hope "to receive herein your ſpeedy anſwer." When he takes his leave of the corporation, he prefers, in theſe pure words, his

* As none of the writers of Mr. Marvell's life take any notice of this embaſſy, I imagine they have made their miſtake in this particular, and ſent him to Conſtantinople inſtead of Moſcow, as no mention is made of his being in Turkey, either in his works, or letters to him.

his prayer for their well-doing: "I do hereby, with my laſt "and ſerioufeſt thoughts, ſalute you, rendering you all "hearty thanks for your great kindneſs and friendſhip to "me upon all occaſions, and ardently beſeeching God to "keep you all in his gracious protection, to your own end, "and the welfare and flouriſhing of your corporation, to "which I am, and ſhall ever continue a moſt affectionate "and devoted ſervant; and ſo renewing and redoubling my "moſt cordial thanks, my moſt earneſt prayers, and my "moſt true love and ſervice to and for you all, I remain as "long as I live." Mr. Marvell's embaſſy continues near two years, after which time we find him attending the parliament at Oxford on the 15th of October, 1665; but we have no compoſitions of our author, which give any further account of him on this expedition, which, to a man of his penetration and diſcernment, muſt have afforded much matter of uſeful and entertaining obſervation. From the above period to October 1674, Mr. Marvell makes a regular return of the proceedings of the two houſes; nor is there any very particular buſineſs in which he appears to be employed by his conſtituents, 'till the mayor and corporation of Hull deſire him to wait on their governour the duke of Monmouth, with a congratulatory letter and a preſent of gold, as a teſtimony of their duty and reſpect. After the duke had peruſed the letter and returned them his thanks, with aſſurances of a continuance of his attention to their welfare

fare, Mr. Marvell delivered him the ſix broad pieces, telling his Grace, that he was deputed to bluſh on the behalf of his conſtituents for the meanneſs of the preſent: but the duke took him off, and ſaid, he thanked them for it, and accepted it as a token of their kindneſs.

After the prorogation of parliament in November 1675, Mr. Marvell makes the moſt cordial addreſs to his conſtituents, to take their advice, and ſenſe of things along with him; for which purpoſe he ſaith, "I am here in good "health and vigour, ready to take that ſtation in the houſe "which I obtain by your favour, and hath ſo many years "continued; and therefore I deſire that you will conſider "whether there be any thing that particularly relates to the "ſtate of your town, I ſhall ſtrive to promote it to the "beſt of my duty; and in the more general concerns of "the nation, ſhall maintain the ſame incorrupt mind and "clear conſcience, free from faction, or any ſelf ends, "which, by the grace of God, I have hitherto preſerved." Few men in theſe days would get credit with their conſtituents, were they to ſpeak thus of themſelves. But Marvell had for a ſeries of years given ſuch convincing proofs of the purity of his mind and the dignity of his ſoul, that his own words were an oracle to all men who knew him.

I have now followed Mr. Marvell through his regular correſpondence with the corporation of Hull in a general manner

for upwards of twenty years; and though I have ſelected ſome paſſages which helped to elucidate his hiſtory, yet a very inſufficient part to give any reader an idea of the excellent matter of theſe letters, which, for ſtrength and clearneſs of ſtile, are not inferior to any thing in our language.

They throw great light on the character of Mr. Marvell, and are of importance in ſhewing the ſenſe which ſo able a man and ſo illuſtrious a patriot entertained of the duty he owed his conſtituents, and of the relation he bore to them in parliament. At the beginning of a ſeſſions he aſks them, *Whether there be any thing that particularly relates to the ſtate of their town, or of their neighbouring country, or of yet more public concernment, whereof they might think fit to advertiſe him, and therein to give him any* inſtructions, *to which he would carefully conform.* He was ſo attentive to that which he conceived to be his duty, that each letter contains a minute narrative or journal of parliamentary buſineſs, and of ſuch public occurrences as he thought moſt worthy their notice. And ſuch was his diligence, that he ſays, he *ſits down to write at ſix in the evening, though he had not eat ſince the day before at noon*; and that *it had become habitual to him to write to them every poſt during the ſitting of parliament*; and *begs pardon for failing one poſt to write to them, not having neglected ſo to do one poſt ſince the parliament met, nor intending to miſs for the future.*

He

He expreſſes himſelf upon the ſeveral matters on which he writes, with that ſpirit and freedom that diſtinguiſhed his character, and which drew upon him the notice of perſons in power; which, however, cauſed no alteration in the uſual correſpondence between him and the town he repreſented. Not content with diſcharging the duty his ſtation in parliament required of him, he appears to have been an active ſolicitor for the town of Kingſton upon Hull, in all affairs that concerned their intereſt, and wherein his ſervices might be uſeful to them. In the courſe of his duty, attending the Duke of Monmouth, high ſteward of that corporation, with the honorary fee of his office, he intimates with the utmoſt delicacy, his refuſal of the offer, which, it ſeems, the duke made him of the money preſented on that occaſion. Numberleſs inſtances ariſe from a peruſal of this ſeries of letters for near twenty years, which reflect great honour upon the character of this moſt immaculate patriot.

By this attention which Mr. Marvell ſhewed to the place he repreſented, he could not do otherwiſe than gain their high and true affections, which indeed, to do them juſtice, they ſhewed upon every occaſion. He had no private views or looſe appetites to gratify; the welfare of Hull, and the love of his country were all his ſtudy and purſuit. And when we conſider his abilities, and the power he had in

parliament by thoſe abilities, we may allow ourſelves indebted to his prudence and moſt excellent management, for many benefits that we now enjoy. It was not his duty in parliament which wholly engroſſed his mind: for the numberleſs pieces in proſe and verſe which he threw out, were of excellent uſe, and had great effect upon the peoples minds, and muſt have taken a deal of time in the compoſition. I cannot find by any writings that he ever ſpoke in the houſe; the journals thereof make no mention of any ſpeech of his; but by his own account, he always made notes of what paſſed; and by his indefatigable conduct otherwiſe, he obtained a great aſcendency over the minds of the members. Though the power of the court had no influence over his virtue, yet the good ſenſe of Prince Rupert was conſpicuous in making him his friend; for when Mr. Marvell's name became the hatred of that party which he ever attacked with unremitting keen ſatire, and it became dangerous for him to appear abroad, Prince Rupert would forget his rank, and be led by his good underſtanding privately to the apartments of Mr. Marvell: ſo whenever his Royal Highneſs voted on the ſide of Marvell, which he often did, it was the obſervation of the adverſe folks, "*that he had been with his tutor.*" The ſevere tracts which he was continually publiſhing againſt the ſtate and popery, and the inflammatory literary fight which he had with Parker and others, often made his life in danger; but no

bribes, no offers of fortune or ſituation, though ſo very contrary to his private intereſts, could make him ſwerve from the virtuous path he had firſt ſet out upon, and in which he continued to walk invariably to the laſt. A man of ſuch excellent parts and facetious converſe, could not be unknown to Charles the Second, who loved the company of wits ſo much, that he would ſuffer the ſevereſt jokes, rather than not enjoy them. Mr. Marvell had been honoured with an evening's entertainment by his majeſty, who was ſo charmed with the eaſe of his manners, the ſoundneſs of his judgement, and the nimbleneſs of his wit, that the following morning, to ſhew him his regard, he ſent the lord treaſurer Danby to wait upon him with a particular meſſage from himſelf. His lordſhip with ſome difficulty found his elevated retreat, which was in a ſecond floor in a court in the Strand, the very *gradus ad Parnaſſum*. Lord Danby, from the darkneſs of the ſtair-caſe, and the narrowneſs thereof, abruptly burſt open the door, and ſuddenly entered the room, wherein he found Mr. Marvell writing. Aſtoniſhed at the ſight of ſo noble and ſo unexpected a viſitor, he aſked his lordſhip with a ſmile, if he had not miſtook his way. No, replied my lord, with a bow, not ſince I have found Mr. Marvell; continuing, that he came with a meſſage from the king, who wiſhed to do him ſome ſignal ſervice, to teſtify his high opinion of his merits. He replied with his uſual pleaſantry, that kings had

had it not in their power to ſerve him; he had no void left aching in his breaſt: but becoming more ſerious, he aſſured his lordſhip, that he was highly ſenſible of this mark of his majeſty's affection; but he knew too well the nature of courts to accept of favours, which were expected to bind a man in the chains of their intereſt, which his ſpirit of freedom and independence would not ſuffer him to embrace. To take a place at the hands of his majeſty, would be proving him guilty of the firſt ſin, ingratitude, if he voted againſt him; and, if he went in the ſmooth ſtream of his intereſt, it might be doing injuſtice to his country and his conſcience: he therefore begged that his majeſty would allow him to enjoy a ſtate of liberty, and to eſteem him more his faithful and dutiful ſubject, and more in the true intereſt of his welfare by this refuſal of his munificence, than if he had embraced his royal bounty. Theſe royal offers proving vain, Lord Danby began to aſſure him, that the king had ordered him a thouſand guineas, which he hoped he would be pleaſed to receive, till he could bring his mind to accept of ſomething better and more durable. At this Mr. Marvell renewed his uſual ſmile, and ſaid, Surely, my good lord, you do not mean to treat me ludicrouſly by theſe munificent offers, which ſeem to interpret a poverty on my part. Pray, my lord treaſurer, do theſe apartments wear in the leaſt the air and mark of need? And as for my living, that is plentiful and good, which you ſhall

have from the mouth of the ſervant: pray, what had I to dinner yeſterday? A ſhoulder of mutton, ſir. And what do you allow me to-day? The remainder haſhed. And to-morrow, my Lord Danby, I ſhall have the ſweet blade-bone broiled; and when your lordſhip makes honourable mention of my cook and my diet, I am ſure his majeſty will be too tender in future, to attempt to bribe a man with golden apples, who lives ſo well on the viands of his native country. The lord treaſurer, unable to withſtand this, withdrew with ſmiles; and Mr. Marvell ſent to his book-ſeller for the loan of one guinea. No Roman virtue ever ſurpaſſed this temperance; nor can gold bribe a mind that is not debauched with luxury; and, with Doctor Samuel Johnſon *, allow me to repeat theſe good words, which the temptation of a penſion would not ſuffer him to adopt. "No man whoſe appetites are his maſters, can perform the "duties of his nature with ſtrictneſs and regularity; he that "would be ſuperior to external influences, muſt firſt be-"come ſuperior to his own paſſions."

"When the Roman general, ſitting at ſupper with a plate "of turneps before him, was ſolicited by large promiſes to "betray his truſt; he aſked the meſſengers, whether he "that could ſup on turneps, was a man likely to ſell his "country? Upon him who has reduced his ſenſes to obe-"dience, temptation has loſt its power; he is able to attend "impartially

* The Idler.

" impartially to virtue, and execute her commands without " heſitation."

Since the moſt golden and luxurious temptations, even in the houſe of poverty, had no effect on the virtue of his mind, ſo no menaces or dangers ever ſhook the fortitude of his heart. He was frequently threatened with murder, and way-laid in his paſſing to and from Highgate, where he was fond of lodging; but theſe threats rather ſerved to ſtimulate his ſoul, than damp his ardour in the race he had entered for his country's good. He would often ſay, he was more afraid of killing, than of being killed; not that he was ſo much in love with life, to be unprepared for death *. He was ſo very pure in his mind, and ſo virtuouſly religious, that he was the formidable enemy of all evil; therefore his knowledge of mankind in general made him very cautious and circumſpect in his friendſhips, and very pointed and epigrammatical in his characters and obſervations on the faults of men, as appears particularly in this to Sir Robert Viner †. " 'Tis a deteſtable and moſt igno-

" minious

* Mr. Cooke ſaith, he has ſeen a private letter from him to a friend, dated Highgate, wherein he mentions the inſuperable hatred of his foes to him, and their deſigns of murdering him; to which he makes anſwer in theſe remarkable words: " *Præterea magis occidere metuo quam occidi; non quod vitam tanti* " *æſtimem, ſed ne imparatus moriar.*"

† " The other day (April 24, 1675) at the king's bench, in open court, " were produced articles ſigned and ſealed betwixt Sir Robert Viner and Emer-

" ton,

"minious ſtory; to which, if the conſideration be added of "his late enterpriſing to ſubvert in all manners the liberties "of the city; and then how miſerably he is plunged by "the ſtop of the exchequer: I do not know a man more "unfortunate, or under leſs compaſſion." He was in all his words and actions ſo juſt, that no offers of bribery could prevail upon his heart to flatter any man, nor any perſonal reſentment provoke him to revenge; which is ſhewn in a particular manner in his conduct towards Colonel Anthony Gilby, his colleague in parliament. All men bore with him according to their good and bad actions: a vicious fly ſycophant he would gibbet up to the public gaze, and add a ſprig of laurel to the brow that deſerved a wreath, as he hath done to the fame of Sir Jeremy Smith. * "I was "yeſternight with Sir Jeremy, and ſaw him expire, dying "very peaceably, and with perfect underſtanding, memory, "and ſpeech. Indeed, both you and I have loſt in him a "very cordial friend, and we may well condole with one "another, ſuch breaches being in theſe times very difficult "to be repaired."

His ſatires againſt the vices of the court are univerſally known; nor did the unprincipled Charles the Second eſcape

"ton, reciting the marriage ſolemnized between the ſon and daughter, and ſeve-"ral advantageous covenants for Sir Robert; and all this while in the time "he was treating with the lord treaſurer to marry her to Lord Dunblane."

* Letter CLXXII.

his ſcourge: for though he ſeverely laſhed his public and private vices, yet he always hoped for better deeds and days; and generouſly praiſed any royal actions which were good.

The compoſitions of our author are of various ſorts, and not leſs excellent in verſe than proſe; eſpecially any of thoſe pieces with which he has taken pains: but in general they appear to be the warm effuſions of a lively fancy, and are very often thrown off in the *extempore* moment of their conception and birth, whether begotten in ſatire or humour. The poem of *Paradiſe Loſt*, that literary ornament of dignity to our moſt copious language, which a bookſeller bought for fifteen pounds, (and which bookſellers hitherto, in virtue of *true and juſt copy-right*, have made fortunes by) had lain in lifeleſs ruſt and obſcurity longer, but for Mr. Marvell and Dr. Barrow, who wrote two complimental poems in Engliſh and Latin on its publication, which unveiled its beauties to the undiſcerning eyes of the heedleſs world, which dim ſuffuſion veiled. The poem to his *coy miſtreſs* is ſweet, natural and eaſy, and beſpeaks his heart to be high in love; and perhaps his not being married, might ariſe from her coldneſs, and want of the compleat compoſition of love-enraptured and cœleſtial mutuality; without which the partial paſſion on one ſide, produces every evil which attends on marriage. There is no ſublime rapture without reciprocation; and when the flame is mutual and general,

it is above all earthly bliſſes, and only inferior to heavenly. His little poem of the *Gallery* looſely and pleaſingly depicts this beloved fair one, whom he follows through all his paſtoral dialogues, and in a moſt pleaſing and epigrammatical manner in that of *Thyrſis and Dorinda.* But for a true reliſh of his poetry, we muſt drink of his Helicon, and not ſip at the ſide of the ſtream; and indeed, were I to recommend further, it would be taking in a high meaſure from the right of each individual reader, who is entitled to chuſe and judge for himſelf.

The ſatires and ſtate poems are not more ſevere than humourous; and indeed, when ſatire is conveyed in riſible terms, ſo as to raiſe the laugh againſt the object, it is the moſt poignant of any; of this ſort is *Noſtrodamus' Prophecy, Clarendon's Houſe-warming, Royal Reſolutions, Dialogue between two Horſes, Tom May's Death,* &c. The graver and ſeverer ſatires are upon *Blood's ſtealing the Crown, Oceana and Britannia,* &c. His panegyric carries with it that apparent truth and honeſty, that no one can read it without a conviction of its ſincerity; and though he frequently wrote bitterly againſt the Scots, as foes to his country only; ſo when merit appeared, he could praiſe in the ſmootheſt ſtrain the gallant *Douglas,* who was burned in his ſhip at Chatham.

" So in the Roman Forum Curtius brave,
" Galloping down, clos'd up the yawning grave.

" His ſhip burns down, and with his relicks ſinks,
" And the ſad ſtream beneath his aſhes drinks.
" Fortunate boy! if either pencil's fame,
" Or if my verſe can propagate thy name,
" When Ætna and Alcides are forgot,
" Our Engliſh youth ſhall ſing the valiant Scot."

Mr. Marvell dates all the feuds, jealouſies, and animoſities ſince the Union, in this poem, to have ariſen from the diſputes of the clergy.

" Nothing, not bogs, or ſands, or ſeas, or Alps,
" Sep'rate the world ſo, as the * Biſhop's ſcalps:
" The friendly loadſtone has not more combin'd,
" Than biſhops cramp'd the commerce of mankind:
" Had it not been for ſuch a byaſs ſtrong,
" Two nations had not miſs'd their mark ſo long.
" One king, one faith, one language, and one iſle,
" Engliſh and Scotch—'tis all but croſs and pile."

There is much truth in this obſervation of Mr. Marvell's; though I am at a loſs to determine, whether the animoſity which ſubſiſts between the two people ariſes from the pride of the Scot, or from the prejudice of the Engliſh. Be it both: the prejudice in one is unnatural and ungenerous, and the pride of the other is unbecoming and contemptible.

The

* Laud, Juxon, and Wren. The rupture which theſe biſhops made between the Scots and King Charles the Firſt, was called *Bellum Epiſcopale.*

The ſimile of the powdered bees, by the way of obtaining a uſeful and general reconciliation, is happily introduced, and muſically verſed.

" Juſt ſo the prudent huſbandman, that ſees
" The idle tumult of the factious bees,
" The morning dews, and flowers, neglected grown,
" The hive a comb-caſe, ev'ry bee a drone;
" Powders them o'er, 'till none diſcerns his foes,
" And all themſelves in meal and friendſhip loſe:
" The inſect kingdom ſtrait begins to thrive,
" And all work honey for the common hive."

His compoſitions in Latin are written with elegance and facility, and the ſpecimen which he gives us of the Greek, ſufficiently proves that he was a proficient in both the languages. His epiſtolary ſtile is nervous and plain, though the periods are often too long, which ſometimes make him difficult to be underſtood; but his judgement makes ample amends for ſuch deficiency.

His controverſial writings were the moſt voluminous of his works, and he had very furious partiſans to contend with, for all his political compoſitions were written againſt popery and arbitrary power; and ſo well did he maintain his fight, that none took the field againſt him but repented of the battle: of theſe, the moſt furious, virulent, and violent,

violent, was Dr. Parker *, afterwards made Biſhop of Oxford, by King James II. The Diſſenters at this time were haraſſed and hunted with an uncommon barbarity; and authors of the moſt inflammatory diſpoſitions were encouraged to attack them. The moſt ſanguine hound of this clerical pack, was Dr. Parker, who ſeemed to have a mitre in his eye; and to gain it by acts violent, unjuſt and cruel, nature ſeemed to have formed him. He was a man without virtue or honour, and a divine without religion. This character, though ſevere, his very friends have proclaimed, and his works have manifeſtly proved. Perſecution and unlimited monarchy are the recommendations of his ſober mind; and the cruelties of Nero and Caligula (he advances) are rather to be hazarded, than any infringements which might lead to the ſubverſion of government and the diſſolution of the ſtate. Religion he gives to the ſupreme magiſtrate; and he authorizes him to rule the conſciences of thoſe beneath him. He calls different ſects the vipers of the nation's boſom, which no prince ſhould ſuffer, unleſs he would wiſh to die by their poiſons. Such was Parker, whoſe inhumanity diſtinguiſhed him with his King, that the coward James could cover his brow with a mitre, when his manners, his tenets, his doctrines, actions and

* He publiſhed in the year 1670, a book called Eccleſiaſtical Polity; and in 1671, a Defence of Eccleſiaſtical Polity, and in 1672, a Preface to Biſhop Bramhall's vindication of himſelf, and the reſt of the epiſcopal clergy, from the Preſbyterian charge of Popery.

and publications, entitled him rather to a gibbet. But all kings have promoted the miſcreants that waded through every filth of ignominy, to defend their actions when they ſtunk under the noſes of the moſt impure. This monſter of the earth, Marvell, like another Hercules, undertook to ſlay; and in his *Rehearſal Tranſproſed* *, he gave him the firſt attack; though Parker had every defence on his ſide, and the court for his ſtalking-horſe. In this reply he was abundantly fortunate; he did not coldly argue with the prelate, but ſhamed him by the dint of true wit and humour; and made ſuch muſic, that the prieſt even danced to it with rage. In the year 1673, Dr. Parker replied in a pamphlet, called, *A Reproof to the Rehearſal Tranſproſed, in a Diſcourſe to its Author.* To which Mr. Marvell anſwered in a *Second Part of the Rehearſal Tranſproſed:* And to a ſecond letter, left for him at a friend's houſe, dated November 3d, 1673, ſubſcribed J. G. and concluding with theſe words: "If thou dareſt to print any "lie or libel againſt Dr. Parker, by the eternal God, I "will cut thy throat." Mr. Marvell did not confine himſelf to Dr. Parker's principles, but he alſo expoſed and confuted

* He took this title from the Comedy of the Rehearſal, written by the Duke of Buckingham, in revenge for the character drawn of him under the title of Zimri, by the firſt and ſublimeſt genius of our iſland, Dryden, the great high-prieſt of all the nine. It was printed by J. D. for the aſſigns of John Calvin and Theodore Beza, at the ſign of the King's Indulgence, on the ſouth ſide of the Lake Leman, and ſold by N. Ponder, in Chancery-Lane, 1672, 8vo.

futed ſeveral other things advanced in his compoſitions, and thoſe likewiſe of ſmaller authors, which he only glanced at as he went along, reſerving his heavy artillery for the well garriſoned doctor; and ſo excellently did he apply his ammunition, that Dr. Parker never replied again. Some things followed in his defence, but they met with no applauſe, for they were believed to be his own compoſitions in his own praiſe. Mr. Wood * aſſures us, "that Parker "judged it more prudent to lay down the cudgels, than to "enter the liſts again with an untowardly combatant, ſo "hugely well verſed and experienced in the then but "newly refined art, though much in mode and faſhion "ever ſince, of ſporting and jeering buffoonery. It was "generally thought, however, by many of thoſe who "were otherwiſe favourers of Parker's cauſe, that the vic-"tory lay on Marvell's ſide; and it wrought this good effect "on Parker, that for ever after it took down his great ſpirit." Biſhop Burnet †, ſpeaking of Dr. Parker ‡, ſays, that "after he had for ſome years entertained the nation with "ſeveral virulent books, he was attacked by the livelieſt "droll of the age, who wrote in a burleſque ſtrain, but "with

* Athen. Oxon. Vol. II.

† Hiſtory of his own times, Vol. I.

‡ Oldmixon, ſpeaking of Parker, Biſhop of Oxford, ſays, p. 728, "This "apoſtate had a very good word from Echard, and others of his ſtamp, when "abuſing of Proteſtant Diſſenters, 'till Marvel laſhed even his impudence out "of countenance."

" with ſo peculiar and entertaining a conduct, that from " the king, down to the tradeſman, his books were read " with great pleaſure. That not only humbled Parker, " but the whole party; for the author of the Rehearſal " Tranſproſed had all the men of wit on his ſide."

Dean Swift likewiſe, in *The Tale of a Tub*, does honour to our author in this controverſy. Speaking of the fate of common anſwerers to books, and how ſhort lived their labours in general are, he adds, that " there is indeed an " exception when any great genius thinks it worth his while " to expoſe a fooliſh piece; ſo we ſtill read Marvell's " anſwer to Parker with pleaſure, though the book it an- " ſwers be ſunk long ago." But writing only did not ſatisfy the bile and rage of Parker, whom by his menaces one would believe to be tranſported beyond the rules of decency, order, or humanity: for if a man could be worked upon to make his wrath ſo ungovernable to threaten to cut another's throat, and leave the declaration in writing, I doubt no longer but the ſame paſſion would make the very hand perpetrate what it had written. However, when theſe controverſies ran very high, Mr. Marvell * met Dr. Parker (who

* This anecdote was communicated by the reverend Mr. Caleb Fleming, from Hoxton-Square, May 5, 1761, in a letter to the late Thomas Hollis, Eſq; of Pall-Mall; from which original letter I have faithfully tranſcribed the anecdote. In the concluſion of this epiſtle, Mr. Fleming ſays, " This anecdote, " I ſuppoſe, I had given me thirty years ago in the north: it is as exact an

(who was at that time chaplain to the Biſhop of Rocheſter) in one of the public ſtreets of London, when the latter rudely attempted to take the wall of him, which Mr. Marvell wanting, placed his foot and arm in ſuch a manner, that the doctor fell into the kennel; and as the doctor lay ſprawling in the dirt, he ſaid to him with his uſual pleaſantry, "lye there for a ſon of a whore." The doctor complaining to the biſhop, his lordſhip deſired that Mr. Marvell would be pleaſed to call upon him: when on the viſit, Mr. Marvell aſking his Grace the occaſion of it, he reproached him with abuſive uſage of his chaplain; but laid the emphaſis on the foul language, and aſſured him, that unleſs he made ample ſatisfaction, a proſecution ſhould take place, and he would ſee juſtice done Dr. Parker. Mr. Marvell replied, that his chaplain was impudent to demand the wall of a Member of the Houſe of Commons; and that he had only given him the reproachful name he had given himſelf. How does that appear? Have you not, my lord Biſhop, ſuch a book, which he hath lately written? Yes. Pleaſe to produce it. There, my lord, ſays Marvell, look over that page of the preface! Well, what of this? Why, my lord, does he not ſay, "He is a true ſon of his "mother

"account as my memory will admit; and had I not often had occaſion to "mention it, would not have preſerved the thread of it. I am conſcious of "not having contrived one circumſtance.

"I am with pleaſure, your's,

"CALEB FLEMING."

"mother the church of England?" Well, and what of that? Read further on, my lord: "The church of Eng-"land has ſpawned two baſtards, the Preſbyterians and the "Congregationals." Ergo, my lord, he expreſſly declares, "*that he is the ſon of a whore.*" You are very witty, indeed, Mr. Marvell (replies the lord Biſhop) but let me intreat you in future time to ſhew more reverence to the cloth.

In 1675 Mr. Marvell had another controverſy with Dr. Francis Turner, maſter of St. John's college in Cambridge, whom he called Mr. Smirke, or, the Divine in Mode*; and made him a ſecond Bayes, as he had done Parker before, in *The Rehearſal Tranſproſed.* Herbert Crofts, Biſhop of Hereford †, publiſhed without his name, a diſcourſe in quarto, entitled, *The Naked Truth; or, the True State of the primitive Church. By an humble moderator.* This was replied to by many, but by none with ſuch vehemence as

* From the Comedy of the Man of Mode, by Sir G. Etheridge.

† *Extract of a letter from Herbert Crofts, Biſhop of Hereford, to Andrew Marvell,* 1676.

"I cannot yet get a ſight of what the Biſhop of Ely hath certainly printed, "but keeps very cloſe, to put forth, I ſuppoſe, the next approaching ſeſſion "of parliament, when there cannot be time to make a reply; for I have juſt "cauſe to fear the ſeſſion will be ſhort.

"Sir, this aſſures you, that you have the zealous prayers and hearty ſervice "(in vote, and would gladly be in act) of, Sir, The Author of Naked Truth, "your humble ſervant—now, I am wrong, 'tis your faithful ſervant." This extract I had from the papers of the late Mr. Thomas Hollis.

Dr. Turner, in a book, called, "Animadverſions on a late "pamphlet, entitled, *The Naked Truth.*" This animadverſion being violently againſt moderation, rouſed Mr. Marvell again, in defence of ſo excellent a compoſition, which he ſaid no Chriſtian could peruſe without wiſhing himſelf the author. In return for this defence of his church and his work, the Biſhop of Hereford writ to Mr. Marvell, to aſſure him, "that he had the zealous prayers and hearty ſervice of the author of *The Naked Truth.*" To this laſt work of Mr. Marvell's was added a ſhort hiſtorical eſſay concerning General Councils, Creeds, and Impoſitions in Matters of Religion, by *Andreas Redivivus*, junior, anagrammatized, *res nuda veritas*, 1676, quarto. This is a continuation of *The Defence of the Naked Truth*; to ſhew the abſurdity of impoſing new articles of faith. He gives a full account of the General Council of Nice, and the ill conſequences of ſuch unhappy debates. Beſides theſe were two other compoſitions, "A ſeaſonable Queſtion and an "uſeful Anſwer, between a Parliament Man in Cornwall, "and a Bencher of the Temple, by A. M. 1676." Alſo, "A ſeaſonable Argument to the Grand Juries of England, "to petition for a new Parliament: or, A Liſt of the prin-"cipal Labourers in the great Deſign of Popery and arbi-"trary Power, who have betrayed their Country."

The laſt work of our author, which was publiſhed before his death, was, "An Account of the Growth of Popery

" and arbitrary Government in England: more particularly " from the long Prorogation of November, 1675, ending " the 15th of February, 1676, until the laſt Meeting of " Parliament the 16th of July, 1677. Printed in 1678. " Re-printed in the State Tracts, 1689." In this work he commends the conſtitution of our government; that the king and the ſubject are equally liable to the laws; and that he " is no longer a king, than he continues to obey them." He ſets in a right point of view, the bleſſings of a proteſtant government, and the miſeries of a papal adminiſtration. He attributes the Dutch war to the corruption of the court; aſſerts, that the Papiſts, and particularly the French, were the leaders in the councils of theſe times; and throws out free and ſevere things againſt Charles II. and his profligate miniſtry, which occaſioned the ſubſequent advertiſement in the Gazette. " Whereas there have been lately printed and " publiſhed ſeveral ſeditious and ſcandalous libels againſt " the proceedings of both houſes of parliament, and other " his majeſty's courts of juſtice, to the diſhonour of his " majeſty's government, and the hazard of the public " peace: theſe are to give notice, that what perſon ſoever " ſhall diſcover unto one of the ſecretaries of ſtate, the " printer, publiſher, author, or hander to the preſs, of any " of the ſaid libels, ſo that full evidence may be made " thereof to a jury, without mentioning the informer; eſpe- " cially one libel, entitled, *An Account of the Growth of* " *Popery*,

" *Popery*, &c. and another, called, *A ſeaſonable Argument* " *to all the Grand Juries*, &c. the diſcoverer ſhall be " rewarded as follows: he ſhall have 50l. for ſuch diſco- " very aforeſaid of the printer, or the publiſher of it from " the preſs, and for the hander of it to the preſs, 100l. " &c." This reward of the court hardly moved the calm diſpoſition of Mr. Marvell, for in a letter to his friend Mr. Popple, on the 10th of June, 1678, he pleaſantly ſays, " There came out about Chriſtmas laſt, a large book con- " cerning the *Growth of Popery and arbitrary Government*. " There have been great rewards offered in private, and " conſiderable in the Gazette, to any who would inform " of the author. Three or four printed books ſince have " deſcribed, as near as it was proper to go, the man, being " a member of parliament, Mr. Marvell, to have been the " author: but if he had, ſurely he ſhould not have eſcaped " being queſtioned in parliament, or ſome other place." This laſt production nobly declares his daring fortitude and patriotic virtue; and though the court was ſo incenſed againſt its author, yet it hath eſtabliſhed his veracity and reputation, being the means of diſcovering the Popiſh plot, and other diabolical intrigues of the Jeſuits, which many hiſtorians have reported and confirmed ſince. But, alas! he did not live to ſee the good effects of this publication, which in its matter was clear to his penetration; and which

Oldmixon

Oldmixon * ſays, "was as full of truth, as the addreſſes "publiſhed afterwards in his majeſty's Gazettes were full of "falſehoods." Whether the alarm of this advertiſement, which appeared ſo palpably againſt him, and other anonymous compoſitions deſcribing his perſon, made him think it proper to withdraw, which is moſt plauſible they did; for after his letter to Mr. Popple of the 10th of June, 1678, I find by the town's † books of Hull, that on Monday the 29th of July following, he attended the public court in the town-hall, and held ſeveral diſcourſes about the affairs of the corporation, with the mayor and aldermen: and yet, alas! the period of his days was ſuddenly made on the 16th of Auguſt, and by poiſon; for he was healthful and vigorous to the moment he was ſeized with the premeditated ruin. Thus fell this great, good, and glorious man, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, after paſſing through a rugged life of perpetual danger, a cruel ſacrifice to the diabolical machinations of the moſt profligate and wicked men. But what

* Page 607, Oldmixon ſays, "King Charles II. prepared for this ſeſſion of "parliament, by doing ſome terrible things as well as popular, to ſhew his "authority as well as his clemency in ſuppreſſing ſeditious libels, particularly "Mr. A. M's. Growth of Popery, which is as full of truth, as the addreſſes "publiſhed in his majeſty's Gazettes ſome time after, are full of falſehoods."

† From the town books I made theſe extracts in 1774.

On Monday the 29th of July, 1678. "This day the court being mett, "Andrew Marvell, eſq; one of the burgeſſes of parliament for this borough, "came into court, and the court and Mr. Marvell held ſeverall diſcourſes about "the towne's affaires."

what could virtue look for and expect in a reign, when the king was himſelf a ſtudious profeſſor of profligacy! And what muſt be the chance of the writer who would attack arbitrary government in the reign of a tyrant, and attempt to defend the Proteſtant church, when the head of it died a Papiſt! He left a ſmall paternal eſtate, on which, and the allowance given him in parliament time by his conſtituents, he ſubſiſted, being neither extravagant nor expenſive. But ſo high a ſenſe of gratitude did the noble and generous people of his native place entertain for his fame and virtues, that they immediately aſſembled in common hall * upon the melancholy occaſion, and unanimouſly voted fifty pounds to be given to Mr. Majors †, to defray his funeral expences, and to erect a grave-ſtone to perpetuate his memory, in conſideration of the kindneſs the town and borough had for his qualities and abilities, and for his great meriting from the corporation.

In

* In the mayoralty of Mr. Maiſters, 1678, in the month of Auguſt, viz. "In conſideration of the kindneſſe this towne and borough had for Andrew "Marvell, eſq; one of the burgeſſes of parliament for the ſame borough (lately "deceaſed) and for his great meritting from the corporation, it is this day "ordered by the the court, that fifty pounds be paid out of the towne's cheſt "towards the diſcharge of his funeralle, and to perpetuate his memory by a "grave-ſtone. B. B. 7, p. 581."

† On the 30th day of Sept. 1678, "Fifty pounds is taken out of the iron "cheſt, which Mr. Hardy is to carry unto Mr. Majors, who is deſired to ſee "to the diſpoſall of the ſame, for Mr. Andrew Marvell's funeralle, according "to the order of the grant made the 20th of Sept. inſtant. P. 583."

In the year 1688, the epitaph was written by ſome able hand, and the monument prepared to be placed over the body of Mr. Marvell in St. Giles's church*, expreſſing the unfeigned and ſincere grief of an afflicted people. But even then, their warm and reſpectful intentions were fruſtrated by the miniſter, whoſe bigotry, envy, or abſurdity, made him forbid the monument and this inſcription being placed over his remains.

* In the year 1774 I viſited the grand mauſoleum under the church of St. Giles, to ſearch for the coffin in which Mr. Marvell was placed; in this vault were depoſited upwards of a thouſand bodies, but I could find no plate of an earlier date than 1722; I do therefore ſuppoſe the new church is built upon the former burial place. The epitaph placed on the north ſide of the church by his grand nephew, Mr. Robert Nettleton, is ſuppoſed to be over his remains, and near to the monument of Sir Roger L'Eſtrange. The letters are of gold, upon a plain black marble.

Near this place
Lyeth the body of ANDREW MARVELL, Eſq.
A man ſo endowed by nature,
So improved by education, ſtudy, and travel,
So conſummate by experience,
That joining the moſt peculiar graces of wit
And learning,
With a ſingular penetration and ſtrength of
Judgement,
And exerciſing all theſe, in the whole courſe of his life,
With an unalterable ſteadineſs in the ways of virtue,
He became the ornament and example of his age:
Beloved by good men, feared by bad,
Admired by all;
Though imitated, alas! by few,
And ſcarce paralleled by any.
But a tombſtone can neither contain his character,
Nor is marble neceſſary to tranſmit it to poſterity;
It is engraved in the minds of this generation,
And will be always legible in his
Inimitable writings.
Nevertheleſs, he having ſerved near twenty years
Succeſſively in parliament,
And that with ſuch wiſdom, dexterity, integrity, and courage,
As became a true patriot,
The town of KINGSTON UPON HULL,
From whence he was conſtantly deputed to that
Aſſembly,
Lamenting in his death the publick loſs,
Have erected this monument of their grief and
Gratitude, in 1688.
He died in the fifty-eighth year of his age,
On the ſixteenth day of Auguſt, 1678.
Heu fragile humanum genus! heu terreſtria vana!
Heu quem ſpectatum continet urna virum!

Mr. Marvell was of a very dark complexion, with long flowing black hair, black bright eyes, ſtrong featured, his noſe not ſmall, but all together a handſome man, with an expreſſive countenance: he was about five feet ſeven, of a ſtrong conſtitution and very active: he was of a very reſerved diſpoſition amongſt ſtrangers, but eaſy, lively, facetious, and inſtructive to his intimates. In the year 1771, the Trinity Houſe of Hull did me the honour to accept of a copy of that picture in the Muſeum, by the ingenious Mr. Mortimer, and to ſhew their high reſpect of this great man's virtues, they have placed it in their council chamber. When I preſented the picture to the brotherhood, I accompanied it with this character; which though meant for his, yet his virtues are as much ſuperior, as my pencil is inferior to the painting of ſuch a likeneſs.

"ANDREW MARVELL, Esq.
"Was the unſhaken friend of England, Liberty, and *Magna*
"*Charta*; who to the higheſt ability, natural and acquired,
"joined the pureſt and moſt unſullied virtue; and a mag-
"nanimity not to be ſhaken by the foes of freedom. His
"wit was the ſcourge of mitred dullneſs and royal folly:
"the lures of corruption he ſcorned with manly ſteadyneſs;
"and veſted with the armour of truth, he bid defiance to
"oppreſſion. Amidſt the cobwebs of poverty and need, he
"maintained his honour and honeſty, and rejected the

" pageantry of a court, as much as the venal temptations of " a *miniſter*. He preferred virtue and a garret to meanneſs " and the ſtar-chamber; and gave up the viands of a king, " for health, peace, and a cruſt. Places, penſions, bribes, " lucre, and reverſions, he left for ſuch, whoſe proſtituted " hearts could ſell and betray their country. In vain did " the treaſury pour forth her golden tides: in ſpite of every " temptation, even in the moſt fretting need and indigence, " he ſtood uncorrupted, the coloſſian champion of *liberty* " and *independance*; and made the minions of luſt and folly " tremble under the burniſhed canopy of the throne. And " yet, alas! all theſe patriot virtues were inſufficient to guard " him againſt the jeſuitical machinations of the *ſtate*; for " what vice and bribery could not influence, was perpetrated " by poiſon. By which fell one of the firſt characters of " this kingdom, or of any other: a greater, Rome, Sparta, " Athens, Carthage, could not boaſt: he was an honeſt " man, a real patriot, and an incorrupted ſenator."

But though my zeal may be equal to moſt of his admirers, yet my abilities are unequal to the deſcription of his deſerts. The following teſtimonies of approved wits and hiſtorians will countenance my ardour, and do more juſtice to his fame and memory.

CHARACTER OF MR. MARVELL

While lazy prelates lean'd their mitred heads
On downy pillows, lull'd with wealth and pride,
(Pretending prophecy, yet nought foreſee,)
Marvell, this iſland's watchful centinel,
Stood in the gap, and bravely kept his poſt;
When courtiers lewd in wine and riot ſlept,
'Twas he th' approach of Rome did firſt explore,
And the grim monſter arbitrary power,
The uglieſt giant ever trod the earth,
That, like Goliah, march'd before the hoſt.
Truth, wit, and eloquence, his conſtant friends,
With ſwift diſpatch he to the main guard ſends;
Th' alarum ſtrait their courage did excite,
Which check'd the haughty foes bold enterprize,
And left them halting between hope and fear.
He, like the ſacred Hebrew leader, ſtood
The peoples ſureſt guide and prophet too.
Athens may boaſt her virtuous Socrates,
The chief amongſt the Greeks for moral good;
And Rome her orator, whoſe fam'd harangues
Foil'd the debauched Anthony's deſigns;

We

* I have ſome reaſons to think that theſe verſes were the compoſition of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham; but whoever they belong to, they do honour to the author, and the memory of the patriot whom they celebrate.

We him; and with deep ſorrows wail his loſs:
But whether fate or art untwin'd his thread,
Remains in doubt. Fame's laſting regiſter
Shall leave his name enroll'd as great as thoſe
Who at Philippi for their country fell.

BISHOP BURNET.

Marvell was the livelieſt droll of the age, who wrote in a burleſque ſtrain, and in ſo peculiar and entertaining a conduct, that from the king down to the tradeſman, his books were read with great pleaſure.

DEAN SWIFT.

When any great genius thinks it worth his while to expoſe a fooliſh piece, ſo we ſtill read Marvell's anſwer to Parker with pleaſure, though the book it anſwers be ſunk long ago.

ANONYMOUS.

'Tis Marvell bares the wicked acts of kings,
But what the muſes dictate—Milton ſings.

ECHARD.

Mr. Marvell was of a reſerved converſation, and a keen wit: he was aſſiſtant Latin ſecretary to Milton under Cromwell; and very intimate and converſant with him. Though Needham and he were both peſtilent wits, yet Marvell had the appearance of more honeſty and ſteadineſs.

OLDMIXON.

OLDMIXON.

It muſt not be forgot that Echard tells us, "that the "king prepared for this ſeſſion of parliament by doing "ſome terrible things as well as popular, to ſhew his autho- "rity as well as clemency, in ſuppreſſing libels and ſeditious "diſcourſes, particularly, Marvell's Growth of Popery, "which is as full of truth, as the addreſſes publiſhed in his "majeſty's Gazette, are full of falſehood." Speaking of Parker, ſays Oldmixon, "This apoſtate too had a very good "word from Echard, 'till Marvell laſhed even his impudence "out of countenance."

* THOMAS HOLLIS, Esq.

Andrew Marvell, the diſciple, friend, and protector of John Milton, and like him learned, able, witty, virtuous, active, magnanimous, and incorruptible.

MRS. MACAULAY.

Andrew Marvell was one of the greateſt wits, and one of the honeſteſt men of the age he lived in: in the character of this *good man* are allowed to be united in an exalted degree, the wit, the patriot, and the legiſlator.

MR. CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Tho' Sparta, Athens, and immortal Rome,
Adorn'd with laurels ev'ry patriot's tomb;

Tho'

* Mr. Hollis intending to publiſh Mr. Marvell's works with Mr. Andrew Millar, made a collection of them, and therein left this his character of our author.

Tho' to their fames the ſweeteſt poets ſung,
And Brutus' virtue lives on Plutarch's tongue;
Tho' both the claſſick chiſſel and the pen
Engrav'd the nobleſt acts of nobleſt men;
Yet ſhall our Marvell's ſpotleſs virtues riſe,
And ſhine a conſtellation of the ſkies:
Shall ſhine the foremoſt of the patriot band,
A guiding beacon to his native land;
And teach ſucceeding children of the north
To imitate his manners and his worth;
Inſpire his kinſmen with his patriot flame,
And raiſe his *Hull* above the Roman name.

Mr. Maſon is the laſt who has made honourable mention of our poet, in his ſweet and elegant ode to *Independency*:

As now o'er this lone beach I ſtray,
Thy fav'rite * ſwain oft ſtole along,
And artleſs wove his Doric lay,
Far from the buſy throng.

Thou heard'ſt him, goddeſs, ſtrike the tender ſtring,
And bad'ſt his ſoul with bolder paſſion move;
Strait theſe reſponſive ſhores forgot to ring,
With beauty's praiſe, or plaint of ſlighted love:
To loftier flights his daring genius roſe,
And led the war, 'gainſt thine, and freedom's foes.

Pointed

* Mr. Marvell.

Pointed with ſatire's keeneſt ſteel,
The ſhafts of wit he darts around:
E'en * mitred dullneſs learns to feel,
And ſhrinks beneath the wound.

In aweful poverty his honeſt muſe
Walks forth vindictive through a venal land;
In vain corruption ſheds her golden dews,
In vain oppreſſion lifts her iron hand:
He ſcorns them both, and arm'd with truth alone,
Bids luſt and folly tremble on the throne.

After the death of Mr. Marvell, a work was publiſhed, ſaid to contain the compoſitions already publiſhed, and other poſthumous writings of the late ingenious Mr. Marvell, by a woman who aſſumed his name, and pretended to be his wife: and to this falſity ſhe ſubſcribed the name of Mary Marvell: but as it was well known that he had never been married, this cheat was detected, and the woman proved to be the keeper of the lodging he laſt poſſeſſed, and ſhe had taken this diſingenuous means of raiſing money at the expence of his fame. He had no wife, and his gallantries are not known; for he appears by many of his love ſonnets, to have been unfortunate in the choice of his fair friend, who did not return his paſſion with that warmth he had the hopes of expecting. He had only one ſiſter, Ann

* Parker, Biſhop of Oxford.

Marvell, who married Mr. James Blaydes, by whom he had one daughter, Lydia, who married Robert Nettleton, alderman, and mayor of Hull, who died May 8, 1706, having thirteen children by his wife; ſeven of which are interred with him in the ſouth iſle at the weſt end of the Trinity church. The eldeſt ſon of theſe ſixteen children was the late * Robert Nettleton, Ruſſia merchant of London, who was Mr. Marvell's great nephew; he died the 25th of July, 1774, aged eighty-one, and is buried in Camberwell church-yard. Few men lived with higher reputation than Mr. Nettleton. He was honoured and reſpected abroad and at home as a gentleman and a merchant; and though in the courſe of trade he amaſſed a large fortune, yet he never let it lie uſeleſs, but was always beſtowing it for great, good and generous

* Mr. Robert Nettleton is interred in Camberwell church-yard; to whoſe memory, his partner, Mr. Thomas Raikes, hath cauſed this epitaph to be engraven on his tomb:

Beneath, lies interred, the body of
Robert Nettleton, Eſquire,
Many years governour of the Ruſſia company:
Whoſe probity as a merchant,
Courteſy as a gentleman,
And
Abilities as a ſcholar,
Made him reſpected and beloved.
Age could not impair the native tenderneſs of his heart,
Nor damp the flame which charity had kindled:
He lived an active patron of the poor,
And died their benefactor, 25th July, 1774.

rous purpoſes. He breathed the ſame ingenuous ſpirit; he was alike in virtue, honour, and integrity, to his great uncle; and to the moſt brilliant natural parts, was added an excellent education, which fitted him at once a gentleman and a ſcholar. That part of the world amongſt whom he was beſt known, will bear teſtimony to this character of him; that it is not more heightened than his merits entitled him to, nor leſs fair than true.

Mr. Nettleton was very zealous to glean any anecdotes of his great uncle, and correſponded with the late ingenious and learned patriot, Thomas Hollis, who was once about preparing an edition of our author's works, all which papers I have been aſſiſted with towards the completion of this undertaking. But before Mr. Nettleton died, he was too advanced in years to beſtow me any mental anecdotes. The epitaph which the town of Hull cauſed to be erected to Marvell's memory, was torn down by the zealots of the king's party; when Mr. Nettleton placed the ſubſequent inſcription on the north ſide of St. Giles's church to his memory.

Near unto this place
Lieth the body of ANDREW MARVELL, Eſq.
A man ſo endowed by nature,
So improved by education, ſtudy, and travel,
So conſummated by practice and experience,

That joining the moſt peculiar graces of wit,
And learning,
With a ſingular penetration and ſtrength of
Judgement,
And exerciſing all theſe in the whole courſe
Of his life
With an unalterable ſteadineſs in the ways
Of virtue,
He became the ornament and example of his
Age;
Belov'd by good men, fear'd by bad, admir'd
By all;
Tho' imitated, alas! by few, and ſcarce
Fully paralleled by any.
But a tombſtone can neither contain his character,
Nor is marble neceſſary to tranſmit it to poſterity;
It will be always legible in his inimitable
Writings.
He ſerved the town of KINGSTON UPON HULL
Above twenty years
Succeſſively in parliament, and that, with
Such wiſdom,
Dexterity, integrity and courage, as becomes
A true patriot.
He died the 16th of Auguſt, 1678, in the
Fifty-eighth year of his age.

SACRED

SACRED
To the memory of ANDREW MARVELL,
As a ſtrenuous aſſertor of the conſtitution,
Laws, and liberties of England,
And out of family affection, and admiration
Of the uncorrupted probity of his life and
Manners,
ROBERT NETTLETON, of London, merchant, his
Grand nephew,
Hath cauſed this ſmall memorial of him
To be erected in the year 1764.

Beſides this lapidary inſcription to his memory, Mr. Nettleton alſo preſented to the Muſeum an * original portrait of Mr. Marvell, which is now in that curious and moſt elegant repoſitory, being the ſtrongeſt teſtimonies that he could give of his eſteem for our illuſtrious author.

* Underneath the picture in the Muſeum, is the following inſcription, viz. "Robert Nettleton, of London, merchant, in the year 1764, preſented to the "Muſeum this original portrait of Andrew Marvell, Eſq; his grand uncle, to "be preſerved and placed among the ſtrenuous aſſertors of the conſtitution, "laws, and liberties of England. He died the 16th of Auguſt, 1678, in the "fifty-eighth year of his age, and is buried in the church of St. Giles in the "Fields." There is another in the poſſeſſion of Thomas Brand Hollis, Eſq; from whence the engraved head in this work is taken.

ADDENDA*.

AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL's RETURN FROM IRELAND.

THE forward youth that would appeare,
Muſt now forſake his muſes deare,
Nor in the ſhadows ſing
His numbers languiſhing:
'Tis time to leave the books in duſt,
And oyle th' unuſed armour's ruſt;
Removing from the wall
The corſlett of the hall.
So reſtleſſe Cromwell could not ceaſe
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous warre
Urged his active ſtarre;
And like the three-forked lightning firſt,
Breaking the clouds where it was nurſt,
Did thorough his own ſide
His fiery way divide.

(For

* The preface to the firſt volume being ſo extenſive, the editor was obliged to place theſe original poems at the end of this book.

(For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy;
And with ſuch to encloſe,
Is more than to oppoſe.)
Then burning through the aire he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæſar's head at laſt
Did through his laurels blaſt.
'Tis madneſs to reſiſt or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame;
And if we would ſpeak true,
Much to the man is due:
Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reſerved, and auſtere,
As if his higheſt plott
To plant the bergamott:
Could by induſtrious valour clime
To ruine the great work of time,
And caſt the kingdoms old,
Into another mold.
Though juſtice againſt fate complaine,
And plead the antient rights in vaine;
But thoſe do hold or breake,
As men are ſtrong or weake.
Nature, that hateth emptineſſe,
Allows of penetration leſſe;
And therefore muſt make roome
Where greater ſpirits come.
What field of all the civil warre,
Where his were not the deepeſt ſcarre?
And Hampton ſhows what part
He had of wiſer art;

Where

Where twining ſubtile fears with hope,
He wove a net of ſuch a ſcope,
That Charles himſelf might chaſe
To Careſbrook's narrow caſe.
That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic ſcaffold might adorne,
While round the armed bands,
Did clap their bloudy hands:
He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable ſcene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did trye.
Nor call'd the gods with vulgar ſpight
To vindicate his helpleſſe right:
But bow'd his comely head
Downe, as upon a bed.
This was that memorable houre,
Which firſt aſſured the forced power;
So when they did deſigne
The capitol's firſt line,
A bleeding head where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
And yet in that the ſtate
Foreſaw its happy fate.
And now the Iriſh are aſham'd
To ſee themſelves in one year tam'd;
So much one man can doe,
That does both act and know.
They can affirme his praiſes beſt,
And have, though overcome, confeſt
How good he is, how juſt,
And fit for higheſt truſt.

Nor yet grown ſtiffer with command,
But ſtill in the republick's hand,
How fit he is to ſway,
That can ſo well obey?
He to the commons feet preſents
A kingdom for his firſt year's rents:
And what he may forbears
His fame, to make it theirs;
And has his ſword and ſpoyls ungirt,
To lay them at the publick's ſkirt.
So when the falcon high,
Falls heavy from the ſkigh,
She having kill'd, no more does ſearch,
But on the next green bough to perch;
Where, when he firſt does lure,
The faulkner has her ſure.
What may not then our iſle preſume,
While victory his creſt does plume?
What may not others feare,
If thus he crowns each yeare?
As Cæſar, he, ere long to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all ſtates not free,
Shall clymaterick be.
The Pict no ſhelter now ſhall find
Within his party-colour'd mind,
But, from this valour, ſad,
Shrink underneath the plad;
Happy, if in the tufted brake,
The Engliſh hunter him miſtake;
Nor lay his hounds in neere
The Caledonian deer.

But

But thou, the warr's and fortune's ſonne,
March indefatigably on,
And for the laſt effect,
Still keep the ſword erect;
Beſides the force it has to fright
The ſpirits of the ſhady night,
The ſame arts that did gain
A pow'r, muſt it maintain.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE GOVERNMENT UNDER HIS HIGHNESS THE LORD PROTECTOR.

LIKE the vain curlings of the watry maze,
Which in ſmooth ſtreams a ſinking weight does raiſe;
So man declining, always diſappears
In the weak circles of encreaſing years:
And his ſhort tumults of themſelves compoſe,
While flow'ring time above his head does cloſe.

Cromwell alone, with greater vigour runs
(Sun like) the ſtages of ſucceeding ſuns;
And ſtill the day which he doth next reſtore,
Is the juſt wonder of the day before.
Cromwell alone doth with new luſtre ſpring,
And ſhines the jewell of the yearly ring.
'Tis he the force of ſcatter'd time contracts,
And in one year the work of ages acts;
While heavy monarchs make a wide return,
Longer, and more malignant than Saturn:

And they, though all Platonique years ſhould raign,
In the ſame poſture would be found again;
Their earthly projects under ground they lay,
More ſlow and brittle than the China clay;
Well may they ſtrive to leave them on their ſon,
For one thing never was by one king done.
Yet ſome more active for a frontier town,
Took in by proxie, begs a falſe renown;
Another triumphs at the publick coſt,
And will have wonn, if he no more have loſt;
They fight by others but in perſon wrong,
And only are againſt their ſubjects ſtrong;
Their other warrs are but a feign'd conteſt,
This common enemy is ſtill oppreſt.
If conquerors, on them they turn their might,
If conquered, on them they wreak their ſpight;
They neither build the temple in their days,
Nor matter for ſucceeding founders raiſe;
Nor ſacred prophecies conſult within,
Much leſs themſelves to perfect them begin;
No other care they bear of things above,
But with aſtrologers, divine of Jove,
To know how long their planet yet reprives
From the deſerved fate their guilty lives.
Thus (image like) an uſeleſs time they tell,
And with vain ſcepter ſtrike the hourly bell:
Nor more contribute to the ſtate of things,
Than wooden heads unto the violl's ſtrings.

While indefatigable Cromwell tryes,
And cuts his way ſtill nearer to the ſkyes;

Learning

Learning a muſique in the region clear,
To tune this lower to that higher ſphere.

So when Amphion did the lute command,
Which the God gave him, with his gentle hand,
The rougher ſtones, unto his meaſures hew'd,
Danc'd up in order from the quarries rude;
This tooke a lower, that an higher place,
As he the treble alter'd, or the baſe;
No note he ſtruck, but a new ſtory lay'd,
And the great work aſcended while he play'd.

The liſtning ſtructures he with wonder eye'd,
And ſtill new ſtops to various time apply'd;
Now through the ſtrings a martial rage he throws,
And joyning, ſtreight, the Theban tower aroſe:
Then as he ſtrokes them with a touch more ſweet,
The flocking marbles in a palace meet.
But for he moſt the graver notes did try,
Therefore the temples rear'd their columns high:
Thus, ere he ceas'd, his ſacred lute creates
Th' harmonious city of the ſeven gates.
Such was that wond'rous order and conſent,
When Cromwell tun'd the ruling inſtrument;
While tedious ſtateſmen many years did hack,
Framing a liberty that ſtill went back;
Whoſe num'rous gorge could ſwallow in an hour,
That iſland which the ſea cannot devour:
Then our Amphion iſſues out and ſings,
And once he ſtruck, and twice the powerful ſtrings.

The Commonwealth then firſt together came,
And each one enter'd in the willing frame;
All other matter yields, and may be rul'd,
But who the minds of ſtubborn men can build?
No quarry bears a ſtone ſo hardly wrought,
Nor with ſuch labour from its center brought;
None to be ſunk in the foundation bends,
Each in the houſe the higheſt place contends;
And each the hand that lays him will direct,
And ſome fall back upon the architect;
Yet all, compos'd by his attractive ſong,
Into the animated city throng.

The Commonwealth does through their centers all
Draw the circumference of the publick wall;
The croſſeſt ſpirits here do take their part,
Faſtning the contignation which they thwart:
And they whoſe nature leads them to divide,
Uphold, this one, and that the other ſide;
But the moſt equal ſtill ſuſtain the height,
And they, as pillars, keep the work upright;
While the reſiſtance of oppoſed minds,
The fabric as with arches, ſtronger binds,
Which on the baſis of a ſenate free,
Knit by the roof's protecting weight agree.

When for his foot he thus a place had found,
He hurles e'er ſince the world about him round;
And in his ſev'ral aſpects, like a ſtarr,
Here ſhines in peace, and thither ſhoots a warr:
While by his beams obſerving princes ſteer,
And wiſely court the influence they fear.

O would

O would they rather by his pattern wonn,
Kiſs the approaching, nor yet angry Sonn;
And in their number'd footſteps humbly tread
The path where holy oracles do lead.
How might they under ſuch a captain raiſe
The great deſignes kept for the latter dayes?
But mad with reaſon, ſo miſcall'd of ſtate,
They know them not, and what they know not, hate.
Hence ſtill they ſing, Hoſanna to the whore,
And whom they ſhould maſſacre, adore;
But Indians, whom they ſhould convert, ſubdue,
Not teach, but traffique with, or burn the Jew.
Unhappy princes, ignorantly bred,
By malice ſome, by error more miſled;
If gracious Heaven to my life give length,
Leiſure to time, and to my weakneſs ſtrength,
Then ſhall I once with graver accents ſhake
Your regal ſloth, and your long ſlumbers wake;
Like the ſhrill huntſman that prevents the eaſt,
Winding his horn to kings that chaſe the beaſt.

Till then my muſe ſhall hollow far behind,
Angelique Cromwell, who outwings the wind,
And in dark nights, and in cold days, alone
Purſues the monſter thorough every throne,
Which ſhrinking to her Roman denn impure,
Gnaſhes her goary teeth; nor there ſecure.

Hence oft I think, if in ſome happy hour
High grace ſhould meet in one with higheſt pow'r,
And then a ſeaſonable people ſtill
Should bend to his, as he to Heaven's will;

What

What we might hope, what wonderful effect
From ſuch a wiſh'd conjuncture might reflect?
Sure, the myſterious work, where none withſtand,
Would forthwith finiſh under ſuch a hand;
Foreſhortned time its uſeleſs courſe would ſtay,
And ſoon precipitate the lateſt day:
But a thick cloud about that morning lyes,
And intercepts the beams of mortal eyes.
That 'tis the moſt which we determine can,
If theſe the times, then this muſt be the man;
And well he therefore does, and well has gueſt,
Who in his age has always forward preſt;
And knowing not where Heaven's choice may light,
Girds yet his ſword, and ready ſtands to fight.
But men, alas! as if they nothing car'd,
Look on, all unconcern'd, or unprepar'd;
And ſtarrs ſtill fall, and ſtill the dragon's tail
Swindges the volumes of its horrid flail;
For the great juſtice that did firſt ſuſpend
The world by ſin, does by the ſame extend.
Hence that bleſt day ſtill counterpoized waſtes,
The ill delaying, what th' elected haſtes;
Hence landing, nature to new ſeas is toſt,
And good deſigns ſtill with their authors loſt.

And thou, great Cromwell, for whoſe happy birth
A mold was choſen out of better earth,
Whoſe ſaint-like mother we did lately ſee
Live out an age, long as a pedigree;
That ſhe might ſeem, could we the fall diſpute,
T'have ſmelt the bloſſome, and not eat the fruit;

Though

Though none does of more laſting parents grow,
But never any did them honour ſo.
Though thou thine heart from evil ſtill ſuſtain'd,
And always haſt thy tongue from fraud refrain'd;
Thou, who ſo oft through ſtorms of thund'ring lead
Haſt borne ſecurely thine undaunted head;
Thy breaſt through ponyarding conſpiracies,
Drawn from the ſheath of lying prophecies,
The proof beyond all other force or ſkill,
Our ſins endanger, and ſhall one day kill.
How near they fail'd, and in thy ſudden fall,
At once aſſay'd to overturn us all?
Our Britiſh fury, ſtruggling to be free,
Hurry'd thy horſes, while they hurry'd thee;
When thou had'ſt almoſt quit thy mortal cares,
And ſoyl'd in duſt thy crown of ſilver hairs.

Let this one ſorrow interweave among
The other glory's of our yearly ſong;
Like ſkillful looms, which through the coſtly thred
Of purling ore, a ſhining wave do ſhed;
So ſhall the tears we on paſt grief employ,
Still as they trickle, glitter in our joy.
So with more modeſty we may be true,
And ſpeak, as of the dead, the praiſes due;
While impious men, deceiv'd with pleaſure ſhort,
On their own hopes ſhall find the fall retort.

But the poor beaſts, wanting their noble guide,
What could they more? ſhrunk guiltily aſide:
Firſt winged fear tranſports them far away,
And leaden ſorrow then their flight did ſtay.

See how they each his tow'ring creſt abate,
And the green graſs and their known mangers hate;
Nor through wide noſtrils ſnuffe the wanton aire,
Nor their round hoofs or curled manes compare;
With wand'ring eyes and reſtleſs ears they ſtood,
And with ſhrill neighings aſked of the wood.

Thou, Cromwell, falling, not a ſtupid tree,
Or rock ſo ſavage, but it mourn'd for thee;
And all about was heard a panique groan,
As if that nature's ſelf were overthrown.
It ſeem'd the earth did from the center tear,
It ſeem'd the ſun was fallen from his ſphere:
Juſtice obſtructed lay, and reaſon fool'd,
Courage diſheartned, and religion cool'd;
A diſmall ſilence through the palace went,
And then loud ſhrieks the vaulted marbles rent:
Such as the dying chorus ſings by turns,
And to deaf ſeas and ruthleſs tempeſts mourns;
When now they ſink, and now the plund'ring ſtreams,
Break up each deck, and rip the oaken ſeams.

But the triumphant, hence the fiery carr
And fiery ſteeds had born out of the warr,
From the low world and thankleſſe men, above,
Unto the kingdom bleſt of peace and love:
We only mourn'd ourſelves in thine aſcent,
Whom thou had'ſt left beneath with mantle rent;
For all delight of life thou then didſt loſe,
When to command thou didſt thyſelf depoſe;
Reſigning up thy privacy ſo dear,
To turn the headſtrong peoples charioteer;

For

For to be Cromwell was a greater thing,
Than ought below, or yet above a king:
Therefore thou rather didſt thyſelf depreſs,
Yielding to rule, becauſe it made thee leſs.

For neither did thou from the firſt apply
Thy ſober ſpirit unto things too high;
But in thine own fields exerciſed'ſt long,
An healthful mind, within a body ſtrong;
Till at the ſeventh time, thou in the ſkyes,
As a ſmall cloud, like a man's hand didſt riſe;
Then did thick miſts and winds the aire deform,
And down at laſt thou pour'dſt the fertile ſtorm;
Which to the thirſty land did plenty bring,
But thou, forewarn'd, o'ertook and wet the king.
What ſince he did, an higher force him puſh'd
Still from behind, and it before him ruſh'd.
Though undiſcern'd among the tumult blind,
Who think thoſe high decrees by man deſign'd,
'Twas Heav'n would not that e're his pow'r ſhould ceaſe,
But walk ſtill middle betwixt warr and peace;
Choſing each ſtone, and poyſing every weight,
Trying the meaſures of the bredth and height,
Here pulling down, and there erecting new,
Grounding a firm ſtate by proportions true.

When Gideon ſo did from the warr retreat,
Yet by the conqueſt of two kings grown great,
He on the peace extends a warlike power,
And Is'rel ſilent, ſaw him raiſe the tower;
And how he Succoth's elders durſt ſuppreſs
With thorns and briars of the wilderneſs;

No king might ever ſuch a force have done,
Yet would not he be lord, nor yet his ſon.

Thou with the ſame ſtrength, and an heart ſo plain,
Didſt like thine olive ſtill refuſe to reign;
Though why ſhould others all thy labor ſpoil,
And brambles be anointed with thine oil?
Whoſe climbing flame, without a timely ſtop,
Had quickly levelled every cedar's top;
Therefore firſt growing to thyſelf a law,
Th' ambitious ſhrubs thou in juſt time didſt awe.

So have I ſeen at ſea, when whirling winds
Hurry the bark, but more the ſeamen's minds,
Who with miſtaken courſe ſalute the ſand,
And threatning rocks miſapprehend for land:
While baleful tritons to the ſhipwreck guide,
And corpoſants * along the tacklings ſlide;
The paſſengers all wearied out before,
Giddy, and wiſhing for the fatal ſhore,
Some luſty mate, who with more careful eye,
Counted the hours, and ev'ry ſtarr did ſpy,
The helm does from the artleſs ſteerman ſtrain,
And doubles back unto the ſafer main:
What though awhile they grumble, diſcontent,
Saving himſelf, he does their loſs prevent.

'Tis not a freedome that, where all command,
Nor tyrannie, where one does them withſtand;
But who of both the bounders knows to lay,
Him, as their father, muſt the ſtate obey.

Thou

* Marine meteors, which Portugueſe mariners call the Bodies of the Saints. *Corpos Santos.*

Thou and thine houſe, like Noah's eight did reſt,
Left by the warr's flood, on the mountain's creſt;
And the large vale lay ſubject to thy will,
Which thou but as an huſbandman, would'ſt till;
And only didſt for others plant the vine
Of Liberty, not drunken with its wine.

That ſober liberty which men may have,
That they enjoy, but more they vainly crave;
And ſuch as to their parent's tents do preſs,
May ſhew their own, not ſee his nakedneſs.

Yet ſuch a clammiſh iſſue ſtill does rage,
The ſhame and plague both of the land and age,
Who watch'd thy halting, and thy fall devide,
Rejoicing when thy foot had ſlipt aſide,
That their new king might the fifth ſcepter ſhake,
And make the world, by his example, quake;
Whoſe frantique army, ſhould they want for men,
Might muſter hereſies, ſo one were ten.
What thy misfortune, they the ſpirit call,
And their religion only is to fall.
Oh Mahomet! now could'ſt thou riſe again,
Thy falling-ſickneſs ſhould have made thee reign;
While Feak and Simpſon would in many a tome
Have writ the comments of thy ſacred ſome:
For ſoon thou might'ſt have paſt among their rant,
Wer't but for thine unmoved tulipant;
As thou muſt needs have own'd them of thy band,
For prophecies fit to be alcoran'd.

Accurſed locuſts, whom your king does ſpit
Out of the center of th' unbottom'd pit;

Wand'rers, adult'rers, lyers, munſers reſt,
Sorcerers, atheiſts, jeſuites, poſſeſt.
You, who the Scriptures and the laws deface,
With the ſame liberty as points and lace;
O race! moſt hypocritically ſtrict,
Bent to reduce us to the antient Pict;
Well may you act the Adam and the Eve,
Ay, and the ſerpent too, that did deceive.

But the great captain, now the danger's o're,
Makes you, for his ſake, tremble one fit more;
And, to your ſpight, returning yet alive,
Does with himſelf, all that is good, revive.

So, when firſt man did through the morning dew,
See the bright ſun his ſhining race purſue;
All day he follow'd, with unwearied ſight,
Pleas'd with that other world of moving light;
But thought him, when he miſs'd his ſetting beams,
Sunk in the hills, or plung'd below the ſtreams.
While diſmall blacks hung round the univerſe,
And ſtarrs, like tapers, burn'd upon his herſe;
And owls and ravens with their ſcreeching noyſe,
Did make their fun'rals ſadder by their joyes.
His weeping eyes the doleful vigils keep,
Not knowing yet the night was made for ſleep.
Still to the weſt, where he him loſt, he turn'd,
And with ſuch accents as deſpairing mourn'd;
Why did mine eyes once ſee ſo bright a ray?
Or why day laſt no longer than a day?
When ſtreight the ſun behind him he deſcry'd,
Smiling ſerenely from the further ſide.

So while our ſtarr that gives us light and heat,
Seem'd now a long and gloomy night to threat,
Up from the other world his flame doth dart,
And princes ſhining through their windows, ſtart;
Who their ſuſpected counſellors refuſe,
And credulous ambaſſadors accuſe:
" Is this, ſaith one, the nation that we read,
" Spent with both warrs, under a captain dead?
" Yet rigg a navie, while we dreſs us late,
" And ere we dine, raſe and rebuild our ſtate!
" What oaken forreſts, and what golden mines?
" What mints of men, what union of deſigns?
" Unleſs their ſhips do as their fowle proceed,
" Of ſhedding leaves that with their ocean breed.
" Theirs are not ſhips, but rather arks of war,
" And beaked promontories ſail'd from far.
" Of floating iſlands a new hatched neſt,
" A fleet of worlds of other worlds in queſt;
" An hideous ſhole of wood Leviathans,
" Arm'd with three tire of brazen hurricans,
" That through the center ſhoot their thund'ring ſide,
" And ſink the earth, that does at anchor ride.
" What refuge to eſcape them can be found,
" Whoſe wat'ry leaguers all the world ſurround?
" Needs muſt we all their tributaries be,
" Whoſe navies hold the ſluices of the ſea?
" The ocean is the fountain of command,
" But that once took, we captives are on land;
" And thoſe that have the waters for their ſhare,
" Can quickly leave us neither earth nor aire;

Yet

" Yet if through theſe our fears could find a paſs.
" Through double oak, and lin'd with treble braſs;
" That one man, ſtill although but nam'd, alarms
" More than all men, all navies, and all arms;
" Him all the day, him in late nights I dread,
" And ſtill his ſword ſeems hanging o're my head.
" The nation had been ours, but his one ſoule
" Moves the great bulk, and animates the whole.
" He ſecrecy with number hath inchas'd,
" Courage with age, maturity with haſt.
" The valiant's terror, riddle of the wiſe,
" And ſtill his fauchion all our knots unties.
" Where did he learn thoſe arts that coſt us dear?
" Where below earth, or where above the ſphere?
" He ſeems a king by long ſucceſſion born,
" And yet the ſame to be a king does ſcorn.
" Abroad a king he ſeems, and ſomething more,
" At home a ſubject on the equal floor;
" Or could I once him with our title ſee,
" So ſhould I hope yet he might dye as we.
" But let them write his praiſe that love him beſt,
" It grieves me ſore to have thus much confeſt.
" Pardon, great Prince, if thus their fear or ſpight,
" More than our love and duty do thee right;
" I yield, nor further will the prize contend,
" So that we both alike may miſs our end;
" While thou thy venerable head doſt raiſe
" As farr above their malice as my praiſe;
" And, as the angel of our commonweal,
" Troubling the waters, yearly mak'ſt them heal."

A POEM

A POEM UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE HIGHNESSE THE LORD PROTECTOR *.

THAT Providence which had ſo long the care
Of Cromwell's head, and numbred ev'ry haire,
Now in itſelf (the glaſſe where all appears)
Had ſeen the period of his golden yeares;
And thenceforth only did attend to trace
What death might leaſt ſo faire a life deface.

The people, which what moſt they fear, eſteem,
Death when more horrid, ſo more noble deem,
And blame the laſt act, like ſpectators vaine,
Unleſſe the Prince whom they applaud, be ſlaine.
Nor fate indeed can well refuſe that right
To thoſe that liv'd in warre, to die in fight.

But long his valour none had left that could
Indanger him, or clemency that would:
And he whom nature all for peace had made,
But angry Heaven unto warre had ſway'd;
And ſo leſs uſeful where he moſt deſir'd,
For what he leaſt affected, was admir'd;
Deſerved yet an end whoſe ev'ry part
Should ſpeak the wond'rous ſoftneſſe of his heart.
To love and griefe the fatal writ was ſign'd,
(Thoſe nobler weakneſſes of humane kinde,
From which thoſe powers that iſſu'd the decree,
Although immortal, found they were not free)

* The Engliſh language does not boaſt a more elegant elegiack poem, than this to the memory of the magnanimous and noble Cromwell.

That they to whom his breaſt ſtill open lyes
In gentle paſſions, ſhould his death diſguiſe,
And leave ſucceeding ages cauſe to mourne,
As long as griefe ſhall weep, or love ſhall burne.

Streight does a ſlow and languiſhing diſeaſe,
Eliza *, nature's, and his darling, ſeize;
Her, when an infant, taken with her charms,
He oft would flouriſh in his mighty arms;
And leſt their force the tender burthen wrong,
Slacken the vigour of his muſcles ſtrong.
Then to the mother's breſt her ſoftly move,
Which, while ſhe drain'd of milk, ſhe fill'd with love.
But as with riper years her virtue grew,
And every minute adds a luſtre new;
When with meridian height her beauty ſhin'd,
And thorough that ſparkled her fairer mind;
When ſhe with ſmiles ſerene, in words diſcreet,
His hidden ſoule at every turne could meet;
Then might y'ha' daily his affection ſpy'd,
Doubling that knot which deſtiny had ty'd;
While they by ſenſe, not knowing, comprehend
How on eachr other both their fates depend.
With her each day the pleaſing houres he ſhares,
And at her aſpect calms his growing cares;
Or with a grandfire's joy her children ſees,
Hanging about her neck, or at his knees:
Hold faſt, dear infants, hold them both, or none;
This will not ſtay, when once the other's gone.
A ſilent fire now waſts thoſe limbs of wax,
And him within his tortur'd image wracks.

So

* Daughter of the Protector.

So the flow'r with'ring, which the garden crown'd,
The ſad roote pines in ſecret under ground.
Each groan he doubled, and each ſigh he ſigh'd,
Repeated over to the reſtleſſe night,
No trembling ſtring, compos'd to numbers new,
Anſwers the touch in notes more ſad, more true.
She, leſt he grieve, hides what ſhe can, her pains,
And he, to leſſen her's, his ſorrow feigns;
Yet both perceiv'd, yet both conceal'd their ſkills,
And ſo diminiſhing, increas'd their ills;
That whether by each other's griefe they fell,
Or on their own redoubled, none can tell.

And now Eliza's purple locks were ſhorn,
Where ſhe ſo long her father's fate had worn;
And frequent lightning to her ſoule that flyes,
Divides the aire, and opens all the ſkyes.
And now his life, ſuſpended by her breath,
Ran out impetuouſly to haſtning death.
Like poliſh'd mirrours, ſo his ſteely breſt
Had every figure of her woes expreſt;
And with the damp of her laſt gaſps obſcur'd,
Had drawn ſuch ſtaines as were not to be cur'd.
Fate could not either reach with ſingle ſtroke,
But the dear image fled, the mirrour broke.
Who now ſhall tell us more of mournfull ſwans?
Of halcyons kind, or bleeding pelicans?
No downy breſt did e're ſo gently beate,
Or fanne with airy plumes ſo ſoft an heat;
For he no duty by his height excus'd,
Nor though a prince, to be a man refus'd;

But rather than in his Eliza's paine
Not love, not grieve, would neither live nor reigne;
And in himſelf ſo oft immortal try'd,
Yet in compaſſion of another dy'd.

So have I ſeen a vine, whoſe laſting age,
Of many a winter hath ſurviv'd the rage,
Under whoſe ſhady tent, men every yeare,
At its rich blood's expence their ſorrows cheare;
If ſome deare branch where it extends its life,
Chance to be prun'd by an untimely knife,
The parent tree unto the griefe ſucceeds,
And through the wound its vital humour bleeds;
Trickling in watry drops, whoſe flowing ſhape
Weeps that it falls ere fix'd into a grape.
So the dry ſtock, no more that ſpreading vine,
Fruſtrates the autumn, and the hopes of wine.

A ſecret cauſe does ſure thoſe ſignes ordaine,
Foreboding princes falls, and ſeldom vaine.
Whether ſome kinder powers that wiſh us well,
What they above cannot prevent, foretell;
Or the great world do by conſent preſage,
As hollow ſeas with future tempeſts rage:
Or rather Heaven, which us ſo long foreſees,
Their fun'rals celebrates, while it decrees?
But never yet was any humane fate
By nature ſolemnized with ſo much ſtate:
He unconcern'd the dreadful paſſage croſt,
But oh! what pangs that death did nature coſt?

Firſt the great thunder was ſhot off, and ſent
The ſignal from the ſtarry battlement:
The winds receive it, and its force outdoe,
As practiſing how they could thunder too;
Out of the binder's hand the ſheaves they tore,
And thraſh'd the harveſt in the airy floore;
Or of huge trees, whoſe growth with his did riſe,
The deep foundations open'd to the ſkyes.
Then heavy ſhow'res the winged tempeſts dead,
And pow're the deluge o'er the chaos' head.
The race of warlike horſes at his tombe,
Offer themſelves in many a hecatombe;
With penſive head towards the grounde they fall,
And helpleſſe languiſh at the tainted ſtall.
Numbers of men decreaſe with pains unknown,
And haſten not to ſee his death their own.
Such tortures all the elements unfix'd,
Troubled to part where ſo exactly mix'd;
And as through aire his waſting ſpirits flow'd,
The world with throes labour'd beneath their load.

Nature, it ſeem'd with him, would nature vye,
He with Eliza, it with him would dye.

He without noyſe ſtill travell'd to his end,
As ſilent ſunns to meet the night deſcend;
The ſtarrs that for him fought, had only power
Left to determine now his fatal houre;
Which ſince they might not hinder, yet they caſt
To chooſe it worthy of his gloryes paſt.
No part of time but bare his marke away
Of honour, all the yeare was Cromwell's day;

But

But this, of all, the moſt auſpicious found,
Twice had in open field him victour crown'd;
When up the armed mountains of Dunbarre
He march'd, and through deep Severn ending warre:
What day ſhould him eternize, but the ſame
That had before immortaliz'd his name?
That ſo who ere would at his death have joy'd,
In their own griefs might find themſelves employ'd;
But thoſe that ſadly his departure griev'd,
Yet joy'd, rememb'ring what he once atchiev'd;
And the laſt minute his victorious ghoſt
Gave chaſe to Ligny on the Belgick coaſt.
Here ended all his mortall toyles, he lay'd,
And ſlept in peace, under the laurell ſhade.

O Cromwell! Heaven's favourite, to none,
Have ſuch high honours from above been ſhowne;
For whom the elements we mourners ſee,
And Heav'n itſelfe would the great herald be,
Which with more care ſet forth his obſequies,
Than thoſe of Moſes, hid from humane eyes;
As jealous only here, leſt all be leſſe
That we could to his memory expreſſe.

Then let us too our courſe of mourning keep;
Where heaven leads, 'tis piety to weep.
Stand back ye ſeas; and ſhrunk beneath the vaile
Of your abyſſe, with cover'd head bewaile
Your monarch: we demand not your ſupplies
To compaſs in our iſle, our tears ſuffice.
Since him away the diſmall tempeſt rent,
Who once more joyn'd us to the continent;

Who

Who planted England on the Fland'rick ſhore,
And ſtretch'd our frontire to the Indian ore;
Whoſe greater truths obſcure the fables old,
Whether of Britiſh ſaints, or worthyes told;
And in a valour leſs'ning Arthur's deeds,
For holineſſe the Confeſſour exceeds.

The firſt put arms into religion's hand,
And tim'rous conſcience unto courage mann'd;
The ſoldier taught that inward mail to weare,
And fearing God, how they ſhould nothing feare;
Thoſe ſtrokes, he ſaid, will pierce through all below,
Where thoſe that ſtrike from Heav'n fetch their blow.
Aſtoniſh'd armyes did their flight prepare,
And cityes ſtrong were ſtormed by his prayer;
Of that for ever Preſton's field ſhall tell
The ſtory, and impregnable Clonmell.
And where the ſandy mountain Fenwick ſcal'd,
The ſea between, yet hence his pray'r prevail'd.
What man was ever ſo in Heav'n obey'd
Since the commanded ſun o're Gibeon ſtay'd?
In all his warrs needs muſt he triumph, when
He conquer'd God, ſtill ere he fought with men:
Hence, though in battle none ſo brave or fierce,
Yet him the adverſe ſteel could never pierce.
Pity it ſeem'd to hurt him more that felt
Each wound himſelf which he to others delt;
Danger itſelf refuſing to offend
So looſe an enemy, ſo faſt a friend.
Friendſhip, that ſacred virtue, long deſclaime
The firſt foundation of his houſe and name:

But within one its narrow limits fall,
His tenderneſſe extended unto all.
And that deep ſouſe through every channell flows,
Where kindly nature loves itſelf to loſe.
More ſtrong affections never reaſon ſerv'd,
Yet ſtill affected moſt what beſt deſerv'd.
If he Eliza lov'd to that degree,
(Though who more worthy to be lov'd than ſhe?)
If ſo indulgent to his own, how deare
To him the children of the Higheſt were?
For her he once did nature's tribute pay:
For theſe his life adventur'd every day:
And 'twould be found, could we his thoughts have caſt,
Their griefs ſtruck deepeſt, if Eliza's laſt.
What prudence more than humane did he need
To keep ſo deare, ſo diff'ring minds agreed?
The worſer ſort, ſo conſcious of their ill,
Lye weak and eaſy to the ruler's will;
But to the good (too many or too few)
All law is uſeleſſe; all reward is due.
Oh! ill advis'd, if not for love, for ſhame,
Spare yet your own, if you neglect his fame;
Leaſt others dare to think your zeale a maſke,
And you to govern only Heaven's taſke.
Valour, religion, friendſhip, prudence dy'd
At once with him, and all that's good beſide;
And we death's refuge nature's dregs confin'd
To loathſome life, alas! are left behind.
Where we (ſo once we us'd) ſhall now no more,
To fetch day, preſſe about his chamber-door;
From which he iſſu'd with that awfull ſtate,
It ſeem'd Mars broke through Janus' double gate;

Yet always temper'd with an aire ſo mild,
No April ſunns that e'er ſo gently ſmil'd;
No more ſhall heare that powerful language charm,
Whoſe force oft ſpar'd the labour of his arm:
No more ſhall follow where he ſpent the dayes
In warre, in counſell, or in pray'r, and praiſe;
Whoſe meaneſt acts he would himſelf advance,
As ungirt David to the arke did dance.
All, all is gone of ours or his delight
In horſes fierce, wild deer, or armour bright;
Franciſca faire can nothing now but weep,
Nor with ſoft notes ſhall ſing his cares aſleep.

I ſaw him dead, a leaden ſlumber lyes,
And mortal ſleep over thoſe wakefull eyes;
Thoſe gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing ſweetneſſe ſhed;
That port which ſo majeſtique was and ſtrong,
Looſe and depriv'd of vigour, ſtretch'd along:
All wither'd, all diſcolour'd, pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more that man?
Oh! humane glory, vaine, oh! death, oh! wings,
Oh! worthleſſe world! oh tranſitory things!
Yet dwelt that greatneſſe in his ſhape decay'd,
That ſtill though dead, greater than death he lay'd;
And in his alter'd face you ſomething faigne
That threatens death, he yet will live again.
Not much unlike the ſacred oak, which ſhoots
To Heav'n its branches, and through earth its roots:
Whoſe ſpacious boughs are hung with trophies round,
And honour'd wreaths have oft the victour crown'd.

When angry Jove darts lightning through the aire,
At mortalls ſins, nor his own plant will ſpare;
(It groanes, and bruiſes all below that ſtood
So many yeares the ſhelter of the wood.)
The tree ere while foreſhortned to our view,
When fall'n ſhews taller yet than as it grew:
So ſhall his praiſe to after times encreaſe,
When truth ſhall be allow'd, and faction ceaſe;
And his own ſhadows with him full, the eye
Detracts from objects than itſelf more high:
But when death takes them from that envy'd ſtate,
Seeing how little we confeſs, how greate,
Thee, many ages hence, in martial verſe
Shall th' Engliſh ſouldier, ere he charge, rehearſe;
Singing of thee, inflame themſelves to fight,
And with the name of Cromwell, armyes fright.
As long as rivers to the ſeas ſhall runne,
As long as Cynthia ſhall relieve the ſunne,
While ſtaggs ſhall fly unto the foreſts thick,
While ſheep delight the graſſy downs to pick,
As long as future time ſucceeds the paſt,
Always thy honour, praiſe and name, ſhall laſt.

Thou in a pitch how farre beyond the ſphere
Of humane glory tow'rſt, and raigning there
Deſpoyl'd of mortall robes, in ſeas of bliſſe,
Plunging doſt bathe and tread the bright abyſſe:
There thy great ſoule yet once a world does ſee,
Spacious enough, and pure enough for thee.
How ſoon thou Moſes haſt, and Joſhua found,
And David, for the ſword and harpe renown'd;

How ſtreight canſt to each happy manſion goe?
(Farr better known above than here below;)
And in thoſe joyes doſt ſpend the endleſſe day,
Which in expreſſing, we ourſelves betray.

For we, ſince thou art gone, with heavy doome,
Wander like ghoſts about thy loved tombe;
And loſt in tears, have neither ſight nor mind
To guide us upward through this region blinde.
Since thou art gone, who beſt that way could'ſt teach,
Onely our ſighs, perhaps, may thither reach.

And Richard yet, where his great parent led,
Beats on the rugged track: he, vertue dead,
Revives; and by his milder beams aſſures;
And yet how much of them his griefe obſcures.
He, as his father, long was kept from ſight
In private, to be view'd by better light;
But open'd once, what ſplendour does he throw?
A Cromwell in an houre a prince will grow.
How he becomes that ſeat, how ſtrongly ſtreigns,
How gently winds at once the ruling reins?
Heav'n to this choice prepar'd a diadem,
Richer than any eaſtern ſilk, or gemme;
A pearly rainbow, where the ſun inchas'd
His brows, like an imperiall jewell grac'd.

We find already what thoſe omens mean,
Earth ne'er more glad, nor Heaven more ſerene.
Ceaſe now our griefs, calme peace ſucceeds a war,
Rainbows to ſtorms, Richard to Oliver.
Tempt not his clemency to try his pow'r,
He threats no deluge, yet foretells a ſhowre.

Die Sabbathi, 17 Martii, 1648.

Comitiis populi Parliamentariis decernitur, hanc declarationem typis esse illicò mandandam.

HEN. SCOBELL, *Cleric. Parliamenti.*

PARLIAMENTI ANGLIÆ DECLARATIO:

IN QUA

RES NUPERUM GESTÆ, ET DECRETUM DE STATU ANGLIÆ REGIO IN LIBERAM REMPUBLICAM VERTENDO, ASSERUNTUR.

By ANDREW MARVELL,

Who drew up the STATE PAPERS under MILTON's Inſpection.

LONDINI:

Apud FRANCISCUM TYTONIUM, Menſis Martii 22°. Anno 1648.

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RES NUPERUM GESTÆ, ET DECRETUM DE STATU ANGLIÆ REGIO IN LIBERAM REMPUBLICAM VERTENDO, ASSERUNTUR.

CUM Angliæ *Parliamentum*, liberis ubicunque *populi* ſuffragiis electum, (quem pleno ipſis delegato jure referunt, quibuſque in commune ejuſdem *populi* bonum ſuprema juris figendi & refigendi poteſtas concreditur) jam per annos aliquot, & infinita diſcrimina contenderint *peſſimam tyrannidem*, *pejoribus artibus ſtabilitam*, excutere; eoſque quibus bonâ fide hactenùs inſervierint, in priſtinum & cognatum libertatis ſtatum (tamdiù conculcatum) reſtituere; juraque arbitraria & vexationes publicas eliminare, uſque dum Deo Optimo viſum tandem ſuiſſet pacem & libertatem publicam (in opprobrium contra nitentium) huic tam afflicto regno aſſercre; in tantâ beneficiorum teſtiumque coronâ *(ne quid*

Divino

Divino Numini minuatur) nihil priùs aut apertiùs habere ſe Parliamentum profitetur, quàm publicis gratiſque votis ſeſe eidem *Numini* effundere, quàm digitum ejus in imparibus ipſorum conatibus celebrare, opemque publicè & benè conſpirantium fidelitèr agnoſcere: quibus omnibus, tàm inhumani hoſtes, aperti unà & clancularii, eo uſque attriti ſunt, ut nihil hodiè moliantur, quo minùs his fundaminibus repurgatis, reliquum pacis & libertatis integræ aſtruatur.

Sed quia minimum hoc eſſet tyrannidem, injuſtitiam, bellumq; acerrimum, *quo reliqua illa ex ſe ſatis informia, horridiora reddebantur*, in præſens tantùm reſtinxiſſe, niſi etiam prudenti operâ cautum eſſet ne in poſterùm è ſuis cineribus ſepulta reviviſcerent; ergò in extremo hoc incubuit Parliamento, ea jura ſive regni, ſive regnandi, mutare, quæ ante turbatum reipub. ſtatum omnibus erant ex æquo deſideratiſſima, & in eorum locum ea jam ſubſtituere, quæ & Divini Numinis gloriæ, & communi reipub. gentiſque compendio, poterint eſſe conjunctiora: in quæ duo, licèt per præruptas difficultates, tanquam in legitimum ſuum ſcopum Parliamentum hactenùs collimavit,

Sed ut hoc magìs ad limpidum ab omnibus quaquaversùm, & ab iis potiſſimùm quorum quoviſmodo interſit, conſpiceretur; Parliamentum hodiè æquum cenſuit rationes ſuas, non minùs quàm res antehac geſtas, publicè & ubique intuendas exponere.

Quapropter

Quapropter, id quod ſedatis affectibus, publicis argumentis, et abſque prævio bello aliàs à tot tantiſque pro vero obtinuit, id inter alia indubitatiſſimum cauſæ ſuæ Parliamentum ſubſtruit, officium ſcilicet in Angliâ regium ex aſſenſu pactoque populi primitùs fuiſſe conſtitutum: qui ex omnibus unum, cæterorum bono invigilaturum, præfecêre; quo commodiùs regerentur ſecundum ea ſcita et leges quas in commune conſulerent. Sed *ut optimè conſulta ſæpè quid diverſum ſortiuntur*; ita noſtros annales evolventi conſtabit, pauciſſimos è regibus noſtris munera ſua, prout ipſis erant ſignata, abſolviſſe; aut *illos in tam alto faſtigio poſitos humilem populum, aut inopum curas deſpexiſſe.*

Palàm poſteritati proſtat, ipſos ut plurimùm in id unum intendiſſe ſtudia et lacertos, ut per publicas ſubditorum miſerias ambitioni et authoritati privatæ litarent; undè factum eſt, quod totiès ob minutias honorum, ob inſlatos titulos, et inimicitias perſonales, tantum ſanguinis Chriſtiani *(& litibus illorum alieni)* mutuò hauriendum convocarent.

At in totâ ipſorum ſerie quantis intervallis rex ſupremus anteceſſores ſuos exceſſit? eos nimirùm miſerè diſperdendo, qui officio ſanguineque ſuo erant fovendi: eos ſingulis et trium regnorum angulis igne et enſe proſequendo, qui a paterno ejus affectu erant tenerrimè protegendi.

Licèt ipſe ex ſe ſanguis huic rei ſatis altè teſtimonium conclamet, tamen non ingratum erit brevitèr delibare quæ præfatus rex et regni ſui geſti, *et miſeriarum noſtrarum monumenta reliquerit.* In quibus ille reliquos reges longè plus verſando imperium ſuperavit, quàm cujus ullum poſſit ſupplicii genus in exemplum deduci.

Incipiendum erit ab anno ejus ſecundo, in quo Parliamentum tam pravo conſilio ſolvebat; quibus auſpiciis, et regiminis et infortunii inſequentis certam regno dedit ſubarationem. Parùm utcunque hoc fuiſſet, niſi etiam eodem tempore quo populi vulnera curare reſilierat, viam unà occluſiſſet, qua Parliamentum pro *pietate* ſuâ in violentam *patris* ejus mortem inquireret. Lapſam *Rupellam*, reſque infelicitèr geſtas in inſula *Retæ* reformati *Galli* unà nobiſcum adhuc altè ſuſpirant. Mutuationes imperatæ, incarcerationes extrajudiciales, aliaque exlegis poteſtatis quæ *petitionem æqui* elicuerant, ilicò ab inſcriptâ iſta æqui lege (cui etiam tam ſolennitèr aſſenſerat,) deſultoriè repetebantur: ſinceriora membra Parliamenti carceribus demerſa, quod conſcientias ſuas placitis ejus arbitrariis mancipare reniterentur: e mercatoribus primarii non magis liberi, eo quod mercium *portoria vectigalia* non auſi eſſent legitima contra religionem legis agnoſcere, ut nihil latius recenſeatur de plurimis aliis, qui quod non ſatis promptè abjicerent proborum civium animos, in ſatis prompta ſupplicia rapiebantur. Ut maximo

tædio pati olim erat, ita non parvo adhuc eſt ejus monopolia enumerare. Quis noſtrûm eſt, qui adhuc non exhorret illas inopinatas catenas, quas è *Germania* nobis, et tum maximè pacatis, ut et ſemper fidelibus, paraverat? tot ſcilicet erant *Germanorum* ignotorum millia, mari devehenda, et *momento turbinis* in domos noſtras, libertatemque reliquam immittenda! quod poſt tot exactiones *de privato lare* adhuc ſupererat exhauriendum erat ab iſto tam conſummato et conſumante *claſſis vectigali*; quo, de jure conceſſo, jure etiam concedebatur regem ut periculi adventantis, ita et pecuniarum cogendarum unicum fuiſſe æſtimatorem. Sed huc uſque *politicorum forſan præcautiones* cauſam ejus agant; quis autem apertè eam ſuſtineat, dum juris et judicum conſcientias invaderet? dum artibus demulcere, præmiis pellicere, et minis tandem æqui bonique trutinam vacillare conaretur? hoc ſi plenè à ſingulis judicum obtinuiſſet, quis negaret eum, et proprium ſuum et judicum juramenta non temeraſſe? "vexationes *ſecretioris conſilii*, *cameræ ſtellatæ*, *curiæ eccleſi-* "*aſticæ*, *præfecti rerum capitalium*, *pupillorum*, *obſonationum*, "*ſaltuum*," et id genus quanta qualiaque fuerunt? quorum aculei tam altè ſenſibus noſtris infiguntur, ut prætimendum non ſit ne è memoriis noſtris tam expeditè elabaſcerent. Viliſſima illa ſervitus Hibernis vi armatâ imperata, unà cum putrido hoc axiomate, ſcilicet *Angliæ regem gubernandi regulis non magis quam cingulo conſtringi* (quod quis ad libitum relaxare et deponere poteſt) quid aliud nobis præluxe-

runt, quàm exemplar illius moduli, ad quem Angliæ regimen erat attemperandum? diuturna Parliamentorum intervalla, unà cum triſtiori propoſito de his veteribus utriuſque regni aſylis abolendis, et incœptum de novâ liturgiâ in eccleſiam Scoticam trudendâ, primâ, eaque Scotica diſſidia motuſque excitarunt. Angli tubis, tympanis et concionibus ciendi, in utramque aurem dormitabant; defuit enim cauſa quæ eos animaret, et quæ adverſas manus contra aſſereret. Quod unum, unà cum ſucceſſu planè deſperando, Regi de ſuperiori Parliamento convocando *neceſſitatem impoſuit, ſi et animum non dederit.* Sed ut ſqualentibus legibus repurgandis convocatum non erat, ita ni in Aulæ Lenocinia (ex ſe ſacerrima) tranſiret, ni in violatam cum Scotis pacem et pacta (paucos ante menſes ſolennitèr ſignata, et jam cum reliquis regni utriuſque bonis apertè caſſa,) conſentiret; niſi publicam Regi notam fidei temeratæ minueret, ni tandem *Vectigal illud inſtruendis claſſibus*, oblato precio redimeret, quod ab illo (ſedente jam Parliamento) ex ſolo et jurato officio erat abolendum, præviſum ſatis cuique erat prædictum Parliamentum diu de publico non deliberaturum, nec quidem deliberavit, ſed ſtatìm in trepidationem omnium difflatum erat. In hoc Angliæ horrore, quo ſe converſi ſunt Scoti? *Fidem jamdiu Aulâ, nunc et Rege exultantem*, et turbatos noſtrorum animos ubique præſentientes, de invadendâ Angliâ diu non deliberant. Rex interìm injuſtis et ſolitis artibus exercitum ſecundò cogit, conſcripſit, et in

partes

partes Boreales conduxit. Ubi cum appuliſſet, quid aliud poterant boni et reliqua regni genuina pectora, quàm ipſum obteſtari, ut hâc ſecundâ vice maturiùs de causâ et effectis conſiliorum tam infelicitèr conceptorum recogitaret? quo motus, uti et conatibus quorundam Nobilium tùm caſtris agentium, præſertìm ex univerſali utriuſque regni averſione chariſſimum ſanguinem ob nihilum mutuò hauriendi (cui fini tot generoſa pectora unus Rex congregaverat, quæ conſervare illi æquius et regalius fuerat) et prævidens nullam aliam viam ſupereſſe, quâ ex his anguſtiis elaberetur, et cui ſe in tutum reciperet, tandem eam officii partem egit, quâ hoc præſens Parliamentum convocaretur. At Angli licèt ab ipſo bello, tamen à belli oneribus non tam citò liberabantur: illis enim incubuit pecunias iis gratificandis parare, a quibus iniquo modo paſſi erant; et utriuſque gentis exercitus ſuis ſtipendiis nutrire, quum neutrius conſcriptioni conſenſiſſent: ſine dubio in hoc maximè Chriſtiani quod æquæ et oneroſæ pacis, magis quàm iniqui belli erant ſtudioſi. Sed ne tantæ Regis copiæ nullo patrato ſcelere ſolverentur, maximo niſu, et non minori arte Rex molitus eſt ſuum Anglorum exercitum contra Angliæ Parliamentum animare: res certè tam ingloria tantæque inhumanitatis, nimirùm Angliæ Regem Anglos provocare ad viſcera confratrum, paci omnium ſtudentium, laceranda; ut nihil præter peregrinum ſuum ſanguinem illam ſartam præſtaret. Hoc forſan pronos ſatis in fidem non reperiſſet, niſi res eodem tem-

poris

poris contextu geſta, idem apertiſſimè probaſſet; et tam apertè, ut ipſe Rex nunquam poterat eam aut excuſare aut excutere. Inter alia regni arcana ſecuriùs illi viſum eſt e longinquo priùs tentare, et ex Anglo-Hiberno-Proteſtantium miſeriis palpare, quid ipſi Angli domi pati poſſent. Quot carnificinæ ex hoc *Trojano* equo prorupêre! quot vicena noſtrorum millia in illa Hibernia, et quam expeditè, quantâque cum crudelitatis indole mactata! ita ut rigere viſcera Chriſtiana ex ſola eorum recenſione poſſint: parum utcunqué hoc eſſet, niſi iſta homicidarum proluvies ſe ad hæc perpetranda autoritate Regiâ muniri jactitarent. Quod, ſi id quod clam et in angulis receptiſſimis inſuſurratur, per ea quæ in aperto cœlo aguntur, eruatur; certè conſtat, idque non minùs e tardo et leni ejus edicto, (quo impatientèr quiſque expectabat peſſimos homicidas publicos hoſtes pro merito denuntiari) quàm ex intercluſis noſtrorum ſubſidiis, et imperato tum armiſtitio, cum Proteſtantibus omnia belli erant auſpicatiſſima, Regem (inquam) ipſum non uſquequaque fuiſſe ab innoxio illo ſanguine purgatum.

Sed uni ſoli regno non licuit ſub ejus regimine eſſe infelici: ergo in ipſam Angliam revertamur: ubi quod juſto exercitu non poterat, quod ut perfidum ipſi milites deteſtati ſunt, id ipſe ſubdolè aggreſſus eſt; et ſtipatus aliquot perditorum centenis, qui gladiis ignariiſque armis et nutu ejus præcipuè muniebantur, tandem Parliamentum, pacis et legum officinam

nam, intravit; non pro more majorum ferendis legibus, ſed quinque ſenatoribus tollendis. Super hoc aliaque populus impunè poterat dubitare, ſe hoc modo gravaminibus ſuis non exoneratum iri: cujus tam juſto metu compunctus, quid mirum ſi parum extra ordinem exſiluerit? Arreptâ igitur hac occaſione Rex abitum *Londino* ſubitaneum parabat, ſtatimque *Kingſtoniæ* armata manus comparuit, quæ Regem minimè violatum, maximè tamen voluit vindicatum. Abindè in Boreales Provincias progreſſus eſt militem conſcripturus: utriuſque cameræ Senatores allexit ut à fide publicâ ad privatas vindictæ partes tranſirent. Delinquentes aulâ ejus recepti adeò non erant puniti, ut eos ibi ſecuros eſſe juſſerit. *Nottingamiæ* Hoſtile Vexillum explicuit, et collecto apud *Wallos* eorumque confiniis juſto exercitu, prima belli civilis vulnera et cicatrices in prælio *Kintonenſi* impegit. *Oxonium* vallo et aggeribus firmavit, quod poſtea principale munimentum futuro bello conſtituit; atque ita ad regnum perdendum accinctus, per annos aliquot crudele bellum contra populum aſylo Parliamenti tutum repræſentatumque proſequutus eſt, quod quidem anteceſſorum peſſimi nullo unquam diſcrimine aggreſſi ſunt. Hinc oppida et ædes flammis devota; hinc bona hæreditaria iis addicta, qui priores erant in civili ſanguine: ſervi, fratres, amici, filii promiſcuè omnes homicidarum lanienâ periêre. Et ne triſtem belli faciem et horrenda militum ſuorum veſtigia ſibi ignota prætenderet, ille ipſe inter primos repagula huic

ſanguinis

ſanguinis torrenti disjecit; ille præſens actor et ſpectator earum calamitatum, quæ gladius, carcer, equuleus et ipſa denique mors probè cordatis ubiq; poterant infligere.

Hæc qualiacunque poterint fuiſſe, tamen Parliamentum in flagrantiſſimis belli nunquam deſtitit media pacis (licèt caſſâ ſemper et ingratâ operâ) Regi habere commendatiſſima. Hoc ideò ab ipſo importuniùs rogabant, quoniam vel uno verbulo omnino poterat eas flammas reſtinxiſſe, quæ ſimplici ejus mandato totum regnum perpopulabantur.

Cum Deus exercituum, cujus juſtitiæ utraque pars cauſam ſuam judicandam apertè devoviſſet, eò uſque Parliamentariam agnoviſſet, ut Regiæ copiæ nullibi ampliùs valerent, et Rex ipſe intutum ſibi æſtimaret, reliquiis ſuis infelicibus diutiùs ſe concredere, adhuc tamen non dignatus eſt ſeſe Anglis dedere, ſed Scotis popularibus, ſub auſpiciis Parliamenti hìc tum militantibus. Quo honore ipſis delato aliud non obtinuit, quàm ut ad ipſorum placita privatìm ab iis reciperetur et publicè iterum Anglis remitteretur. Scotorum tamen cuſtodiis coercitus, de communi ejus et regnorum libertate iterùm fuit deliberatum, decretumque utriuſque regni articulis, mutuò conventis, pacem denuò poſcendam eſſe ab eo, qui reflantem ubique fortunam expertus bellum ampliùs non gereret. Iſti articuli tanto juſtiores æſtimandi, quod ſuæ ſuum flatibus non tumeſcerent. Sed novæ machinationes, quas inſtaurando bello iterum in ſinu ſuo agitaverat, iſta

iſta pacis conamina ilicò fruſtrabant. Ergo cum eſſet tam obſirmato animo, ut nec piorum continuæ preces, nec Parliamenti repetita rogamina, nec trium regnorum ſpoliata cadavera ipſum poterant exorare et emollire, tandem ſuffragiis Parliamenti cautum eſt, ne ullâ in poſterùm recognitione rogaretur aut adiretur. Utcunque tamen quæ ſuperiori æſtate geſta ſunt, ſatis ad liquidum probarunt, eum privatis parietibus non prius clauſum, quàm propoſita ſua de novo bello latè ſpargendo maturaſſet. Alia ergo regni vena Regis nomine percuſſa; conjuratio inita quæ (ne mitioribus, quàm inſultantium ipſorum, verbis prædicetur) non erat niſi ab ipſis inferis eruenda; Parliamenti exercitus per partes et quaſi fruſtulatìm erat occupatus, prout novæ illæ flammæ diverſis ſimul et remotiſſimis regni angulis eruperant: et quaſi Anglia ipſa deficeret, ſive hoſtium malignantium numero, ſive acri ſatis erga concives furore; ergò Scotorum perditiſſimi vocati animatique, qui ad tam lautam prædam diſcerpendam, quovis tacito nutu ſatis accinctos ſe probarunt. Sed quia privata incœpta Deum primum hoſtem habent, et religionis vincula pudorem iis ſuffundunt, qui in apertâ luce apertè impia acturi ſunt; hinc viſum eſt Scotis *Pactum Nationale*, Anglis juratum, eſſe aliquatenùs macerandum, ſenſumque verbis et ſcopo diverſum, ad tempus eſſe mutandum. Scoti igitur ſoli iſta media tam Apodictica norunt, quibus illi, qui in primo bello per *Pactum illud Nationale*, tanquam per ſacramentum militare aſtrictos

ſe intellexerant, pacti præfati ſcopum, non niſi conjunctis cum Parliamento viribus, et excisâ parte Regiâ attinere, nunc intelligerent, ſe apertè contraria in eundem ſcopum poſſe moliri, exciſis ſcilicet Parliamentariis conſociatis, et aquilis cum Rege conjunctis.

Licèt miſellis homuncionibus contingit larvis aliquandò territari, iis tamen Deus ipſe non eſt ludendus; quapropter recentium calamitatum nubeculæ quamvis hìc, in ſeptentrione et undequaq; aliàs conglobarent, ruinamque huic regno perpluituram promitterent, Parliamentum tamen jam ſecundò æquitatem cauſæ ſuæ Deo adjudicandam devovit, quam ille undiq; impugnatam ad miraculi ſtuporem ubique ſuſtinuit, exercitum (per plura probatum) tanquam inſtrumentum ſuum, tanto cum ardore, prudentiâ et fide conduxit, ut arma inimicorum manibus (prout fides olim mentibus) præ geſtorum horrore nunc denuò elaberentur, et quicquid nobis publicè privatímque carum curæve eſſet, integrum conſervaretur.

Rebus ſic iterum commiſtis et reſtitutis (ſed quibus modis latiùs alibi declaratur) ſtudio et inſinuatione partis ſuæ Rex octavùm erat ſupplicandus; Parliamenti ſuffragia in contrarium lata, erant revocanda, tandemque Commiſſarii inſulam Vectis deputantur, qui tractatûs negotia, hactenùs infelicia, retentarent et peragerent. Rex interim pro ſolito, et dum de pace alii ſimplicitèr cogitârant, ſecum evolvebat

quibus

quibus modis faces civiles iterùm extinctas, aut saltèm debilitèr undulantes, tertiùm accenderet. In hunc finem filii duo seniores hostilibus exercendis emittebantur, muniti insuper alios mandatis et diplomatibus instruere, quibus reliquum innoxii sanguinis depromerent, et cui sistendo pater ex officio potiùs debuisset mederi.

Quapropter ex his et pluribus aliis non æquandis noxis, ex juramentis, fide, et asseverationibus temeratis, ex tractatibus pacis octiès lusis, ex tantâ copiâ sanguinis hic et in Hiberniâ sparsi, subargutumque adhuc aliquid clamitantis, ex non minori lachrimarum copiâ, guttante adhuc ex oculis viduarum, parentibus orborum, et millenorum funditùs desolatorum, judicent ubique animis æqui, si Parliamento causa defuerat Regem illum in judicio reum agendi, litem illi æquam et liberam intentandi, tandemque integrum ex bono et æquo definiendi.

Sed ita infelix semper est ex unâ parte ipsa justitia, ut ii, quorum interest calculo ejus atriori non prægravari, rarò cum causâ animos unà suos ei submittant; omnia implicant, omnia convolvunt, ut ferreis ejus manibus deprensi effluant. Hinc a Regiis et ab ipso Rege constantèr deprædicatum, eos qui in pari secum fastigio collocantur, non esse excutiendos, aut ad rationes; nisi à solo Deo (cui injuncti et sacrati sunt) conclamandos. Quod si verum est, tum ei consonare debeat, omnes et singulos regni subditos nasci ad unius hominis gra-

tiam, luxuriam, et arbitrium explendum; bonum publicum, ſacrumque illud ſemper eſſe, quod unius tyrannidi ſine conſcientia litatur; ſufficere uni Regi inditum eſſe à naturâ arbitrium et voluntatem, et reliquos locomotivâ ſimplicitèr facultate animari.

Ubi radius divinus non ſpargitur, ibi certè, vel nictando poſſumus tenebras ſimulare: difficile autem eſt contra tam apertam rationem et apertam æquè ſcripturam ejuſmodi iniquo Deo ingratiis obtrudere; qui de injuſtitiâ obtruncandâ, nunquam de eâ fovendâ præcepta ſancivit. Novimus eum in rege expetendo valdè fuiſſe contra *Iſraelitas* commotum; jam autem quis idem dicat quod Regem citiùs non expetiſſent? Præſertim talem qui jura et rempublicam ſibi, non ſe reipublicæ natum præſumpto jure jactitaret? Sed hoc dogma *(Diis gratias)* præſenti ævo melius quàm præterito ſuboletur; nihilq; aliud ad ejus infirmationem requiritur, quàm illud ſimplicitèr et in terminis tantùm nominaſſe. Si de *(inuncti)* vocabulo lis ſit; quiſnam eſt qui Theologorum Scholas vel minimè ſalutaverit, qui id æquè *Angliæ*, ac *Judæorum Iſraelitarumq*; Regibus conſonare dicat? Aut adhuc Regi cuilibet magis quam alii magiſtratui ſervove Dei? Aut verba hæc *(unctos meos non tangas)* de Regibus magis paſſivè dicta, quàm Regibus activè imperata? Reges enim redarguebantur, et etiam iis præcipiebatur Prophetas et Sanctos *(Dei unctos)* nullo modo temerare.

Hic

Hic iterum insurgunt, clamantque Regem sic ad capitale supplicium detrusum, nullo exemplo comprobari. Verùm isti ardeliones quantum ad ipsos Regis sui nævos cæcutiunt! non animadvertentes crimina etiam ejus neutiquam esse purificanda. Si absque speciali lege prælatâ, nihil pro æquo Deove accepto habendum, videant qui ita sentiunt, quid de *Benjamitarum* pœnâ super violatâ concubinâ constituant: ad quam vindicandam *Israelitæ* piè et solenniter, sed absque prævio mandato, conjurarunt. Si ad exempla recurrendum esset, inveniemus ex antecessoribus ejus aliquos, qui comitiorum suffragiis, sceptris et regnandi officio exuebantur; imò in tenebris, recessu, et angulis abditissimis fœdissimè postea percutiebantur. Hodiernum Parliamentum et sibi et Regi, honori et justitiæ convenientius judicarunt, ingenuam et apertam litem ipsi constituere, assidentibus in foro publico plusquam centum Generosis, coram quos Rex liberè (si ipsi visum fuisset) causam suam oraret, nullum alium inimicum, præter legem in medio positam, ibi habiturus. Postulatum crimen ut omnes intelligant, sciant id ea tantum parte constitisse, cujus jamdudum reus per conjuncta Parliamentorum *Angliæ et Scotiæ* suffragia peragebatur.

Quod omnibus criminibus pessimum tenet consortium, id ei ad extremum erat conjunctissimum, animi scilicet obduratio, et implacabilis æstus, studium perpetuum exhauriendi populum; quæ una cum infallibili illo præcepto, (à quo ne

Regum ipſorum fit exceptio) *Nullam compenſationem venire, ubi de vita homicidæ agitur, gladio autem eſſe percutiendum*; Inſuper, *Terram non purgari a ſanguine ſuper eam fuſo, niſi ſanguine fundentis*, Regi jus dixere, et ſententiam juris in eum latam conſummârunt.

Mortuo Rege, proxima erat de ſobole deliberatio. Sed ex iſtis ramis mitiores fructus non erant expectandi, quàm quos ipſe Pater effuderat. Filii duo ſeniores prima ſua principia à ſanguine hauriebant; et Patre ſuum ſolvente, actu reperti ſunt civili cruori purpurati. Quod ergo fruſtra à Patre, id à filiis ſic nutritis et patrizantibus non erat ſperandum; et rebus ſic nutantibus nullo conſilio humano aut tuta pax ab iis ſperanda, aut refluxus præteriti æſtus erat avertendus. Quapropter miſeriarum revolutiones decumanæ nullo præſentiori medio erant præſcindendæ, quàm earum perſonarum ſucceſſionem abolendo, è quâ infelicia illa olim majoribus noſtris repullularunt, et è quibus certò iterùm nobis repullularent, ſi à Regum ambitioſorum nutibus, famoſis adulatoribus, et venalibus conſiliariis, ſumma regni, ſalus populi, religio animarum, divina omnia et humana iterum penderent.

Pium hic eſt minorum cauſam agere, modò propter perſonas jus ipſum non violetur: inficias ergo non itur, eos regno non eſſe amovendos, qui titulo pleno et directo muniuntur; modò cætera (quæ vera ſunt) non reticeantur, populum ſcilicet primum eſſe in jure, filiumque vicem patris ſuſtinentem,

ſuſtinentem, id ſibi arrogare non poſſe, quod Patri jure merito exciderit. Hoc jus ut in aliis bonis obtinet, ita in officiis hæreditariis. Bona fides eſt conditio ſive tacita, ſive expreſſa, quæ ſeſe omni officio inſinuat et pertexitur; et quia fides ſemel lapſa officii ponderi ſuſtinendo amplius par non eſt; quis neget officiarii filium (Patri ſic aſcriptum) conditioni ejus non fieri acceſſorium? Hic utcunque de ſimplici Patris exturbatione non agitur; filii ſeniores bello contra Parliamentum aperto vitiantur; et de junioribus dici non poteſt, eos poſſe quidvis natalium jure hic vendicare. Populus eâdem nativâ poteſtate quâ Regibus tribunalia prius extruxerat, et Regem, Miniſtrum Publicum, publici boni cauſa adoptaverat, ſentiens hæc omnia occultis dolis et apertis periculis in hiſcentem regni ruinam prægravantia; in ſuo ſinu arbitrioque nunc poſitum habet, uſque quò ejuſmodi Miniſtro, officiis tituliſque gaudere placuerit, aut utrum in aliud regimen accommodatius, ſtatumve liberum divertere voluerit.

Ad hoc ultimum maximè animatur Parliamentum, mente repetens quàm copiosâ benedictionum meſſe Deus aliis ſtatibus liberis auſpicatus eſt. Romani poſt exactos Reges fortunam ubique lætiorem experti ſunt; Reſpublica Veneta jam per mille tercentum annos proſperitate et ordine Romano enituit; Populus *Helvetus* & *Unitarum Provinciarum*, poſt ſtatum in meliorem imaginem transfuſum, omnes *Europæ* Regios

Regios divitiis, libertate, pace et viribus ſuperârunt. In Reipublicæ ſtatu Parliamentum advertit juſtitiiæ trutinam minus fluxam et dubiam; potentiores in opibus, tenuiores non tam facilè et tam impunè opprimere; miſeris et infelicibus melius ibi provideri; civilis diſcordiæ ſemina, ex privatâ ambitione ſucceſſionumque litibus pullulantia (quibus et hoc regnum olìm ſatis ſuperque concuſſum) ibi dexterè averuncari; et æquiorem conſcientiarum, perſonarum et facultatum immunitatem lætiùs ibi omnes gaudere. Uti hæc privatos emancipatorum ſinus demulcent, ita ſuſpiria eorum *Monarchicorum* gratiâ ſolvunt, quibus contigit, perpetuâ injuſtitiâ et ſervitute elangueſcere. Quàm ingratum eſt cogitare modò, inter eos magnatum aliquos vix tam lauta dimenſa ſervis, colonis, et mancipibus, quàm equis et canibus nutriendis diſpertire, et minorem iis ſine dubio reſpirandi et reficiendi copiam indulgere. Licèt in alienis, præſertim malis, nimia curioſitas *Parliamento* volupe non ſit, ei tamen excidere non poteſt, ſe jamdiù à defuncti Regis Conſiliario monitum, caveret ſcilicet populus ne Comitiorum intermiſſione ad talem *Monarchiæ* ſtatum delaberetur, qualis eſt illa, ubi alia populo felicitas non ſupereſt, quàm ſubligaculis è viliſſimâ canabi conſutis, et calceis ligneis (tanquàm cippis ambulatoribus) incedere, ſpectrorumque magis quàm hominum ſpeciem referre. Hæc felicia Anglis erant reſervata, ſi illorum Monarcha fortunam votis obſequentem exoraſſet. Conquerendum tamen non eſſet ſorte humiles tantorum

torum pedibus proteri, nisi et quadrupedibus ipsorum conculcandi exponerentur. Quid enim usitatius, quàm magnatium pecora et jumenta pauperum panem præmordere, et esse in spem messis pastum immissa? Miser interim colonus, cum miseriori uxoris et infantium catervâ, statim futuri sunt miserrimi, ni silentium linguis et famem intestinis, domi noverint submussitantes conciliare. Mercator mercibus, creditor pecuniis illos instruentes, solutionis loco, pessimis opprobriis excipiuntur, si non ideo quod debitum liquidare tanti domini non recusent, tamen ut constet magnates et Regis ministros à lictorum manibus et legum litibus sacros et immunes esse. Hâc tam protervâ injustitiâ, et facili effusâque debitorum luxuriâ integræ familiæ tanto deploratiùs extinctæ, quod mali, subsidio legum muniti, ædes ex fundamentis impunè evertant.

Sed hæc omnia rerum tantùm, non personarum servitutem Regi debitam probârunt: ut autem sub auspiciis istius reginis miserè nati se miseriores indiès futuros intelligant, non abs re erit commemorare quàm indignis modis minutissima nostra plebs in duram ejus servitutem non irent, sed cogerentur. Naviculariis, cum naviculis et actuariis, rusticis, cum plaustris promptè a suis et aliorum negotiis erat divertendum, ubi semel ad Regis negotia conclamabantur; cui servire iniquum adeò non fuisset, si Rex ipse mercedem non æstimasset, adhuc minùs, si prout ab ipso æstimabatur, soluta

fuiſſet; et tandem minimè, ſi triſtis domi familia alitèr quam ex ſudore viri, durum panem vel duritèr obtinuiſſet. De unicâ illâ aulæ vexatione, *obſonatione* ſcilicet, quâ populus de culinâ et mensâ Regiâ providere debuerat, et de quâ majores noſtri tot et tam ſeveras leges condiderant (quæ tamen in nullas poſtea abiere) conſtat eam (idque ex nuperâ unius anni ſupputatione) cenſum hodiernum de exercitu alendo exceſſiſſe.

Hæ leves tantùm et ſupremæ delibationes ſunt gravaminum maximè celebriorum, et omnium ſenſibus pridèm inſcriptorum. Sed, ſi ad calculum revocandæ eſſent rationes ſumptuum magis dapſilium quos aula Anglicana prodegit, quanta intelligeret unuſquiſque ea fuiſſe quæ hic non recenſentur? Quot erant fuci è potiori regni melle ibi paſcendi? Quot menſæ opiparis conviviis ibi prægravandæ, farciendis tantùm inteſtinis regni cæciſſimis? Infamia abdomina! ſibimet unà et terræ importuni ponderis. Choragia et Theatrica alia (diei dominici exercitia, ſi non apparatus) una cum aliis æquè lautis, ſi non æquè vanis feſtivitatibus et lubentiis, millena aliquot jugera, vicena milliaria, portioneſque Provinciarum, in diffuſiſſimis ſaltibus ferarumque luſtris et vivariis inſumebant; quæ omnia in honeſtiores proborum hominum uſus laudabiliùs poterant elocari. Expenſæ quæ hucuſque enumerantur, erant aut inſenſuum condimenta aut ornamenta; ſed aperta *Tyrannis* unicè annuas donationes, pen-

ſiones, et ſalaria illa profundebat; quæ iis tantùm erant indulta, qui Tyrannidis aſſeclæ peſſima poterant promereri, aut illis qui Regi erant ſi non patriæ, ſaltem perſonæ nomine acceptiores. Certum enim eſt è publicis *Fiſci* ratiunculis, fidentioribus Scotorum conterraneorum, plus quàm ducenta millia aureorum, annuatìm fuiſſe numerata; ultra id quod è loculis ſecretioribus aliáſque iiſdem ſecretò, plenis manibus, et continuis miſſilibus ſpargebatur, quâ forſan ratione factum eſt tam impigrè eos nunc ſtudere Regiam in *Angliâ* poteſtatem quomodocunque et ad ultimum tueri.

Sed qui ſemel noverit tot millia aureorum communibus annis ſic fuiſſe profuſa, et legitimum coronæ reditum ſummam quadringenorum millium non implere (ultra modeſta quædam mercium vectigaliâ in claſſe munimentiſque illicò iterum refundenda) merito nobiſcum admiratione defigetur, quibus ſubterraneis venulis iſta vanitatis, luxuriæ, maleficiique confluvia alerentur; niſi quod omnibus æquè eſt notorium, monopolia, officiorum auctiones, largitiones, pactas a legibus pœnalibus immunitates, aliaque hujuſmodi populo pravâ indole eliquata, meliori poſtea non potuiſſe decocta iri. His gradibus aula in perditiſſima excurrens, quid aliud poterat eſſe, quam infelix luxûs et intemperantiæ ſeminarium, quam fruticetum, adulterans ſurculos regni generoſiores? Probi mores et mens religionis conſcientiâ perculſa,

tantæ ibi erant ſubſannationi, ut, ſi aliàs unquam, certè de noſtrâ rectiſſimè prædicetur

——*Exeat aulâ*
Qui vult eſſe pius.

Sed uti non ſufficit hæc enormia ſtatui Regio et veteri aſcripſiſſe et improperaſſe, ſine aliquâ ſpe ea in ſtatu novo et libero emendandi; ergo ſub Divini numinis auſpiciis Parliamentum non deſpondet animi infelicibus illis in poſterum omnem reditum occludere. Situs, et inſulæ hujus indoles, cum reliquis prærogativis quibus à naturâ tum ad peregrina mercimonia, tum ad artes domeſticas, lautè dotatur, meliùs ab unoquoque perſpicientur, profligatis nimirum monopoliorum, aliorumque gravaminum irretientium inſidiis, una cum iſtâ Aulâ in quâ tanquam in magiſteriali ſua officinâ cudebantur. Commercio undique libero, artificum induſtriæ, pauperum ſubventioni in reipublicæ ſtatu (cui hæc conſonantiora ſunt) melius providetur, et de quibus in Regio non vacavit ad minimum deliberare.

Super præfatis his, et aliis non minoris ponderis rationibus, Repræſentatores populi, Comitiis Parliamentariis conventi, cenſuerunt, ſtatum regni monarchicum (in quem per plures uſurpationes et proterminationes Reges involaverant) tandem aliquandò deberi (quod felix ſauſtumque ſit) in liberam rempublicam commutari; et caſſa ab hoc die in futurum

rum eſſe ſceptra, curules, faſces, diademata, titulos, et quæcunque alia regalia *Angliæ*, quæ protervam et longam Regum Tyrannidem inſigniverunt, aut iis minimum adhuc monumentum poterint ſupereſſe.

Cum tam gravis neceſſitas non habeat Regem nequid inſuper Tyrannidi affine populi libertati emineat, aut recentem rempublicam in baſi cogat vacillare, ergo prædicta comitia, edocta quàm ſit periculi plenum regni proceres, *brevi* tantùm Regis conſultum vocatos, cameram ſejunctam conſtituere, et in legibus ferendis, ſuffragium populo (quem nullo modo referunt) opponere, et de perſonis fortuniſque eorum omnium pronuntiare (quorum Judices non agnoſcuntur) et conſiderantes ultra, omne Procerum dictorum jus poteſtatemque Regi fuiſſe acceſſorium, (a cujus interminatâ poteſtate omninò pendebant, et quam non ita pridèm avidè nimis præcolebant) denique cum ſit evidentiſſimum (præſertim ex nuperis anguſtiis) ſtatum reipublicæ ſalutemque populi pati non poſſe comperendinationes, aut ſuffragia alterius Cameræ negativa, ergo a præfatis Comitiis ſcitum decretumque eſt Cameram etiam illam Procerum, reliquumque ſuper populo prætenſum jus in futurum eſſe abolita.

Sed ne hoc quod ſummo jure ſic ſancitum eſt, minimam injuriam ſibi conjunctam habeat, et ut omnes de republicâ benè meriti publicis privilegiis ornentur ; igitur cautum eſt, eos Proceres qui tot annorum probationibus inconcuſſi permanſêre,

mansêre, fidemque intemeratam cum aliis probis tuiti ſunt, poſſe et debere privilegiis ex æquo cum aliis gaudere, ſive ut alios in Comitia eligant, ſive ut ipſi ab aliis ad ſuffragandi jus eligantur. Atque hoc forſan alitèr non obtinuit, cum pro veteri majorum more Proceres et populus unâ eademque coronâ et camera olim conſiderent.

Sed hic ſtatim inclamantium vocibus excipitur Parliamentum, nova ſcilicet hæc et ancipitia non conſonare conjunctæ utriuſque cameræ Declarationi Menſe Aprilis anno 1646. In quâ Parliamentum duo profitebatur, nimirùm regimen (ut prius) conjunctis officiis *Regis*, *Pariuṁ*, *et Communium*, ſe velle retinere, et Regem felici et auguſto faſtigio nobilitare.

Quicquid virium huic argumento videtur ineſſe facilè poterit, ipſum in ſe elidendo, luxari. Parliamentum enim profitetur ſe illa ingenuè et bonâ fide tum concepiſſe, ſed ita, ut in actu iſto promiſſorio (qui conditionem tacitam vel expreſſam ſibi ſemper cognatam et inſeparabilem habet) hoc unum fidentèr ſupponeret ſperaretque, Regem ſcilicet pravis tum Conſiliariis orbatum, cæteriſque cæcis inſuſurratoribus valere juſſis, et relictum ſibi uni opportunum, voluiſſe ſeipſum infregiſſe, ut æquis neceſſariiſque votis populi, comitiis conventi, formatiorem ſe accommodaret; et Proceres Parliamento reliquos voluiſſe in idem conſpiraſſe, ipſumque Regem in tam publico bono et voto animaſſe. Sed cùm

Parliamentum

Parliamentum omnia his in extremo contraria reperiſſet, et poſt rogationes tractatuſque ſeptem fruſtratos præfatum Regem viventem et morientem uni ſuæ Tyrannidi aſſerendæ fuiſſe obfirmatum, (ita ut in extremis nihil admitteret Parliamenti calculo ſibi commendatum,) et Proceres etiam ipſos ex intereſſe *juris Paritatis*, tyrannidis laciniis fuiſſe quodammodo conſutos, eo uſq; ut jus uſurparent in jure neque reſpondendi, neque æs alienum ſolvendi, (ſed ipſos fuiſſe hæreditarium tribunal de populi libertate et jure pronuntiandi) quid minùs tandem poterat populus, Comitiis Parliamentariis conventus, quàm revocare et mutare quæ priùs bonâ ſpe, piis intentionibus, et futuris conditionibus decreverant? Mutationem hanc, bono et zelo publico factam, nullus utcunque è populo eam ſibi adverſam ſentiat; quod Regem et Proceres ſpectat, ii nunquam ad ejus commoda et privilegia provocarent, utpote quæ eorum ſuffragiis et aſſenſu nunquam erant comprobata; et nullius contractûs nulla eſt violatio. Pactum mutuâ conſtat ſtipulatione, et ubi quid (ut ajunt) pro quo mutuò confertur et accipitur; ſed hòc in Parliamenti causâ defuit, imo altera pars apertè ab eo reſiluit; ita ut pacto tandem non accepto conditionibus (quas apud ſe Parliamentum conceperat) non impletis, tot interim tantiſque rationibus pro muniendâ populi libertate militantibus, quis poterit jure obſtrepere, quo minùs mutatio in melius non fieret, et tyrannis quicquidque ei charum fuit et vicinum, exularet?

In

In hoc tam ingenuo ſcirpo qui nodos ulteriùs rimantur, conqueruntur, dato, bona hæc eſſe omnia, benè tamen ea non fieri; ſumma hæc debuiſſe non niſi copioſo Senatu agitari; non cum alii Senatorum vi armatâ deturbarentur, alii privilegiis ſuis ſpoliarentur, et reliqui precarios tantum calculos urnis injicerent, admoniti, non tam ratione, quàm gladiis et globulis ad quam auram publica ſua cribrarent et ventilarent.

Pulchra ſanè hæc, ſed Gordianâ deſperatione neminem torquent, imò hi aculei in ſe ſtatim replicabuntur. Datum conceſſumque eſt quodlibet Parliamentum pro bonis moribus, ex bono et æquo, ſpectatéque quantum potuerit, publica ſua debere ſancire. Pauca utcunque memorantur Comitia quibus non aliqua aliquandò vis imminuerit. Plurimis, aut tyrannorum arbitria, aut varia partium ſtudia, aut dubia de jure ad coronam diſſidia, fuere hactenùs importuna; ita ut rectè dicatur ſuffragia quandoque non adeo numeranda eſſe ac ponderanda.

Leges tamen à talibus latæ, erant pro genuinis ſemper habitæ; è tabulis non erant radendæ; imò ſequentibus ævis et noſtro plurimùm profuere. Ita ut gratiæ habendæ ſint invidiæ maximæ, quod tam incautè innocentiam poſtulet, ut ſeipſam unà conficiat: rectà enim non tam in præſentia, quàm in præterita tempora probataſque leges inſurgit, ſi ob prædictam rationem fruſtra eſſent ea omnia quæ in præſenti-

bus comitiis acta lataque ſunt, ex quo aliqui ab eo defecerint, vel ſupremus Rex hoſtilia denuntiaverit, aut alii alia minùs ex regulâ commiſerint. Siqua aliquibus privilegia minuuntur, id non protinùs parti relictæ imputandum, quaſi in illorum manibus poſitum fuiſſet, id aut amovere aut reſarcire; multo minùs dicendum eſt aſſidentes hodiernos jam perſonarum aut ſuffragiorum ſuorum directos dominos non eſſe, aut eum numerum non complere, qui pro more Parliamenti ad graviſſima regni definienda requiritur. Illa armata militum manus quâ jam cinguntur, ſi mali conſciis ſint terrori, certè aſſidentibus vim non faciunt, nec ſuffragia præſentia corrumpunt; ſed ex proprio Parliamenti conſulto vocantur tanquam amici publici iis grato præſidio firmandis, qui propè hoſtes certos et inter amicos dubios hactenùs verſati, ſentire citiùs non poterant quàm ſit res, aliis utilis, et ſibi alacris, munita prudentia. Mirum utcunque non eſt inimicos olim apertos, nunc ſe in clancularios torquere, qui cum armatam operam perdendi Parliamentum jamdiù luſam norunt, nunc eorum actiones in optimis deturpant. Cum autem propoſita erat quæſtio de perſonalibus Parliamentariorum privilegiis, et de ſolidâ regni ſalute utrum bilancem deberet rapere; Parliamenti reſiduis ſaniùs viſum eſt, privilegiorum circumſtantias (levioribus olim cauſis perſtrictas) alteri potius jubere cedere, quàm ex pervicaci ob alios petulantiâ fidem et officium publicum deſtituere, aut in mediâ

tempeſtate ſciſſam undique et fluctuantem rempublicam confuſionum undis hauriendam permittere.

Tandem ad ultimum gradum, maximéque dubium cui impingatur, deſcenditur; curias ſcilicet diſtribuendæ juſtitiæ conſtitutas, avitas et bonas leges (unà cum conſuetudinibus *Angliæ*, notis pignoribus et veſtigiis libertatis noſtræ, longéque ante trophæa Normannica natis) et reliqua omnia quæ patres noſtri pertuſis undique venis in *Chartâ Magnâ* nobis conſignârunt, et ſingulis ſive regnantium ſive regiminis vicibus quaſi impaſſibilia permanſere (quibuſque ex æquo diſtributis nulla lætior eſt toto mundo membrana) nobis et poſteris cum ſtatu regio omnia iri deperdita.

Huic, quicquid poterit eſſe, argumento, Parliamentum judicat abundè ſuperque in nuperâ Declaratione ſatisfactum, tum etiam ex inſtanti ſuo ſtudio, quo conſultum eſt, *Fora Weſtmonaſterienſia* ſtatis terminis periclitando juri eſſe aperienda, Judices debere itinerationes ſuas per Provincias ſolitis juſtitiis, et ad lites extinguendas expedire, et tribunalia ubique fidis et doctis legum oraculis ornare; ita ut cuilibet conſtet in communibus regni legibus earumque miniſtratione nihil inſolens eſſe aut novitèr a Parliamento excuſum. Nam cum aliis regni civibus de æquitate legum rectè diſpenſatarum idem ſentiunt, tum quoad pervetera ipſarum natalia (ante ſervitutem Normannicam) tum quoad earum virtutem, quâ, tanquam

tanquam ſacro quodam amuleto perſonarum libertas, bonorum proprietas, et in utriſque pax ſubditorum integra ſoſpitantur. Sed ſuper omnia et ſuperpondii loco accidit, eas præſenti reipublicæ mutationi ubique poſſe concinnari et conciliari, ſi non veteri formulâ ſaltem perpetua ſubſtantiâ. Quid enim aliud egit in jure otioſum Regis nomen, quàm emaciatas formulas exteriùs illuſtrare? Interiora nunquam ſuſtentavit: utpote quòd in minutiſſimis, et de caſſis (quod ajunt) nucibus ipſe perſonalitèr et juridicè pronuntiare non poterat.

Sed ne quis putet eo obtentu exciſam fuiſſe Regum Tyrannidem (patulè undique legum nitori et bonorum proventui triſtem umbram facientem) ut in idem illicò culmen Parliamentum aſſurgeret; ergo hìc apertè teſtantur et agnoſcunt, ſe poteſtatè diversâ ab illâ non veſtiri, quæ legibus populi ſuffragio latis et comprobatis pertexitur; ſeque non tam de privatis ſuis (nec adeo diis gratias tenuibus) fortunis, quàm de intereſſe omnium communi, eſſe ſolicitos et implicatos: quæ quidem omnia intelligunt non niſi notis ubique legibus, et æquo regni regimine poſſe tutari: quod ſi ſemel aut ablatæ aut ſepoſitæ fuerint illæ juſtitiæ regulæ, prævident illicò induſtriam langueſcere, ſanguinis, confuſionum, et calamitatum agmina inſtare, et triſtiora denique, quàm quæ ſub ultimo Rege paſſi ſumus, certis nos exitii vorticibus eſſe raptura.

Hæc argumenta in cumulum ſufficiunt, ad hoc præcipuum à ratione ſanandis obtinendum, ſcilicet conſultiſſimum nunc illis eſſe placidè vitas et fortunas juſtis his, et longâ familiaritate notis legibus ſubmittere, et nullo modo credere Parliamentum tacitè apud ſe ſtatuiſſe dictas leges aut pervertendas eſſe aut refigendas, ſed illud potiùs in hoc unum niti, ut ad præſentem Statûs mutationem ſocio nexu aptentur et componantur; quæque ex ipſorum judicio ſunt ſuperſtruenda, talia eſſe, quæ mutati ſtatûs faciem poſſint expolire; ambitus, comperendinationes, largitiones, itinera et ſumptus non neceſſarios in jure experiundo, et quicquid aliud aut populo aut legibus poterit eſſe oneroſum ablegare. Utque cum privatis ſuis conſcientiis totum terrarum orbem teſtem habeant, de eo nimirùm quod in hoc mutato ſtatu ſtabilire meditantur, et quam lautè Tyrannidis abolitionem quiſque ſibi penſatam habiturus ſit, viſum eſt Parliamento hanc ſuam conſiliorum et propoſitorum ſummam publicè cenſendam exponere, ut ex eâ videant boni nihil illorum votis intimius eſſe, QUAM CAVERE INPRIMIS ne iterum in arenam civilem deſcendatur, ne reliquum quod eſt ærarii et ſanguinis prodigetur, ut in molli pacis ſinu altum ſtarent præteritæ inimicitiæ, ita ut eorum veſtigia amore et amneſtiâ impleantur; ut cultus Divinus, iſque Reformatus corroboretur, ut piis Miniſtris lautè et ſtatis modis ſubveniatur, ut perſonæ, conſcientiæ et bona omnium (quatenus per gloriam Dei et pacem publicam fieri poſſit) libertate donentur; ut

Hibernorum

Hibernorum infames homicidæ ſuis modis proſequantur, Proteſtantes indè depulſi, ſuis fortunis, et Reſpub. Anglicana ſuo juri reſtituantur; utque ſuper illo bello contrahentes ſoſpitentur; ut fœdera tractatuſque cum Principibus et Statibus tranſmarinis ineantur, et inita religiosè foveantur; ut domi artes floreant, et perſonæ miſeræ nullibi ſuis miſeriis frangendæ relinquantur; ut in juſtitiâ debitè reddendâ malis metus religioque incutiantur, bonis virtutis præmia proponantur; ut fiſcus et ærarium onera publica ſuſtentent; ex æquâ ſtipe definitâ miles ſumptus proprios faciat et ſolvat, abolitâ in poſterùm vagâ illâ licentiâ alienis laribus fortuniſque in alimenta involandi; denique ut populus *gravaminibus*, et reſpublica *nominibus* æreque alieno *diutius non prægraventur*, ſed purgatis ubique Tyrannidis *quiſquiliis* et *reliquiis*, in eorum loco pacis et juſtitiæ flores ſpargantur.

Cùm ex hac tabulâ omnium cenſuris expoſitâ conſtat Parliamenti propoſita diutiùs nec ancipitia nec iniqua eſſe, ergo fidentiores divina auxilia (de quibus in difficillimis non deſperabant) ſuper imbecillibus ipſorum conatibus obteſtabuntur. Et ſicut rebus ſuis periclitantibus olìm intenti adeo fuerint, ut in alienas neque ex invidiâ, neque ex ingrato ardelionum ſtudio ſe ingeſſerint, ita de futuro æquè ſpondent, ſe non tranſverſim in vicina actos iri; ſemper abhorrentes à rebus quorumcunque regnorum aut ſtatuum miſcendis;

dis; et paratos eſſe, potiùs quàm exteros laceſſere, eorum amicitias (ſi iſtis placuerit) ambire.

Propriis ergo negotiis et vexatæ reipub. componendæ unicè incumbent, et in tam ſinuosâ operâ ſatis ipſis erit ſentire rempublicam lætam reconvaleſcentemque, et fidem populo repreſentato præſtitam. Sed cum ipſi adeo in alienis ſint incurii, ita parem ab exteris candorem ſibi debitum vendicabunt; ſperantes eos (de quorum intereſſe hìc non agitur) nihil in noſtris velle definire, aut peregrinam falcem in meſſem non ſuam temerè immittere. Cæterùm, ſiquid his votis alienum rependatur, profitentur (idque ſine impotenti venditatione) ſe non dubitare eundem Deum eandem cauſam (quam miraculorum coronis hactenùs inſignivit) aſſerturum; nec ſentire ſe domi adeo laſſos, quin ſatis virium ipſis ſuperſit ad ſe ſuaque ſub iiſdem auſpiciis virilitèr tutandum; et ad eos, quos commodos habere non poterint, ſi incommoda cœperint experiri, propulſandum.

Quod iſtos ſpectat qui natalium jure huic regno aſcripti ſunt, id ab iis Parliamentum expetit, quod cordatorum ubique et benè animatorum eſt, debere ſcilicet ſe, non tantùm ab inſanis et cæcis turbandi conſiliis, et à flammis, benè ſopitis, revocandis deſiſtere (cujus incendii ipſi aliud non erunt quàm infelix pars et ſpectaculum) ſed potiùs fundandæ paci et reipublicæ alacrem unà conferre operam;

ram; idque adeo, ut conturbata diù jura omnia divina et humana firmis aliquandò columnis ſuſtententur; quo unicè fiat, UT DEO SUUS HONOR, PROTESTANTIBUS RELIGIONIS NITOR, POPULO ET POSTERIS HUJUS REGNI PAX, SUIS VESTITA FRUCTIBUS (LIBERTATE SCILICET ET JUSTITIA) EX INTEGRO RESTITUANTUR.

FINIS.

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